MISS America

FEBRUARY - 10¢

for Teen-agers

- COMICS
- CHARM
- FASHIONS
- STORIES
- MOVIES

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DEAR GIRLS:

I'VE been thinking, girls . . . What an admission! But seriously, how would you like to do me a huge favor, h-m-m? It's this way—a sort of "is you is or is you ain't my"—well, in this case, my MISS AMERICA? No, not the stories, movies, fashion, and such, but the MISS AMERICA who flies through the air, battles crime single-handed, and accomplishes, to say the least, out of this world deeds? MISS AMERICA comic strip is fantastic—*y como* (that's Spanish for "and how!"—so there!); it's full of zip, zest, dashing hither and yon and suspense and —whoops! the things she does to law breakers!

What I'm getting at, girls, is, do you LIKE the MISS AMERICA comic strip? Do you want her in YOUR magazine? Remember, MISS AMERICA is YOUR magazine; we want to give you the kind of reading material you enjoy. So the fate of the MISS AMERICA comic strip is in YOUR hands.

And now . . . next month we start printing—paying $1.00 for every letter published—your helpful letters. And we're reading like mad—and with relish—your "TOMORROW'S WORLD" contest entries and will present the winners in the April issue . . . And we're looking forward to your stories and articles which we will also print in MISS AMERICA every month, paying (and isn't it exciting to be an author?) $50.00 for every published script

Here's a preview of things to come: Your next issue of MISS AMERICA is jam-packed with the items you've asked for. For instance, if you're longing to be a fashion designer you'll thrill to Hattie Carnegie's inspirational advice to the beginner; then there's stuff on hostess hints, and—

Oh, dear—I've run out of space. See you next month. And please write.

Bestest,

JEAN GOODMAN.

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This is truly the most wonderful, heart-warming advice we have ever read...

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

MY DARLING GIRLS: Thanks for your wonderful, sweet confidence in me. I am up to here in your letters, and all of them are so interesting! I had not realized how many perfectly grand girls there are, and the way you have written has given me a new faith in Young America. Thanks a million times, my Sweets, and keep on writing. The answers will come as fast as my typewriter can click. Also look for your initials in this column.

You all seem so close to me—please go on being that way.

Affectionately,
Aunt Nina

* * *

OH, YOU BLONDIE! Light pink make-up is really the rage in New York. Your fair heads will look all the more golden with it. It is both young *and* alluring.

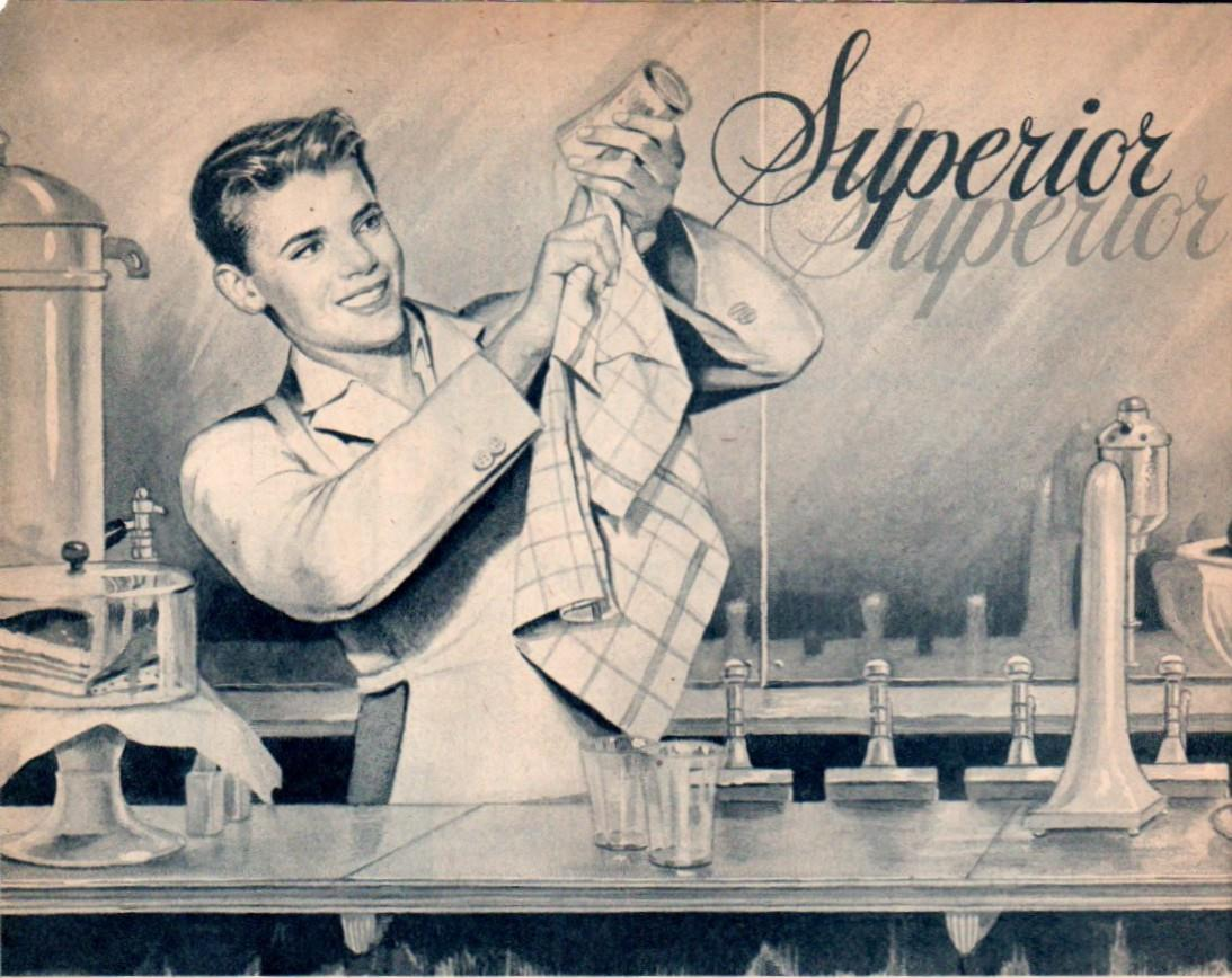
* * *

ABIE AND ROSIE DID IT. For Ethel G, with great respect and affectionate understanding, I am going to say right here, where other girls with the same problem will see it:—a boy and a girl of different religious faiths *can* be happy together. If they love each other truly, as you two most certainly do, they should marry. Religious upbringing is something our parents choose for us—usually with complete sincerity. But you and your boy friend both must remember that no matter how fine and sincere your parents are, *they cannot live your lives for you.* All religions are good. Your father's heart will not really break if you marry out of your Faith. Parents almost always find some objection to every marriage. But of all objections, religious prejudice, in our free America where fine girls and boys, Jewish or Catholic, Protestant or Christian Scientist, mingle in every public school, is the most out-of-date obstacle a parent can raise. There already exists thousands of cases where real love has overcome religious prejudice. One of the greatest all-time hits of radio is based on this profound truth. Abie's Irish Rose, of course!

* * *

TALL STORY. Dixie D. You are a darling, all five feet (*Continued on page* 63)

Superior



Connie sat in the cashier's cage across the aisle from the soda fountain. Behind the counter Don busied himself polishing glasses. He never noticed Connie.

A super-duper (pardon, superior duperior) story about the Gregory family. . . . You'll love Connie, Mom, Pop and—well, who said our parents don't know anything about L-O-V-E?

By MICHELE SMALL

CONNIE opened one resentful eye to glare at the cause of an early morning disturbance in her bedroom.

The disturbance was named Susan Gregory and she was eight years old and Connie's sister.

Susan was viewing her small self in the full length mirror in the closet door.

"It's all very discouraging," she told Connie. "If I tuck my hips in to look slim like Betty Grable, my stomach pops out, and if I pull my stomach in, I stick out in the back."

"Go 'way," said Connie.

"Like Grandma," said Susan.

Connie raised herself on one elbow. "What's like Grandma?" she demanded.

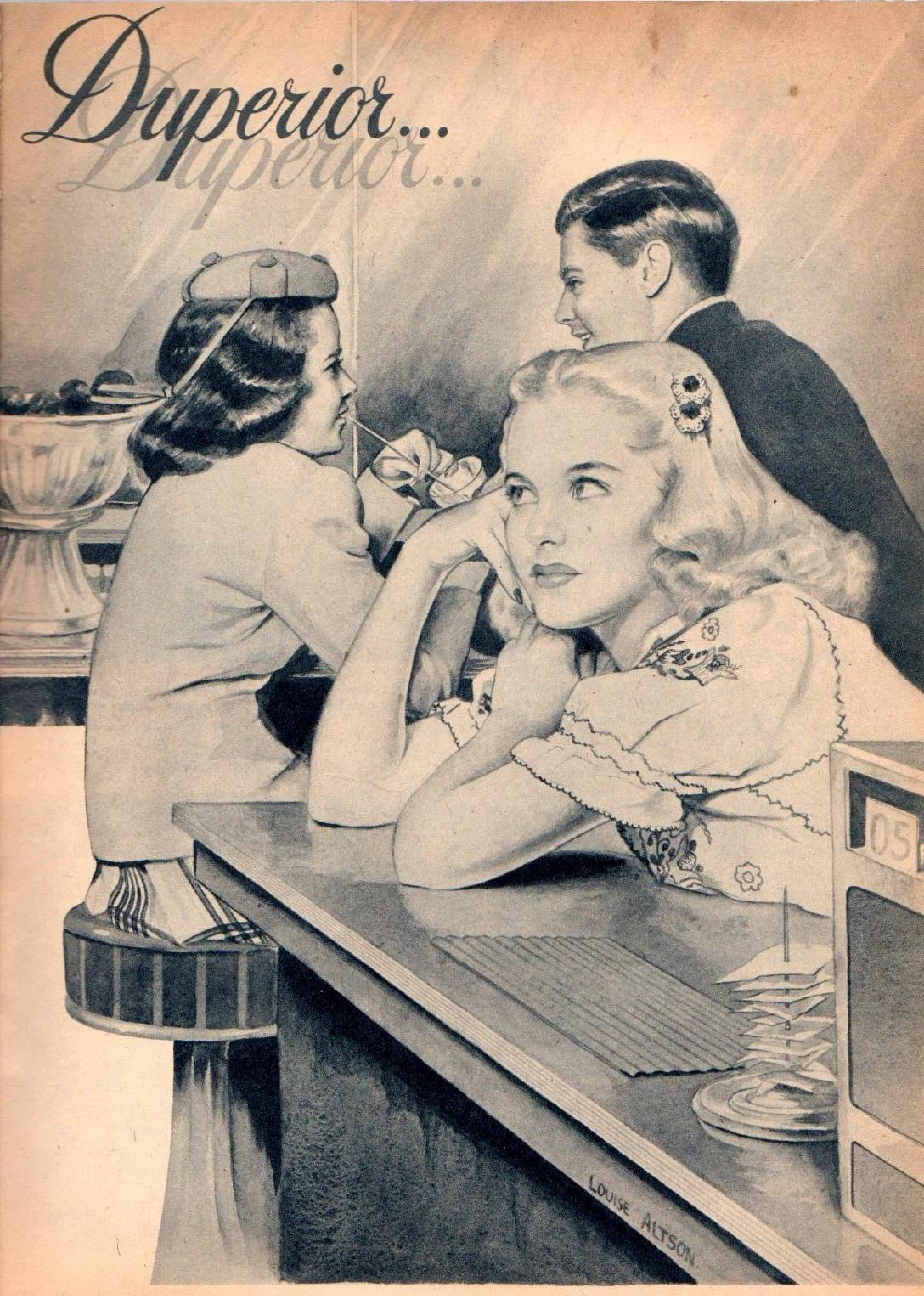
"The way I stick out when I pull my stomach in," Susan explained. "And at my age, too. I am dreadfully old beyond my years, don't you think, Connie?"

"What I am thinking," Connie announced, "would make your whiskers curl, if you had any. Scram!"

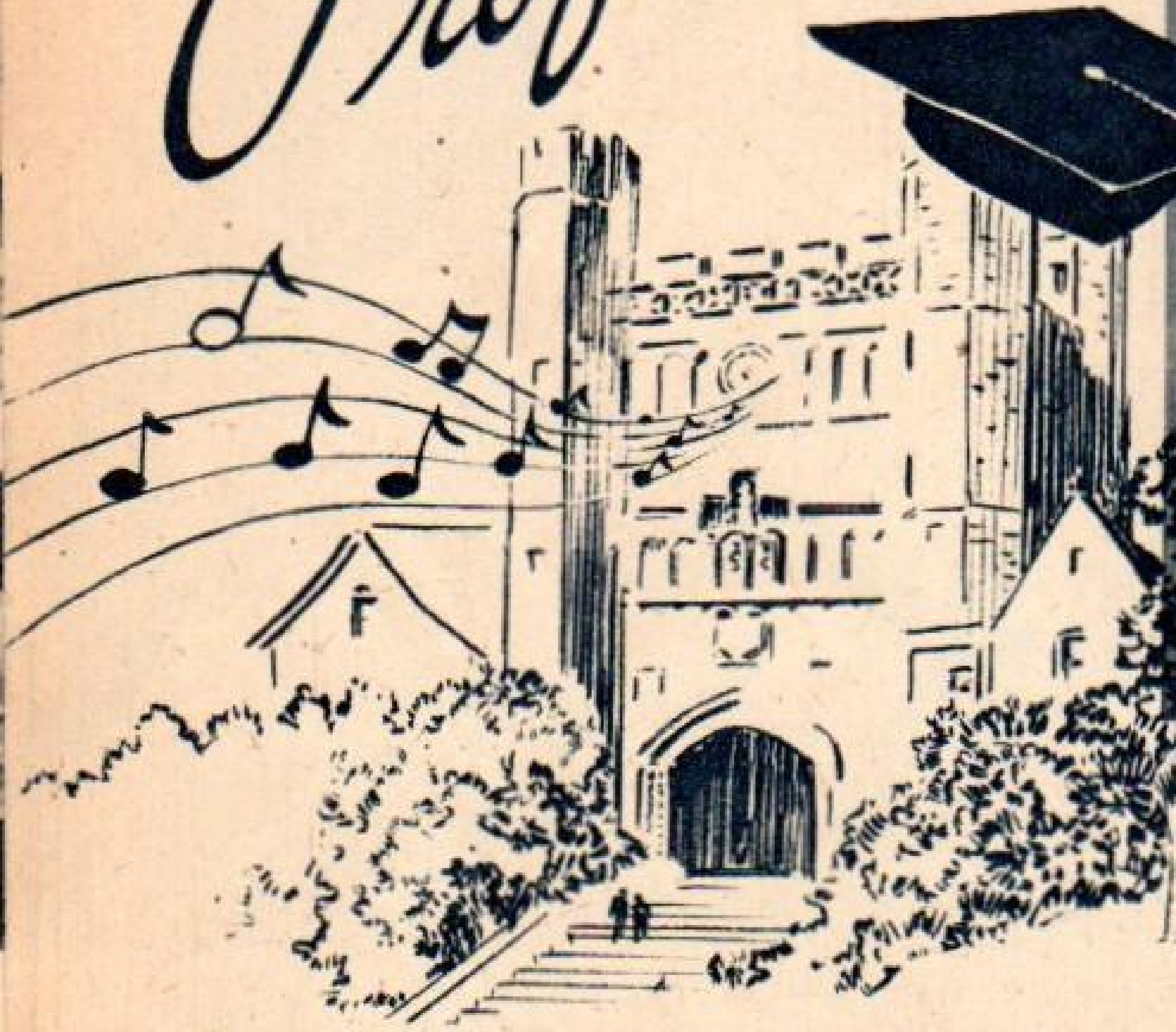
Susan made a face at her sister.

Then placing a plump hand on her (*Continued on page* 33)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON


Duperior...
Duperior...
05
LOUISE ALTSON.

take the (band) stand, Professor...



A close-up of the genial Professor Kay Kyser who is about to conduct a jam session. Yeah, man . . .

AFTER seven years as Professor Demeritus of the "College of Musical Knowledge" come June, eight pictures come "Carolina Blues," some 500 performances at army camp shows, and Lord knows, how many personal appearances at hops, hotels, etc., Kay Kyser is still going strong. Judging from his radio Crossley, his draw at the box office, the esteem in which he is held at army camps, and his popularity generally, the Old Professor is likely to be with us for some time to come, smartening us up on musical lore, plying us with sharps and flats, and regaling us with his own brand. of delightful nonsense.

That delightful nonsense of his, by the way, came close to throwing him for a loss before he ever got started. He was new in the band business, fresh from the University of North Carolina, and playing pick-up dates in the Middle West when he managed to wangle an audition from a big booking office that handled name bands and could have put him in the big time overnight. He was told that the talent scout would be up on such-and-such a night and to be on his best behavior. When the talent scout walked in, Kay was on his hands and knees pushing a knife around the dance floor with his nose. The talent scout didn't even introduce himself. He went back and wrote out his report.

"Strictly a screwball, this Kay Kyser," he set down for the big boys to read. "Definitely thumbs down."

A set-back like this, you'd think, would have sobered Kay up a bit. Not at all. It wasn't so much a question of stubbornness as it was of conviction. As he saw it, a maestro had a

Okay, kids, here's the story you've asked for. . . . So let's strike up the band with Kay Kyser and his Kollege of Musical Knowledge . . .

By BABS CARTER

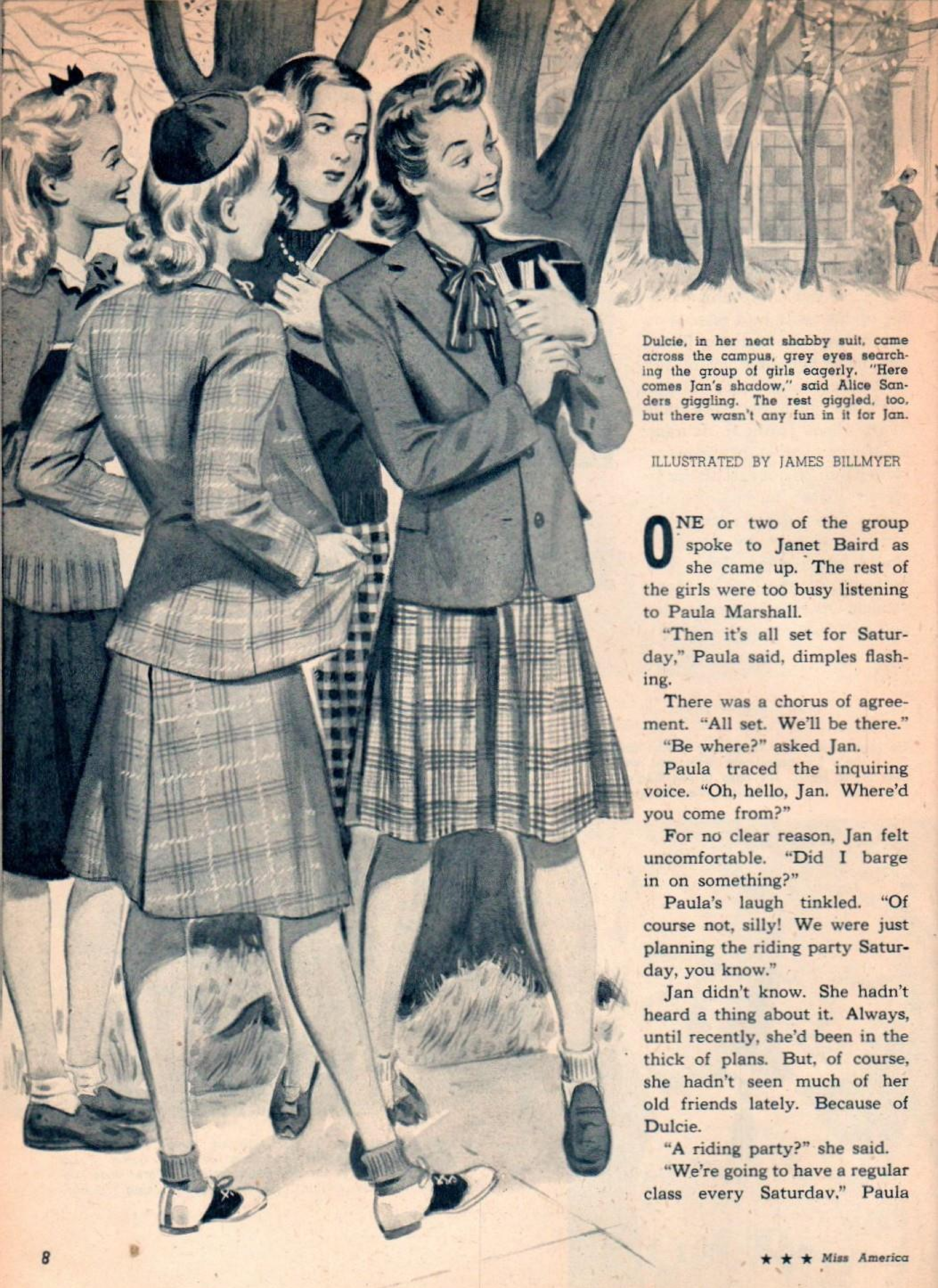
right to kick up his heels, fling his jovial spirits about, or do anything else that might occur to him at the moment. If the Big Time didn't want him kicking up his heels, he'd manage to get by without the Big Time, and have himself a lot of fun in the meantime.

He was doing that very thing at the Black Hawk Restaurant, a Chicago night club, and a favorite haunt of students of Northwestern, when he hit upon the idea of pepping things up around the joint by staging a Kay Kyser Kollege Kwiz. The manager of the Black Hawk thought it was a cheesy idea and no (*Continued on page* 58)

Kay Kyser, his band and gorgeous Georgia (Mrs. Kyser) Carroll as they appear in Columbia's mighty musical film, "Carolina Blues," with cute Ann Miller, too.

He loves the lovely lady very much, does Kay; she's his brand-new wife and warbles in his band. It's easy to see Georgia feels that way too, about the Professor.

Did you happen to see "Swing Fever"? It had a lot of goofy laughs and lots of gals going ga-ga over Kay. Kay turned down movie offers once because he didn't think he was good-looking enough.



Dulcie, in her neat shabby suit, came across the campus, grey eyes searching the group of girls eagerly. "Here comes Jan's shadow," said Alice Sanders giggling. The rest giggled, too, but there wasn't any fun in it for Jan.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

ONE or two of the group spoke to Janet Baird as she came up. The rest of the girls were too busy listening to Paula Marshall.

"Then it's all set for Saturday," Paula said, dimples flashing.

There was a chorus of agreement. "All set. We'll be there."

"Be where?" asked Jan.

Paula traced the inquiring voice. "Oh, hello, Jan. Where'd you come from?"

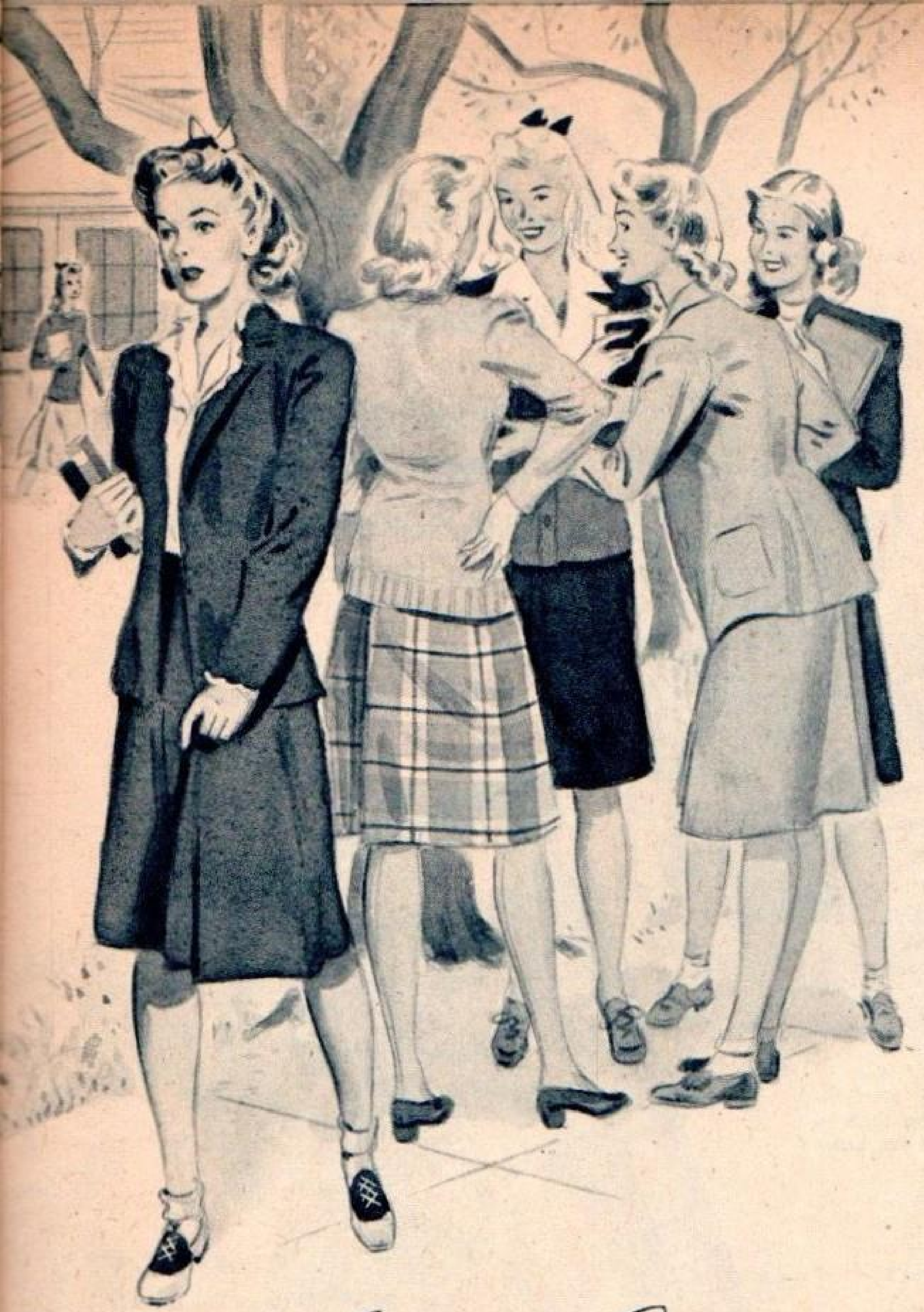
For no clear reason, Jan felt uncomfortable. "Did I barge in on something?"

Paula's laugh tinkled. "Of course not, silly! We were just planning the riding party Saturday, you know."

Jan didn't know. She hadn't heard a thing about it. Always, until recently, she'd been in the thick of plans. But, of course, she hadn't seen much of her old friends lately. Because of Dulcie.

"A riding party?" she said.

"We're going to have a regular class every Saturdav," Paula



New Girl...

By MAXINE SHORE

The girls tittered behind Dulcie's back because —well, because Dulcie was poor. . . . What they didn't know was that she was endowed with a lovely inner richness—CHARACTER

said, "with riding instructors for those of you who need one. Dean Pritchard has given her approval." She sighed blissfully. "Horses, how I love them! It will be wonderful to be in the saddle again."

The idea appealed to Jan. She thought she would like horses, too, when she got acquainted with them.

"Can anyone come?" she asked.

She was thinking of Dulcie. Suddenly, by the withdrawn expressions on the faces of her friends, she knew they were thinking about Dulcie, too. Particularly Paula.

"Well—" said Paula reluctantly. Then she stopped, her eyes trailing past Jan.

Dulcie Turner, in her neat shabby suit, was coming across the campus, grey eyes searching the group of girls eagerly. Looking for me, thought Jan, and her heart sank. Always—always looking for me, like a pet dog, or something.

"Here comes Jan's shadow, girls," said Alice Sanders, and giggled.

The rest giggled, too, but there wasn't any fun in it for Jan. Things had changed so, this semester, since the new girl, Dulcie, had entered Rosemont. Dulcie had entered on a scholarship from somewhere out West. A farm. Jan had felt sorry for her, remembering how it felt to be a new girl. It was especially hard for Dulcie, because she'd entered the second semester, after the pattern of school life was established and the friendships pretty well in the groove.

The other girls hadn't paid much

(*Continued on page* 65)

Oh, Brother!

By MARJORIE HOLMES

So he's a pest, is he? Listen, sister, your brother's your best buddy—and don't forget it . . .

"You'd better take back what you said about my sister, or I'll let you have more!" . . . Watch Bud spring to your defense at any time, even though he doesn't let on that he thinks you're tops. . . . Actions speak louder, in his case.

BROTHERS can be brats. Or brothers can be boosters. Which—depends entirely on you!

Take Trudy, for instance. Trudy feels, oh, so sorry for herself because kid-brother Ramey is continually snitching her notes and her gum, crashing her tea parties to make funny faces and gobble the cookies, teasing her about her ambition to be a movie star. But the real hornet in her hair-do is big brother Ben.

"Honestly," she wails, "the way he tries to run my life. My skirts are always too short. He thinks I'm too young for lipstick and that I shouldn't eat peanuts in picture shows. But that's not all—" and she rolls her big blue eyes toward heaven— "as for his *friends!*"

"His friends?" (*Continued on page* 62)

Your heart skips a beat, as Bud introduces you to the football man-of-the-hour . . . the man you've always wanted to meet. . . . Gratefully, you slip Bud a warm glance. . . . It sure is swell to have a brother! . . .

time out for CHARM...

By JOANNE FIST

There isn't a female in existence who doesn't long for that short word "charm" . . . It takes more than good looks to possess it. It takes—but read what Joanne has to say . . .

Are you treated like this? Mother and Dad happily waving you off to a good time, proud that their "little" girl is now a charming young woman. . . . So, you see, it's all up to you.

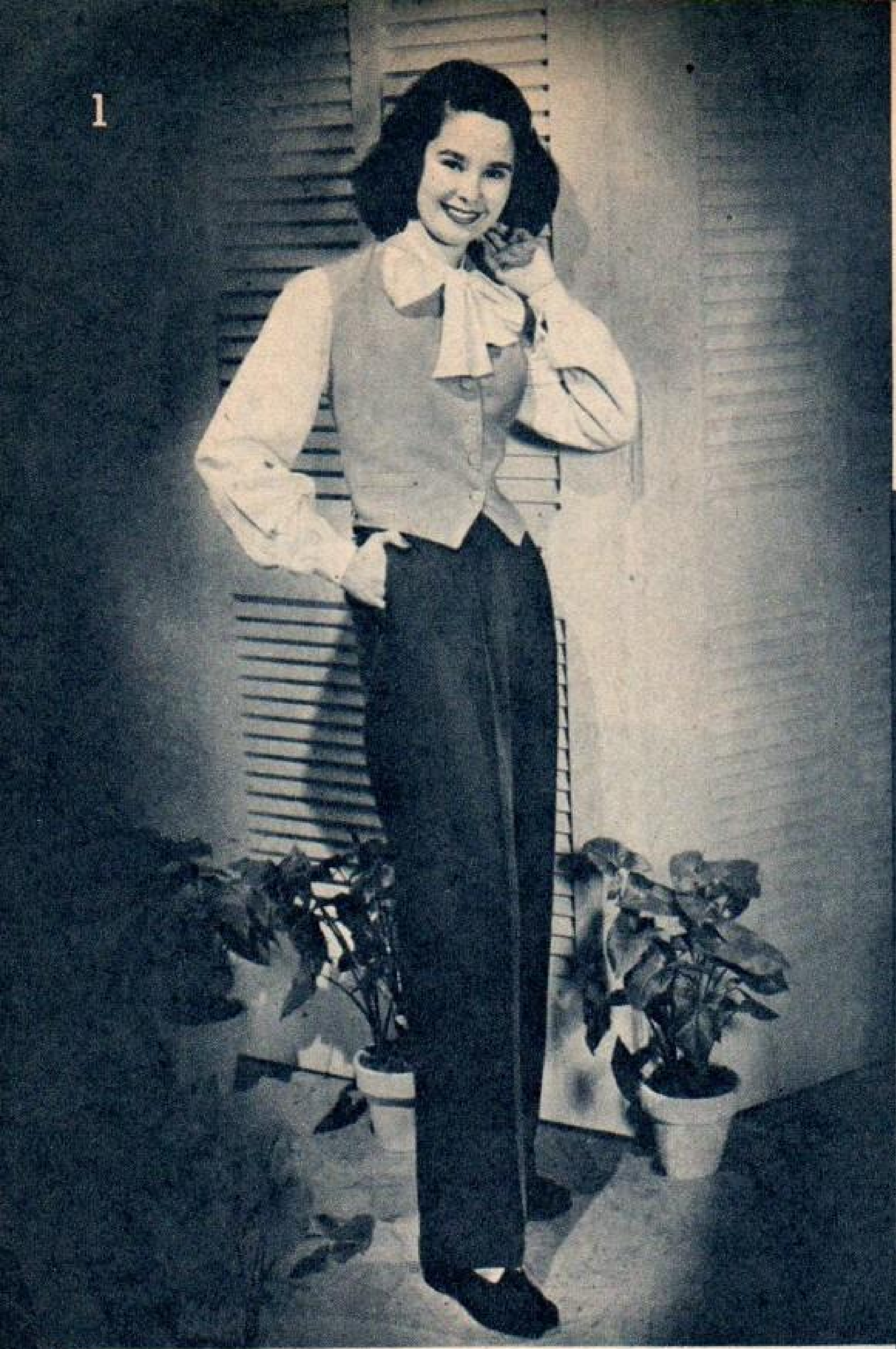
CHARM is more than a pretty smile on that smooth face of yours. Charm is everything about you. *Maggie*, in James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" (by the way, if you haven't read it, you've missed a lot of fun) said, "It's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

Charm is the way you think and the way you talk and the way you listen. It's being modest without being self-effacing. It's being able to relax and be at ease. It's being natural and unassuming. It's being

(*Continued on page 59*,

Or are you treated at home like this? If you are, it's probably because you deserve it. Parents won't use the "baby-stuff" routine, once you convince them that you're really grown.

1



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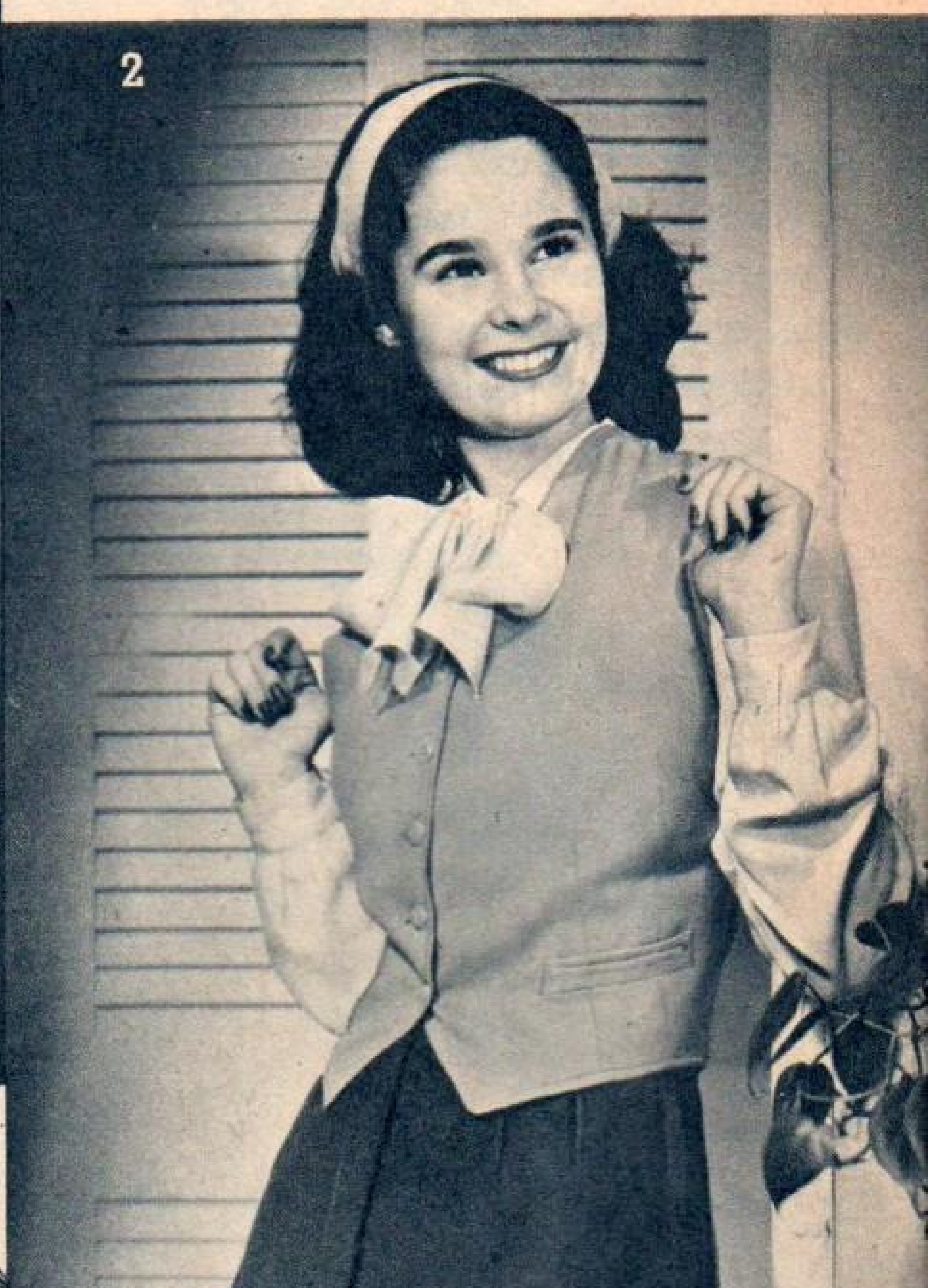
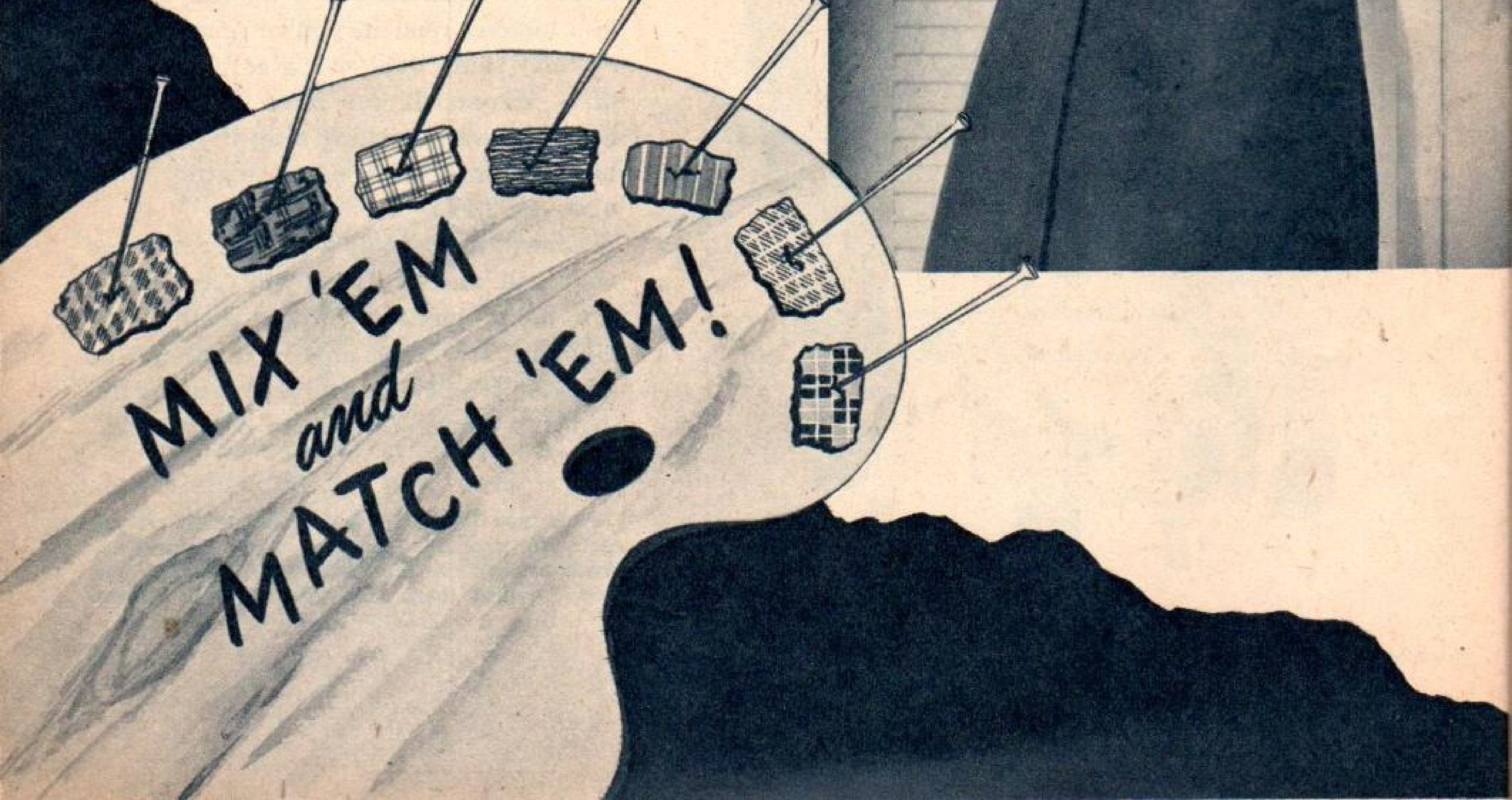
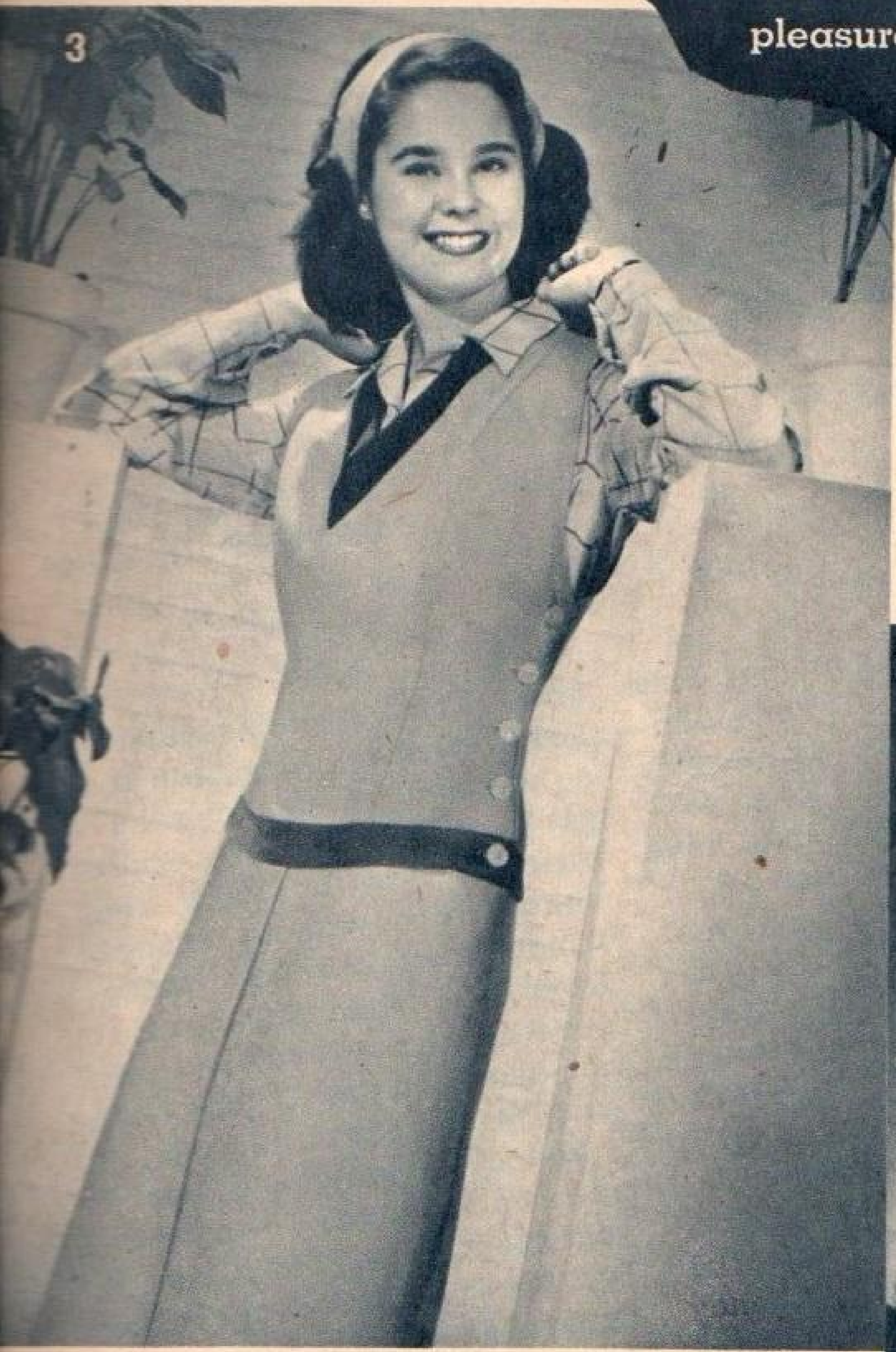



MIX 'EM
and
MATCH 'EM!

Changeable, cherishable . . . These vivacious Blackfriar Kindred outfits make choosing clothes a pleasure . . . wearing them, a thrill . . . all in sparkling, brand-new colors . . . lime, cherry, cinnamon brown, emerald, turquoise and purple . . . Um, yum . . .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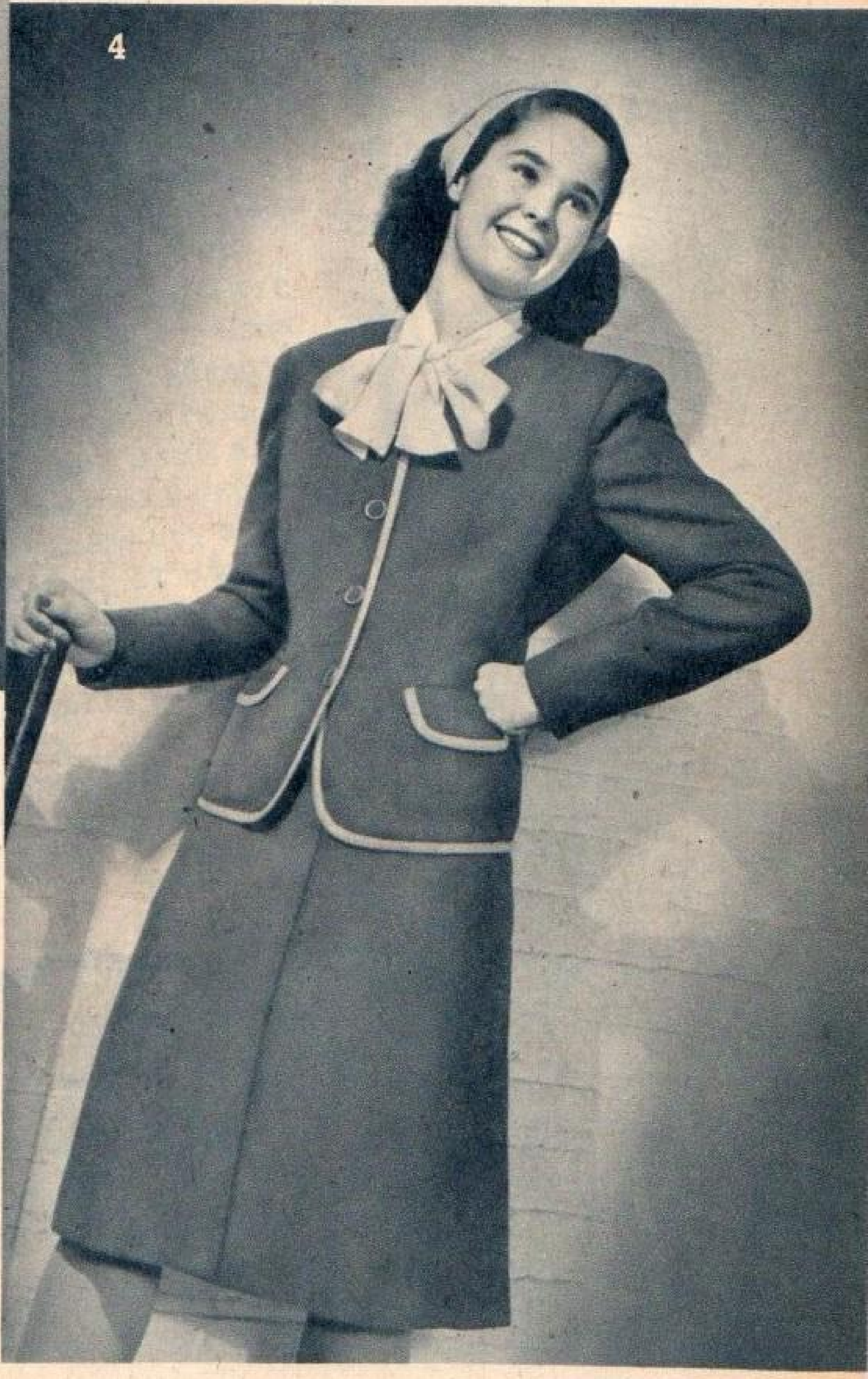
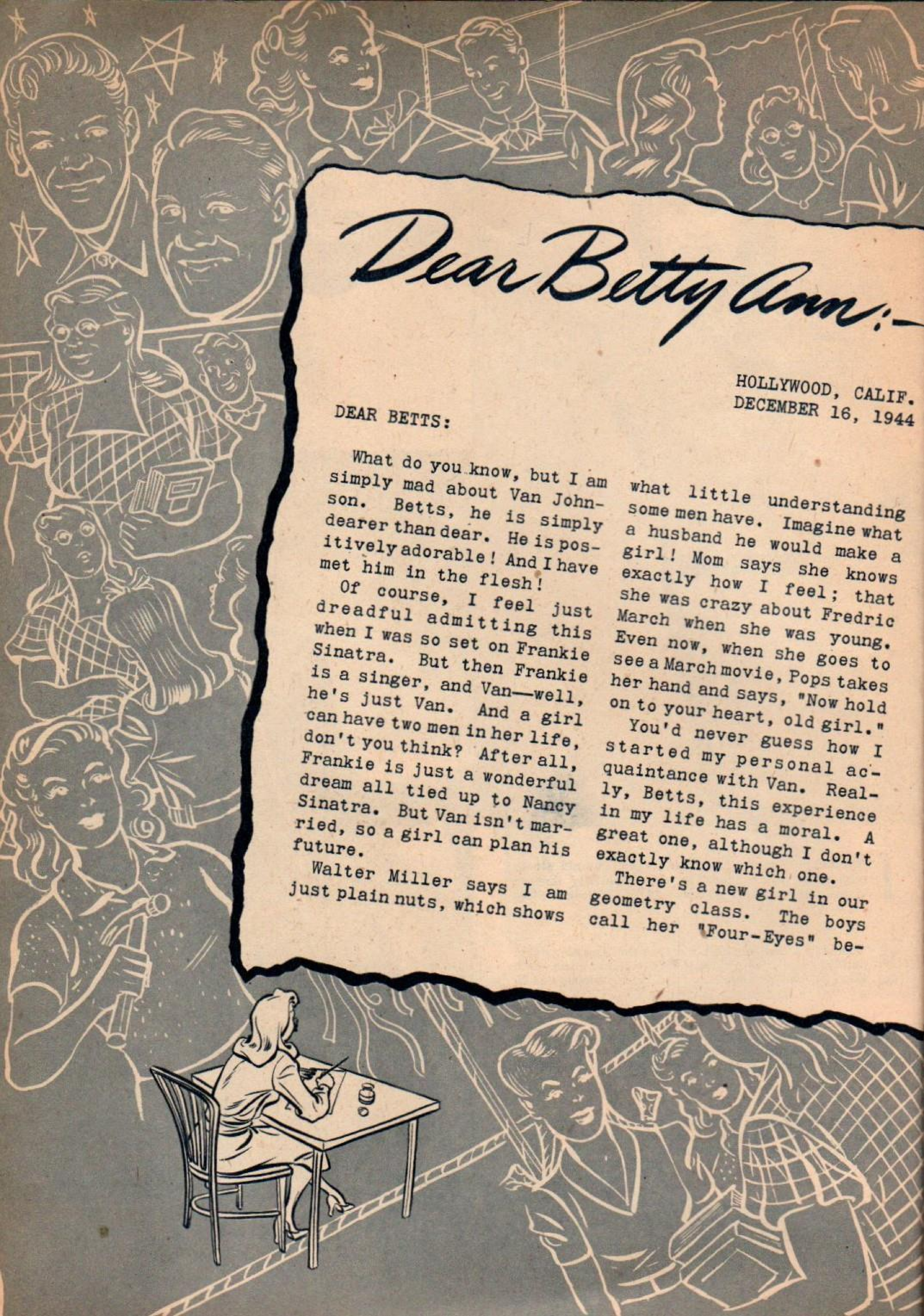

4

1 Beguilingly feminine, in man-tailored emerald slacks with pale yellow blouse poking cheerfully through a warm lime weskit . . . Slacks—$8.00 . . . Weskit—$6.00

2 Cute as the well-known button . . . this smooth, casual outfit shows the versatility of slick vest and blouse with skirt, as well as slacks . . . Tie classic blouse—$4.00

3 Our clothes are young and gay . . . Bright, plaid blouse sparking-up this tailored lime jerkin set . . . Trim is emerald . . . Jerkin—$6.00 . . . Skirt—$7.00 . . . Blouse—$5.00

4 Sweet enough to be rationed, in this emerald blazer suit, with rich lime piping . . . and each adorable button, closed to meet the huge bow-tie . . . Jacket—$13.50



Dear Betty Ann:—

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
DECEMBER 16, 1944

DEAR BETTS:

What do you know, but I am simply mad about Van Johnson. Betts, he is simply dearer than dear. He is positively adorable! And I have met him in the flesh!

Of course, I feel just dreadful admitting this when I was so set on Frankie Sinatra. But then Frankie is a singer, and Van—well, he's just Van. And a girl can have two men in her life, don't you think? After all, Frankie is just a wonderful dream all tied up to Nancy Sinatra. But Van isn't married, so a girl can plan his future.

Walter Miller says I am just plain nuts, which shows what little understanding some men have. Imagine what a husband he would make a girl! Mom says she knows exactly how I feel; that she was crazy about Fredric March when she was young. Even now, when she goes to see a March movie, Pops takes her hand and says, "Now hold on to your heart, old girl."

You'd never guess how I started my personal acquaintance with Van. Really, Betts, this experience in my life has a moral. A great one, although I don't exactly know which one.

There's a new girl in our geometry class. The boys call her "Four-Eyes" be-

Excitingly wonderful things have been happening to Vickie, our lovely sub-deb . . . things like ACTUALLY—really and truly—meeting Van Johnson and—and—but let's peek into her letter to her dearest friend, Betts . . .

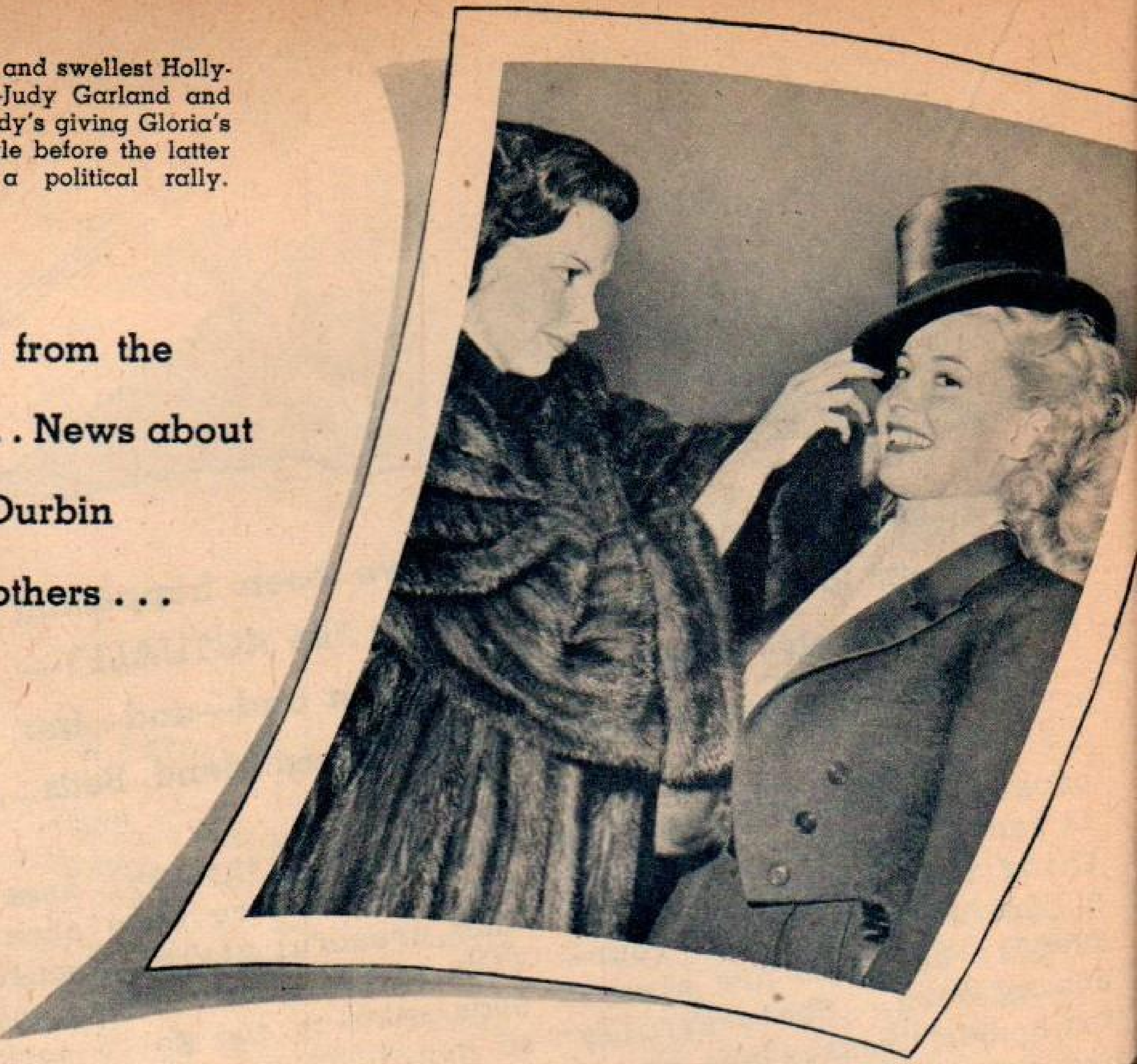
cause she wears glasses. But it isn't only that, but everything that seems wrong with a girl is wrong with "Four-Eyes". Her hems are always coming down. She's awfully fat! Her dresses are never pressed. And her hair is always stringy and very unfashionable. Really, "Four-Eyes" is the sort of girl who should pose for one of those "before and after" ads for a Beauty or a "Develop Your Charm" school. She's the plain all-wrong type. And imagine "Four-Eyes" having any connection with a movie star like Van Johnson!

Of course, "Four-Eyes" ever mentioned it. Probably ecause Sally and our set ever bother with girls who ren't smooth. But we no- ced the boys teasing her. Sally said, "Really, something should be done about that dreadful girl. I would like to get a hair-brush and some make-up and go to work on her."

"Four-Eyes" was never in anything, principally because she was never invited. Then we decided to have a candy sale at school to raise money for our annual Valentine Party. You remember, Betts, like last year, when the girls asked the boys?

Of course, we went ahead with our plans and no one thought to ask "Four-Eyes". Well, the day before the sale, when we were covering a table in the hall with pink crepe paper on which to display our candy, "Four-Eyes" came walking by. She stopped and said, (Continued on page 64)

Two of the sweetest and swellest Hollywood slick chicks—Judy Garland and Gloria De Haven. Judy's giving Gloria's topper the right angle before the latter does her bit at a political rally.



Here's news, lots of news from the Hollywood front. . . . News about Van Johnson, Deanna Durbin and many, many others . . .

By TRUDY SMITH

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET...

VAN JOHNSON is receiving so many bow-ties in the mail from his fans, he's beginning to wonder. Do the Frankie Sinatra fans think a bow-tie will make a singer out of Van?

* * *

Gloria de Haven can't drive an automobile, but she has no trouble learning, for fifty convalescents of Birmingham Hospital have offered their respective services as personal instructors.

* * *

Imagine hearing Dorothy Lamour, Frances Langford, Judy Garland, Ginny Simms, Dinah Shore and Virginia O'Brien all on one record. The girls got together and made them to send to our lads on the fighting fronts.

* * *

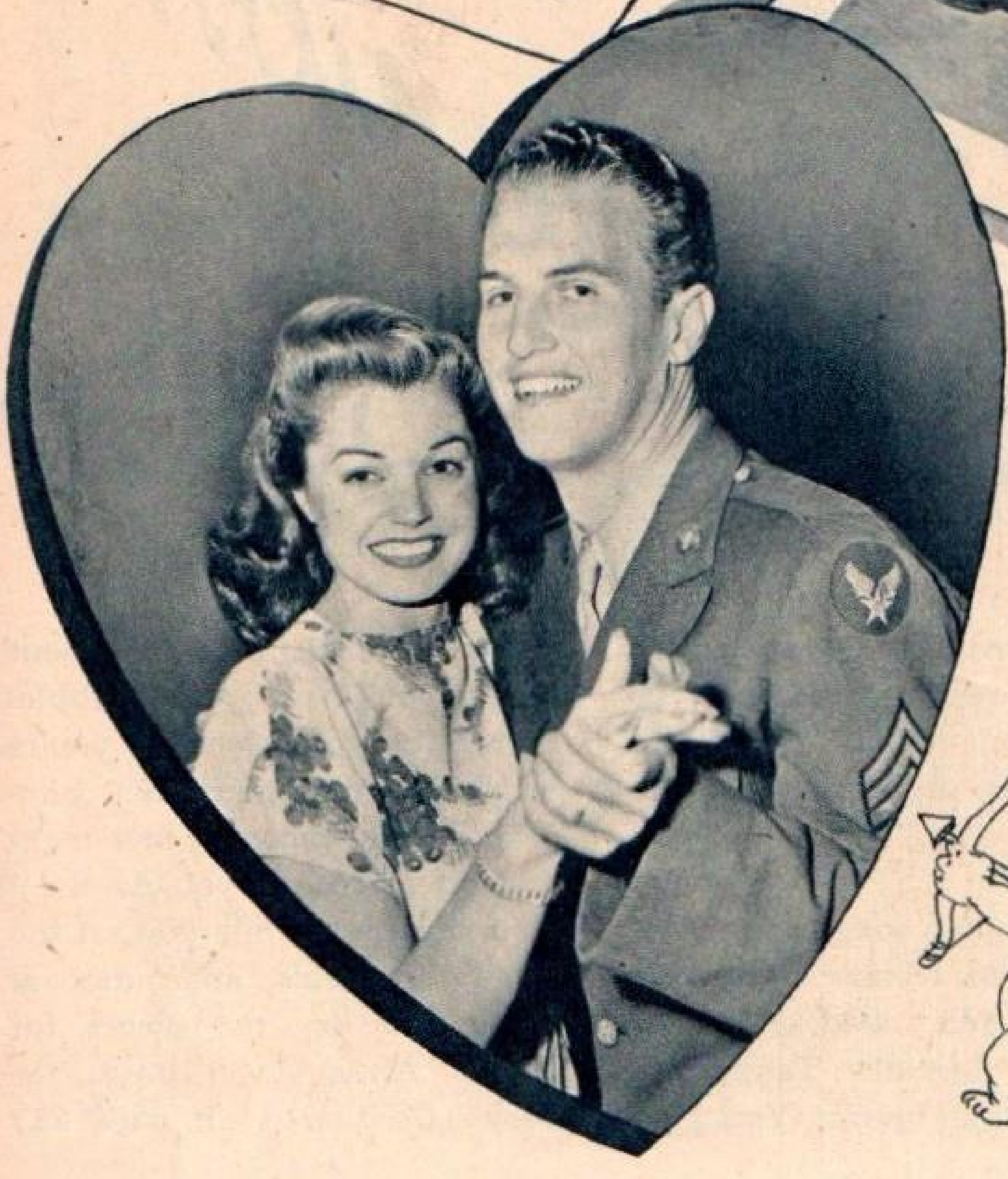
Van Johnson, who is Bob Walker's pal, is escorting Jennifer Jones these days. It all began when Van and Jen made some radio broadcasts. Truth is, Van likes them both so much, he hopes to effect a reconciliation. Hopes to make it a threesome.

* * *

Deanna Durbin, who has been so interested with her producer, Felix (*Continued on page* 58)

The Terrific Trumpeter, Harry James, and his pin-up wife, luscious Betty Grable, dined at Ciro's to welcome their good friend, Xavier Cugat, whose making with the merry music at the popular eatery.

What a gay and gala galaxy of stars particpated in the political roundup in Hollywood. Those three wonderful comedians, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers and Gene Kelly brought the house down.



Hollywood grapevine says Esther Williams, the go'jus swimming-star, has a sweet eye on Sgt. Ben Gage, who used to be Bob Hope's radio announcer. They've been bitten by the love bug.

Life would be empty without those first pangs of—of love. . . . But too many crushes can flatten you into a flounder

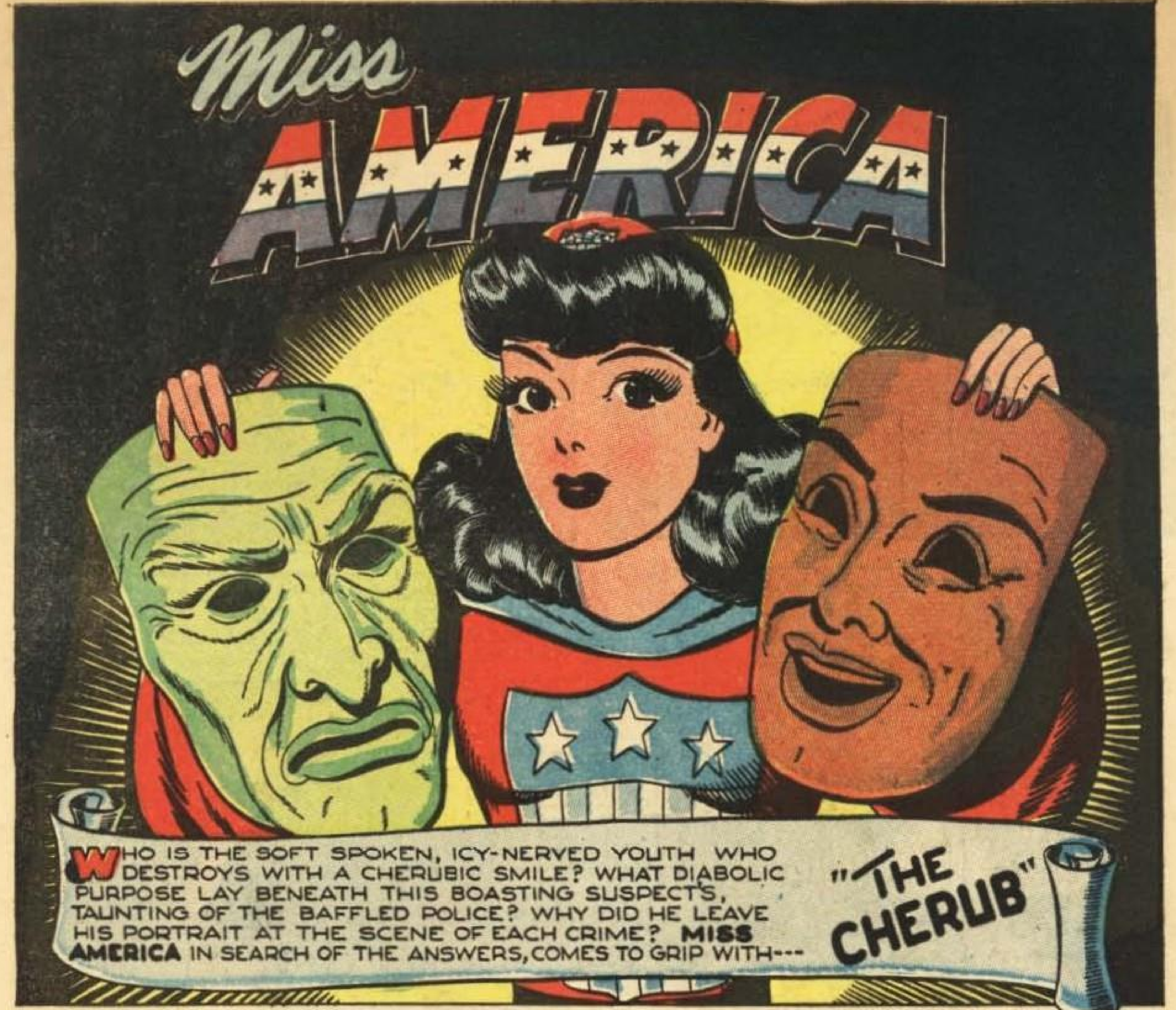
By TINA TRAVERS

Crushes are nice, But--

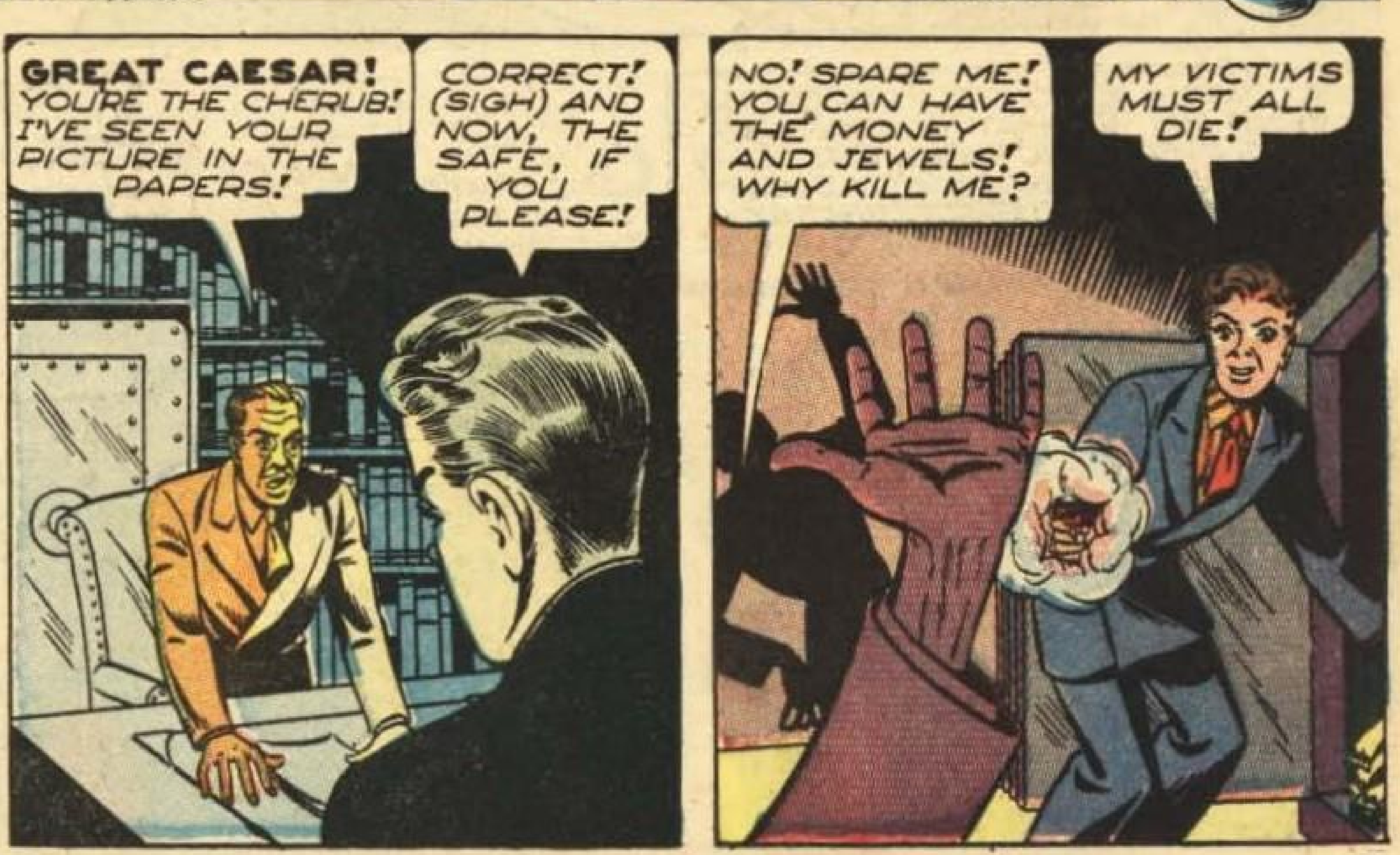
TOO much of anything is bad for you. Runs up a fever. Brings on a rash. Makes you forget everything but what ails you. And what ails you can become so acute that the whole family suffers as from an epidemic brought into the house by you.

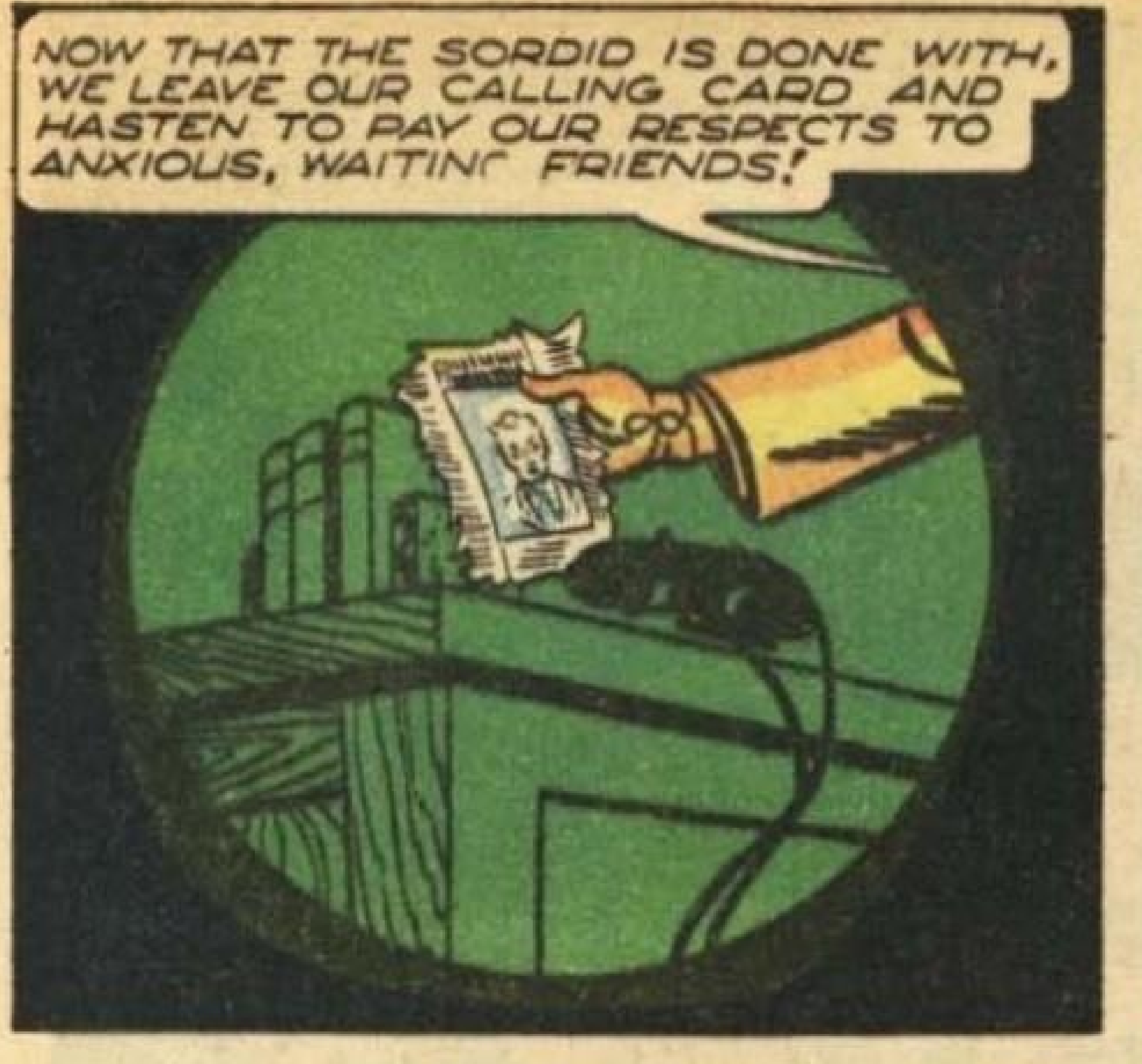
There are silly crushes, harmless crushes, dangerous ones, and crushes that mean you're having growing pains in your sweet young soul. (What I'm going to say about that last one is what is going to interest you most.)

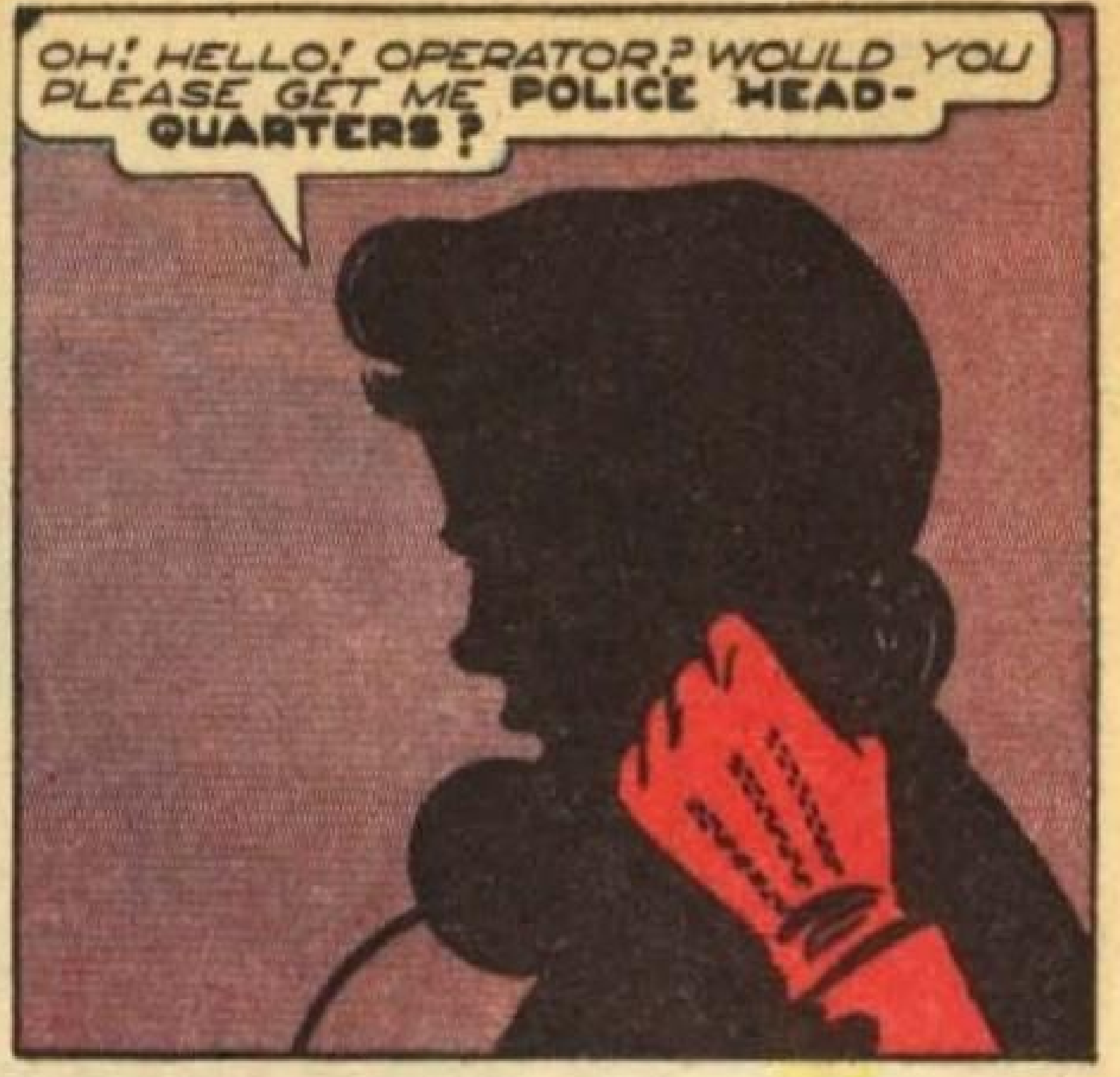
A crush on a song is silly, but it's been had, I know, by you. It buzzes in your head and flows from your lips like Tennyson's ever-bubbling brook. You give it the coloratura treatment when you're in your bubble-bath. You yodel it while you're brushing your hair that hundred strokes morning and night (which of course you do do!). You whistle it while you set the table for meals, and croon it while you dry the dishes for Mom. After seven days, the very (*Continued on page* 43)

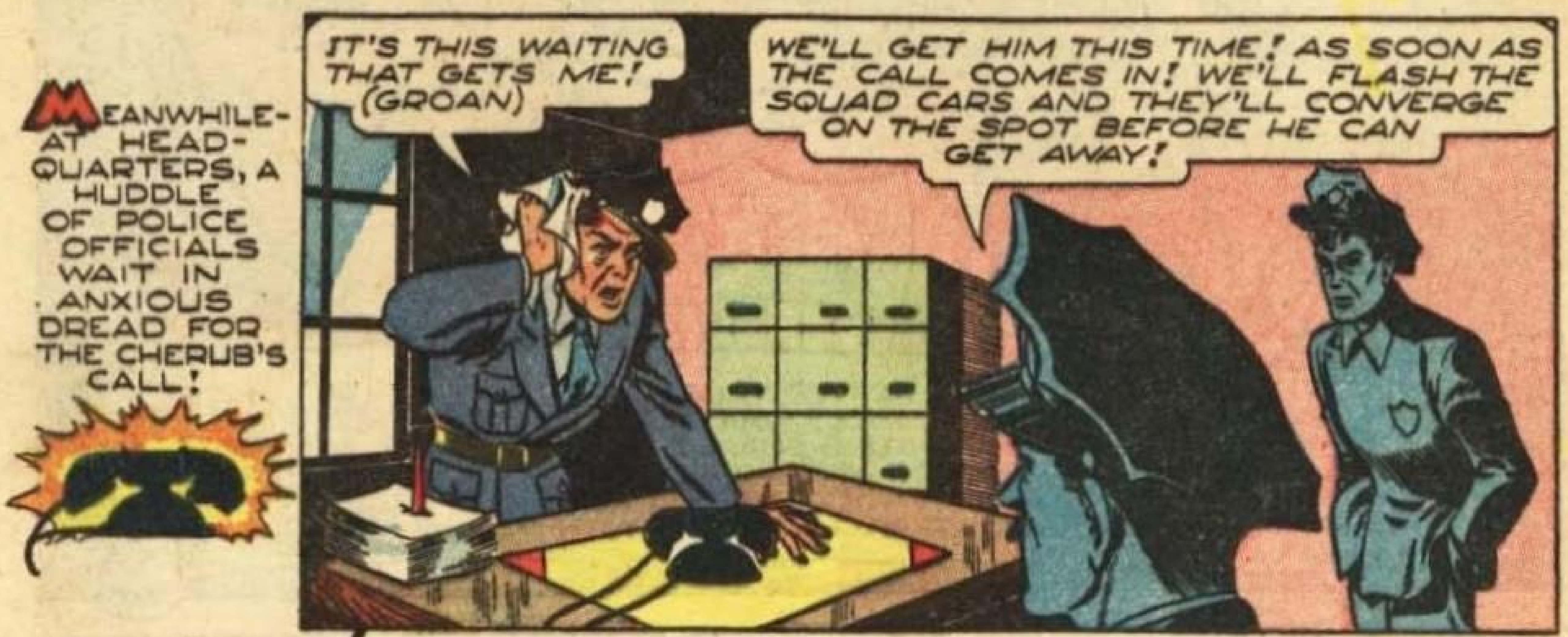

Miss
AMERICA
WHO IS THE SOFT SPOKEN, ICY-NERVED YOUTH WHO DESTROYS WITH A CHERUBIC SMILE? WHAT DIABOLIC PURPOSE LAY BENEATH THIS BOASTING SUSPECT'S, TAUNTING OF THE BAFFLED POLICE? WHY DID HE LEAVE HIS PORTRAIT AT THE SCENE OF EACH CRIME? MISS AMERICA IN SEARCH OF THE ANSWERS, COMES TO GRIP WITH---
"THE CHERUB"

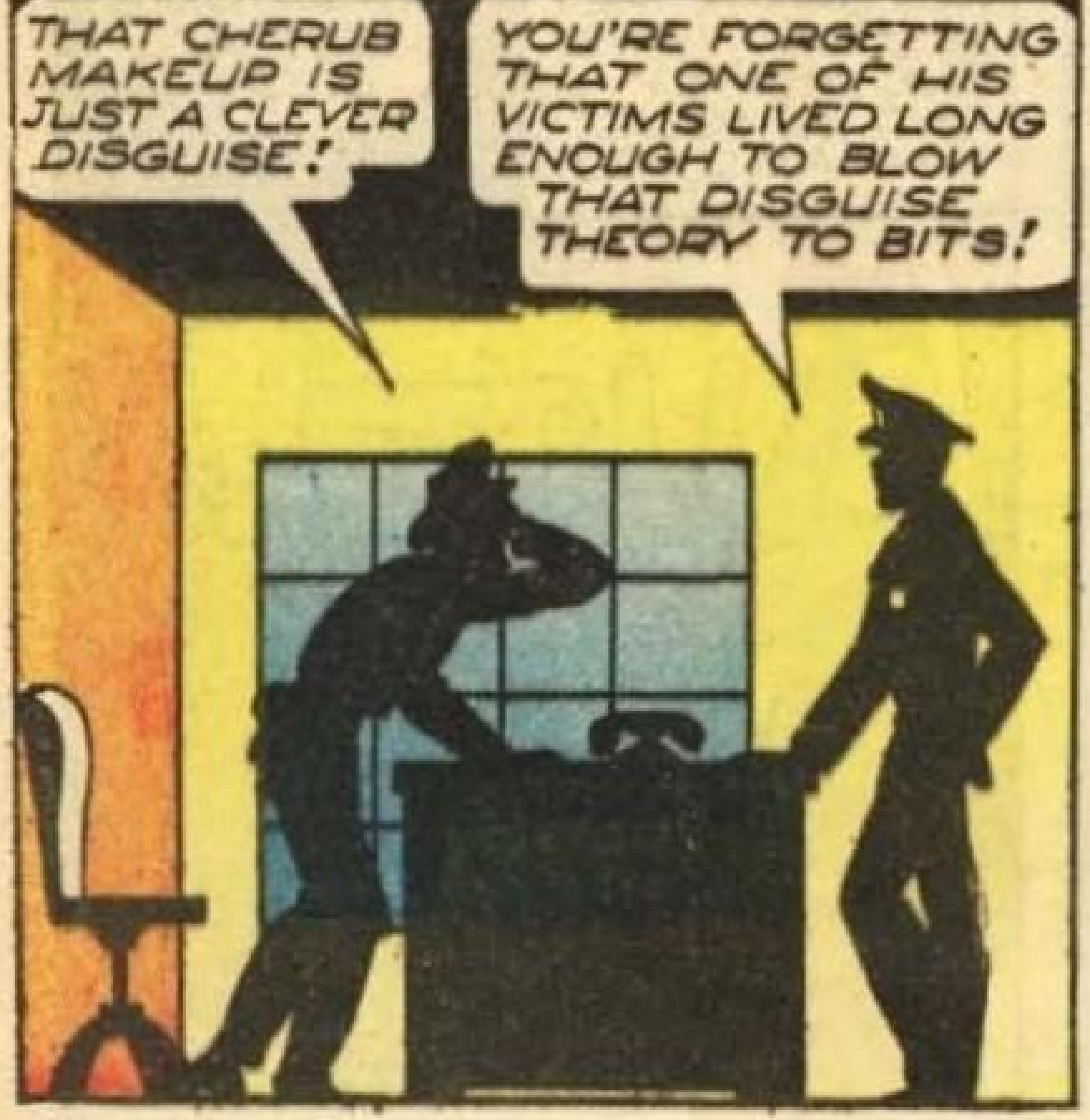
IN THE LIBRARY OF A WEALTHY AND PROMINENT BANKER--


GREAT CAESAR! YOU'RE THE CHERUB! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!
CORRECT! (SIGH) AND NOW, THE SAFE, IF YOU PLEASE!
NO! SPARE ME! YOU CAN HAVE THE MONEY AND JEWELS! WHY KILL ME?
MY VICTIMS MUST ALL DIE!

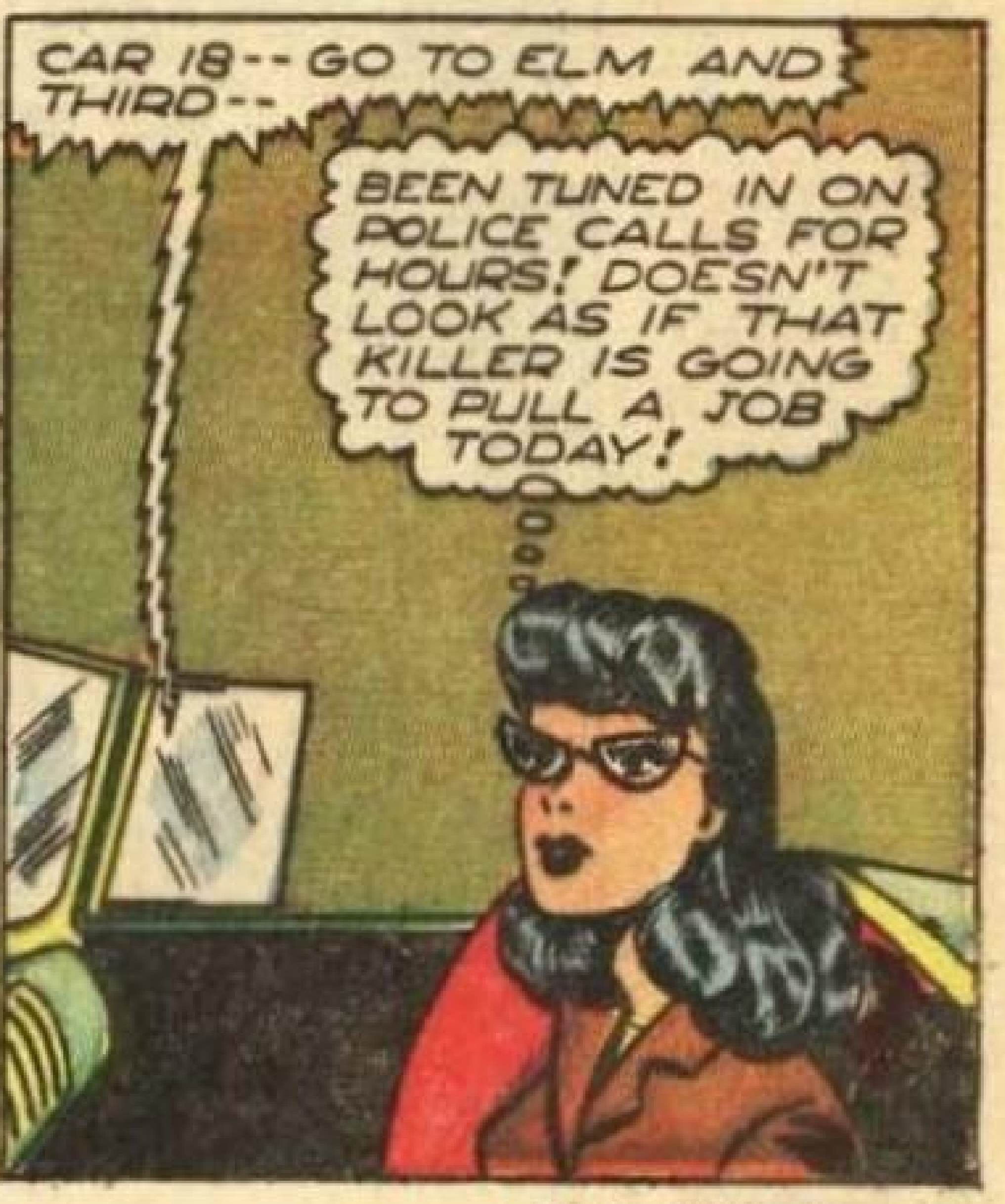

NOW THAT THE SORDID IS DONE WITH, WE LEAVE OUR CALLING CARD AND HASTEN TO PAY OUR RESPECTS TO ANXIOUS, WAITING FRIENDS!

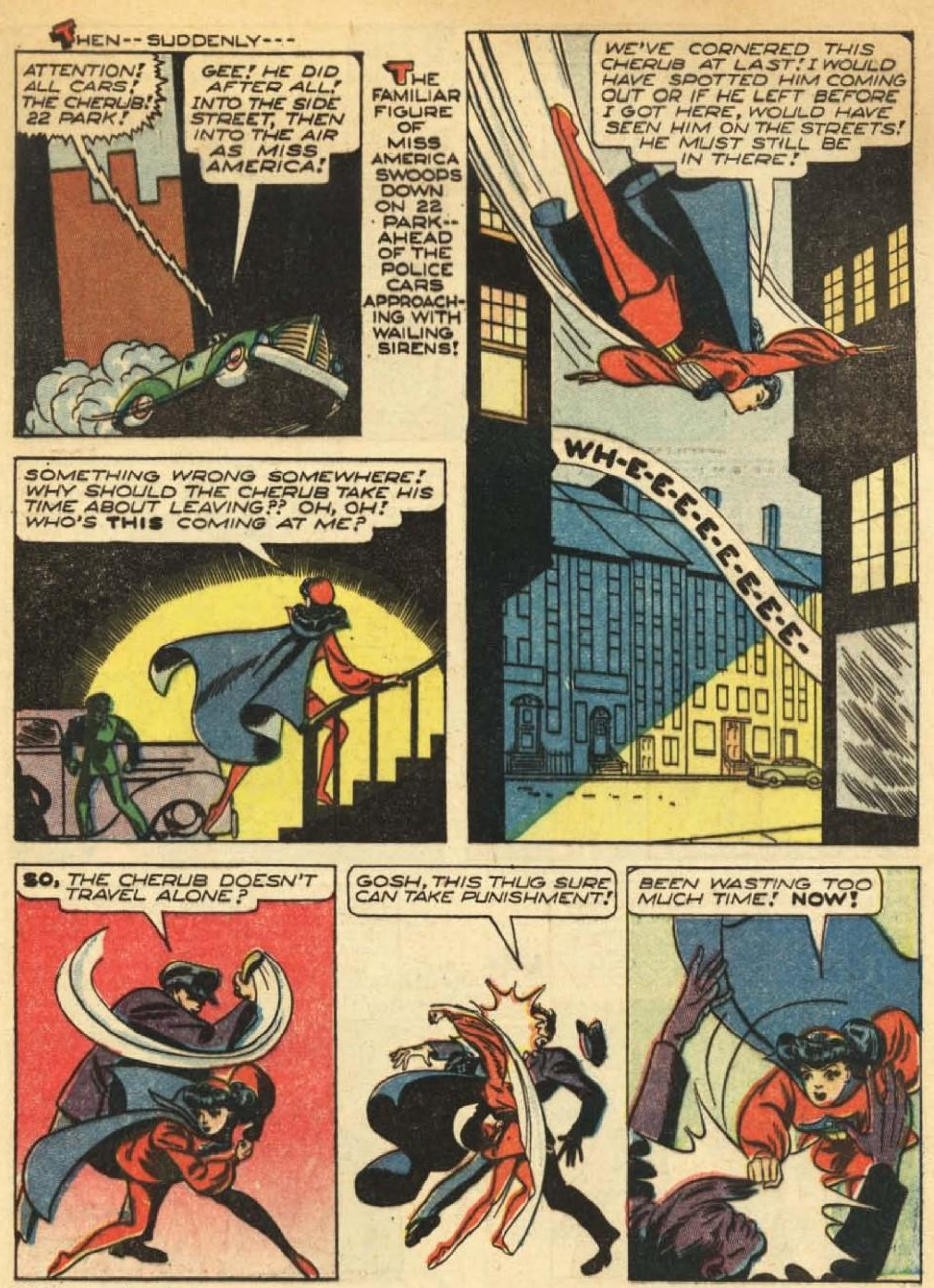

OH! HELLO! OPERATOR? WOULD YOU PLEASE GET ME **POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS?**


MEANWHILE-AT HEAD-QUARTERS, A HUDDLE OF POLICE OFFICIALS WAIT IN ANXIOUS DREAD FOR THE CHERUB'S CALL!
IT'S THIS WAITING THAT GETS ME! (GROAN)
WE'LL GET HIM THIS TIME! AS SOON AS THE CALL COMES IN! WE'LL FLASH THE SQUAD CARS AND THEY'LL CONVERGE ON THE SPOT BEFORE HE CAN GET AWAY!

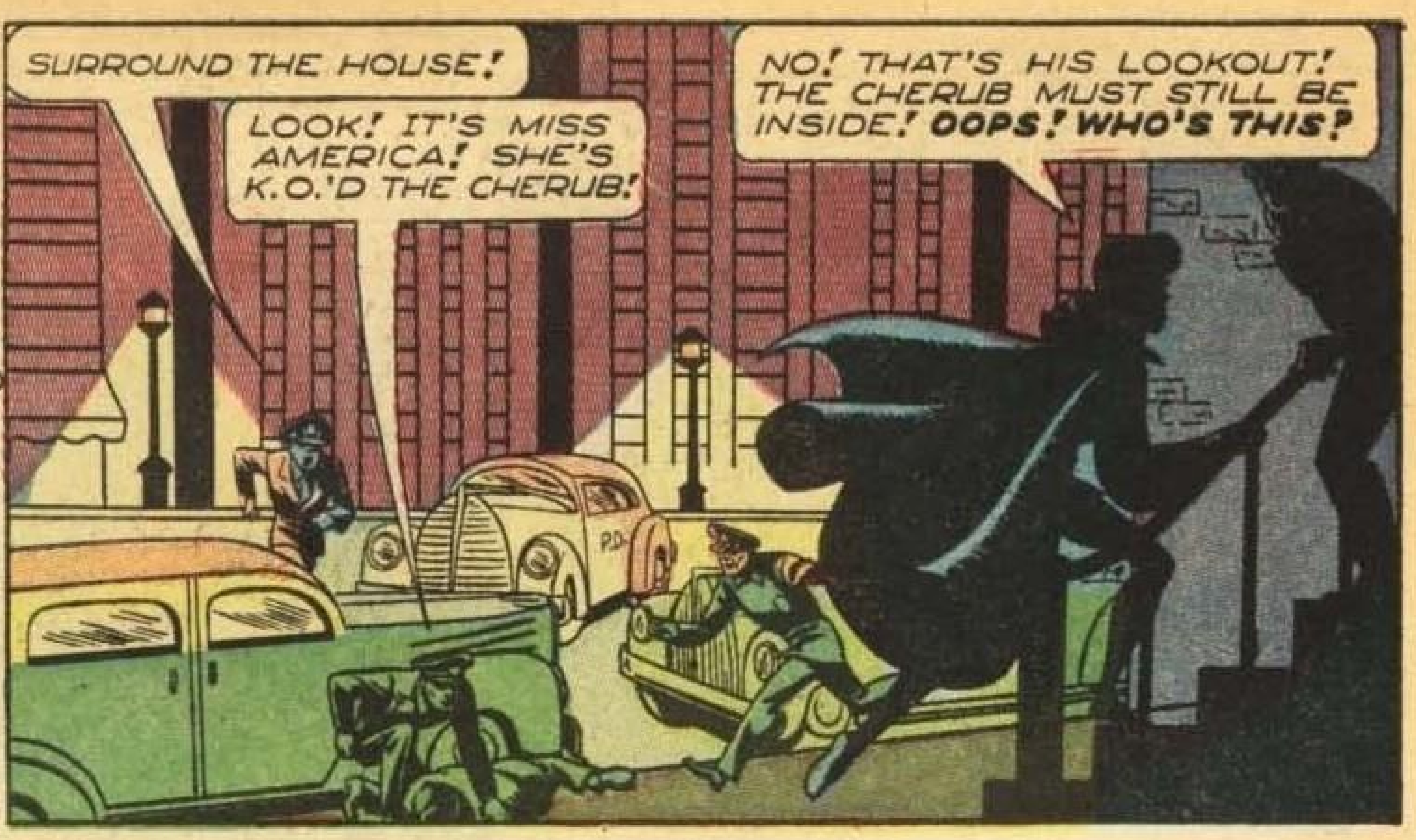

THAT CHERUB MAKEUP IS JUST A CLEVER DISGUISE!
YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT ONE OF HIS VICTIMS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO BLOW THAT DISGUISE THEORY TO BITS!

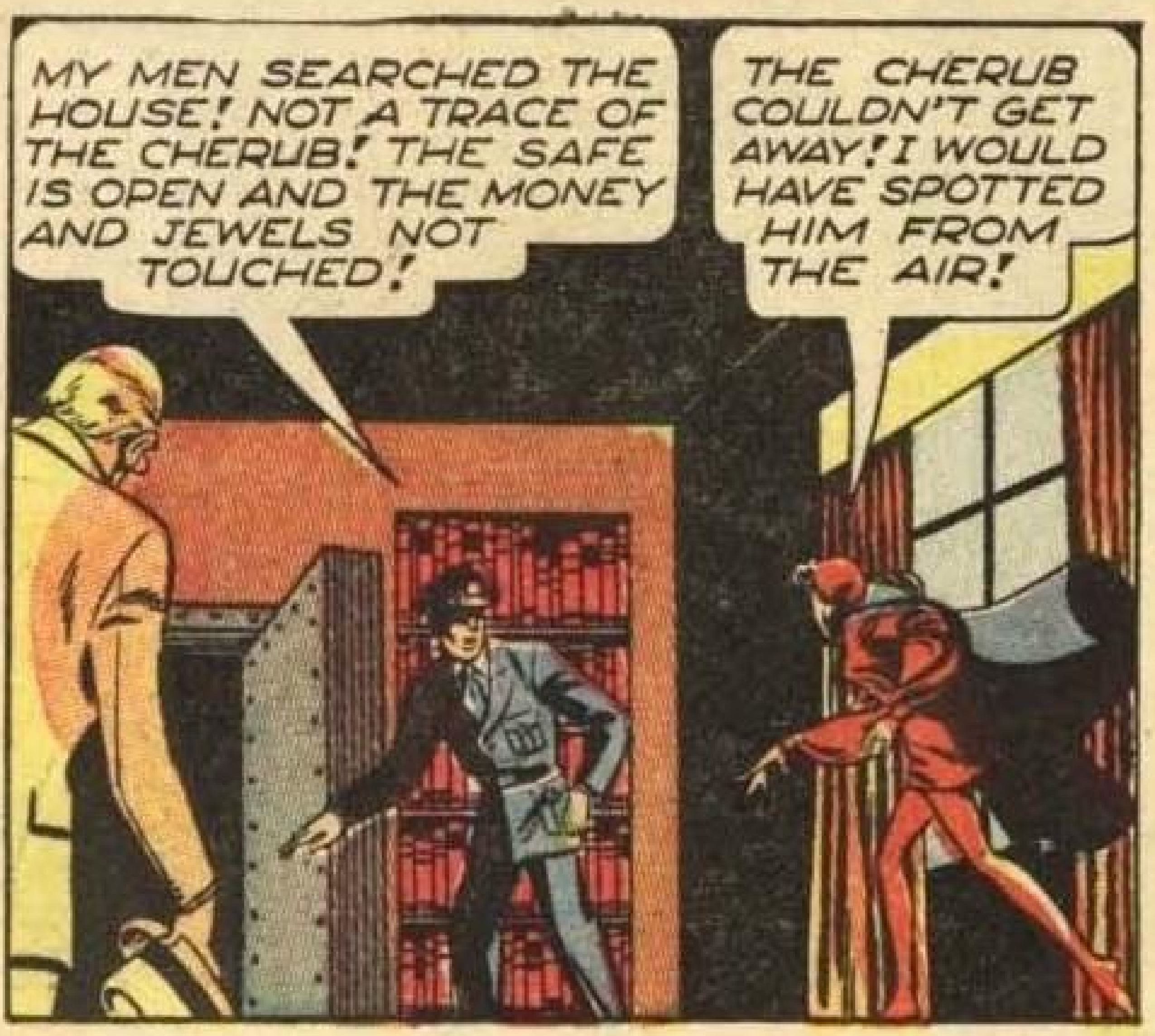
ONE OTHER WAITS FOR THE POLICE FLASH TO PROWLING SQUAD CARS, MADELINE JOYCE, ALTER EGO OF THE FAMED CRIME-FIGHTING, MISS AMERICA, EAGER TO MATCH WITS WITH THE DEADLY CHERUB!

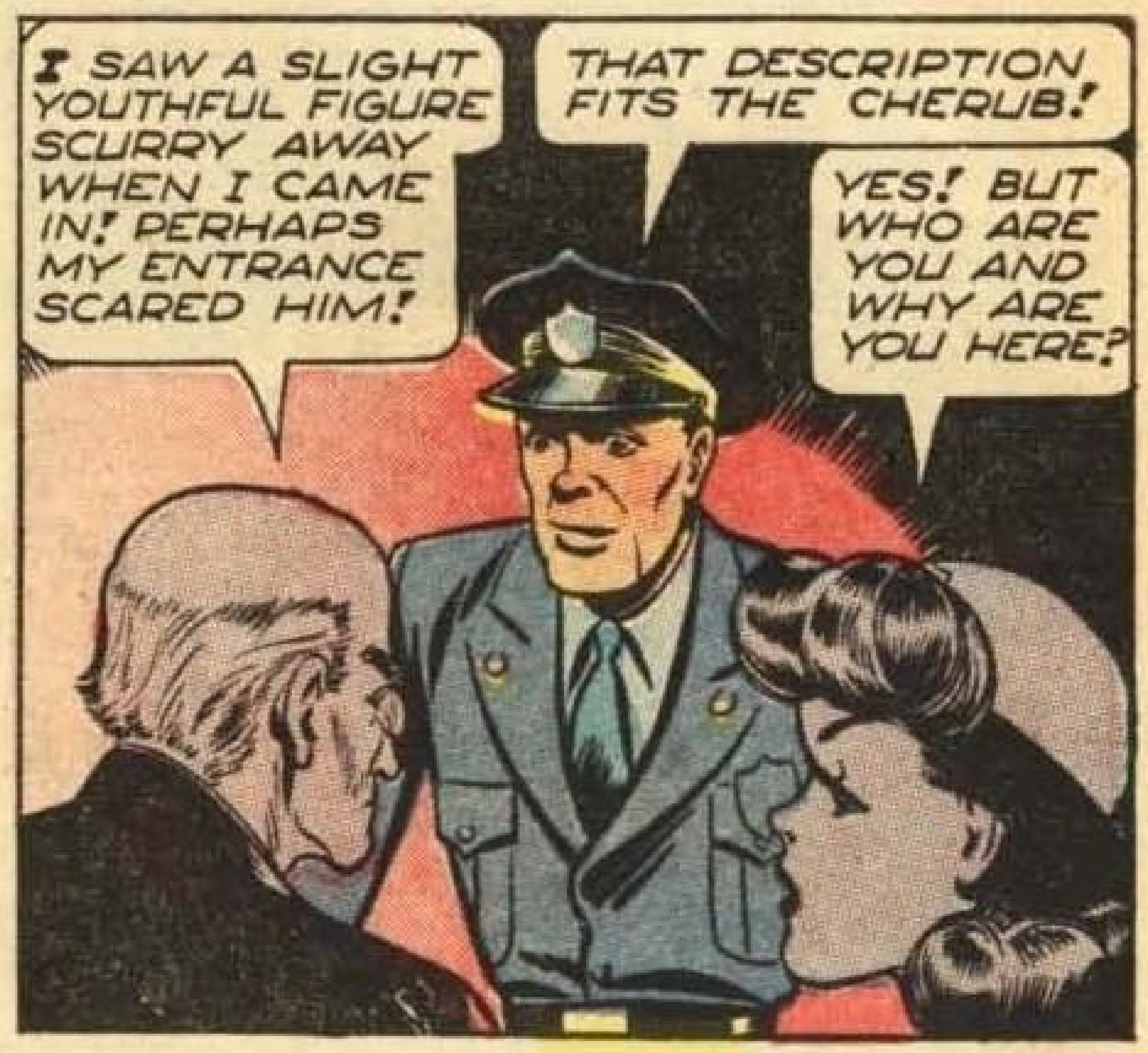

CAR 18-- GO TO ELM AND THIRD--
BEEN TUNED IN ON POLICE CALLS FOR HOURS! DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THAT KILLER IS GOING TO PULL A JOB TODAY!

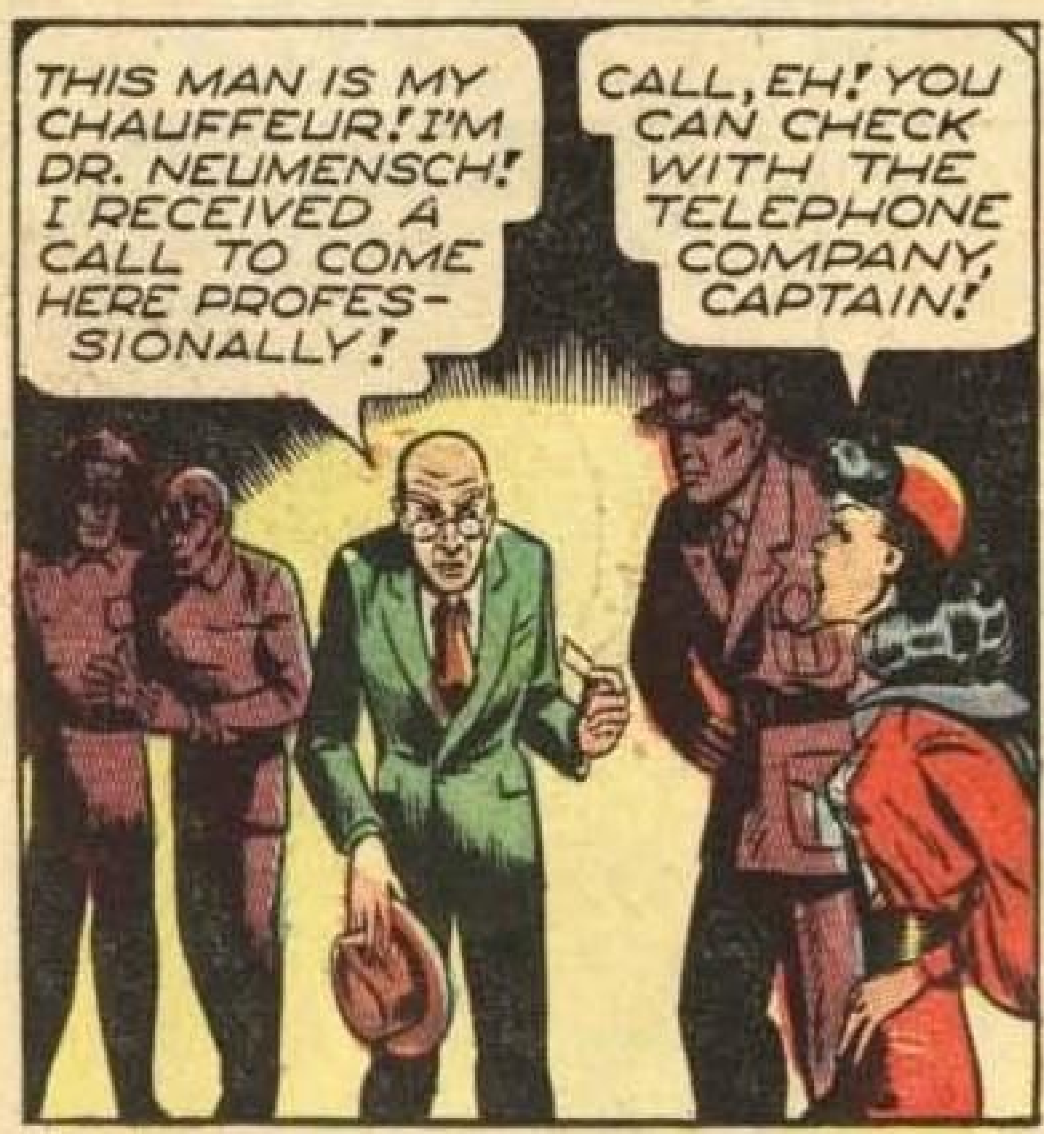

THEN--SUDDENLY---
ATTENTION! ALL CARS! THE CHERUB! 22 PARK!
GEE! HE DID AFTER ALL! INTO THE SIDE STREET, THEN INTO THE AIR AS MISS AMERICA!
THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA SWOOPS DOWN ON 22 PARK--AHEAD OF THE POLICE CARS APPROACHING WITH WAILING SIRENS!
WE'VE CORNERED THIS CHERUB AT LAST! I WOULD HAVE SPOTTED HIM COMING OUT OR IF HE LEFT BEFORE I GOT HERE, WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM ON THE STREETS! HE MUST STILL BE IN THERE!
WH-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-
SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE! WHY SHOULD THE CHERUB TAKE HIS TIME ABOUT LEAVING?? OH, OH! WHO'S THIS COMING AT ME?
SO, THE CHERUB DOESN'T TRAVEL ALONE?
GOSH, THIS THUG SURE CAN TAKE PUNISHMENT!
BEEN WASTING TOO MUCH TIME! NOW!

TURNING FROM HER FALLEN OPPONENT AS THE POLICE ROAR UP, MISS AMERICA, ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOUSE, IS CONFRONTED BY THE SMALL STOOPED FIGURE OF AN OLD MAN ABOUT TO LEAVE!

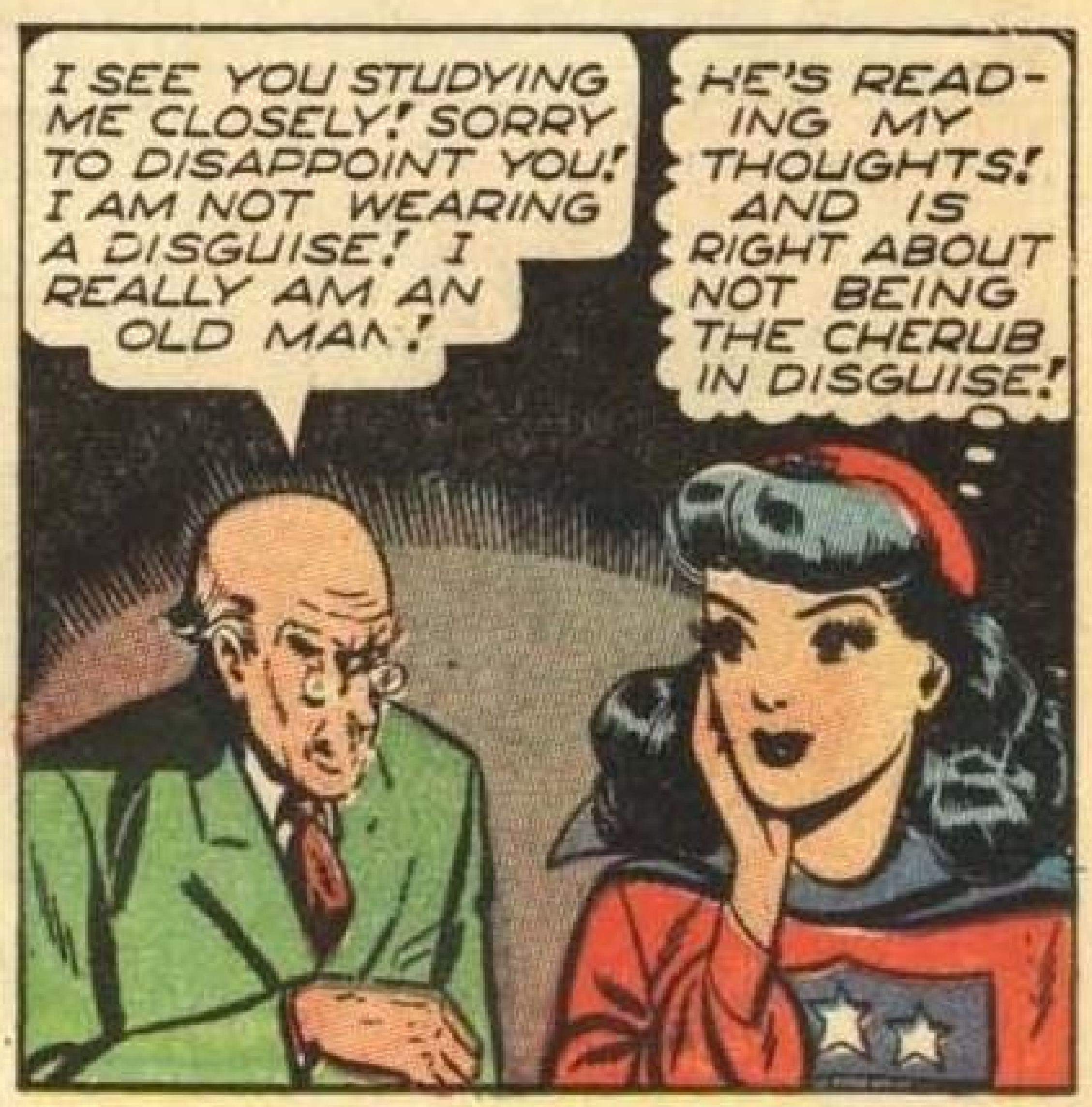

SURROUND THE HOUSE!
LOOK! IT'S MISS AMERICA! SHE'S K.O.'D THE CHERUB!
NO! THAT'S HIS LOOKOUT! THE CHERUB MUST STILL BE INSIDE! **OOPS! WHO'S THIS?**
P.D.

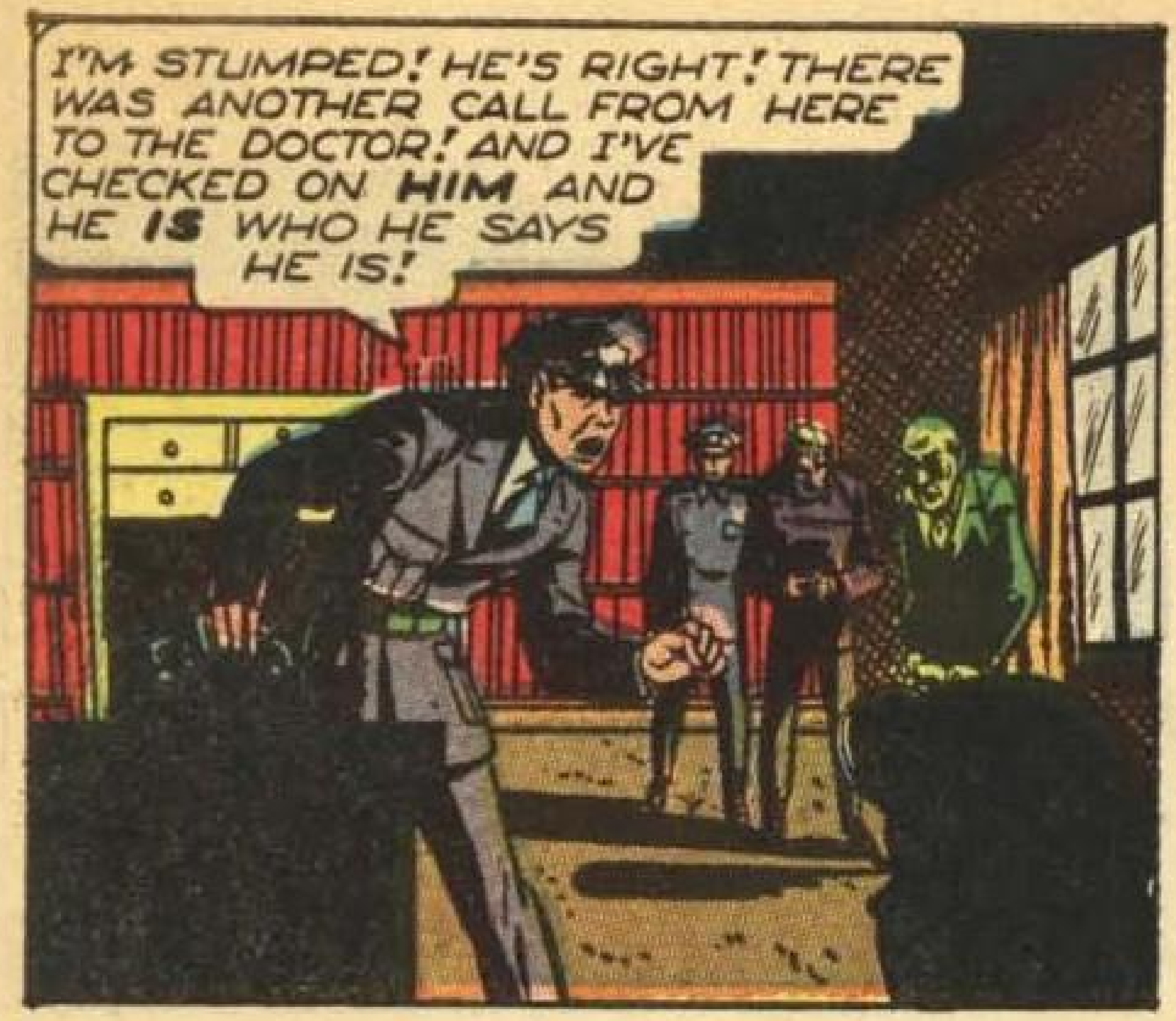

MY MEN SEARCHED THE HOUSE! NOT A TRACE OF THE CHERUB! THE SAFE IS OPEN AND THE MONEY AND JEWELS NOT TOUCHED!
THE CHERUB COULDN'T GET AWAY! I WOULD HAVE SPOTTED HIM FROM THE AIR!

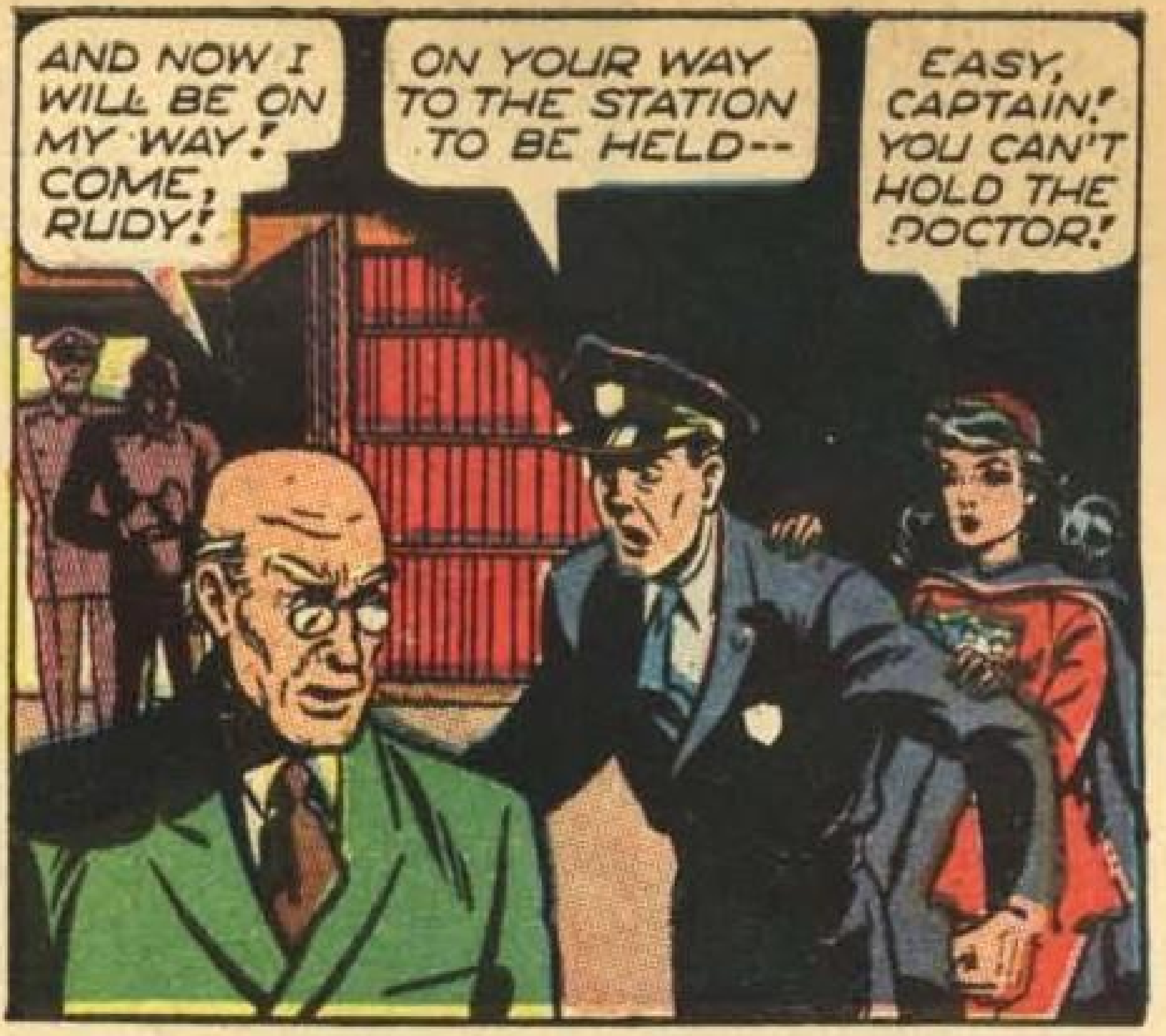

I SAW A SLIGHT YOUTHFUL FIGURE SCURRY AWAY WHEN I CAME IN! PERHAPS MY ENTRANCE SCARED HIM!
THAT DESCRIPTION FITS THE CHERUB!
YES! BUT WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?

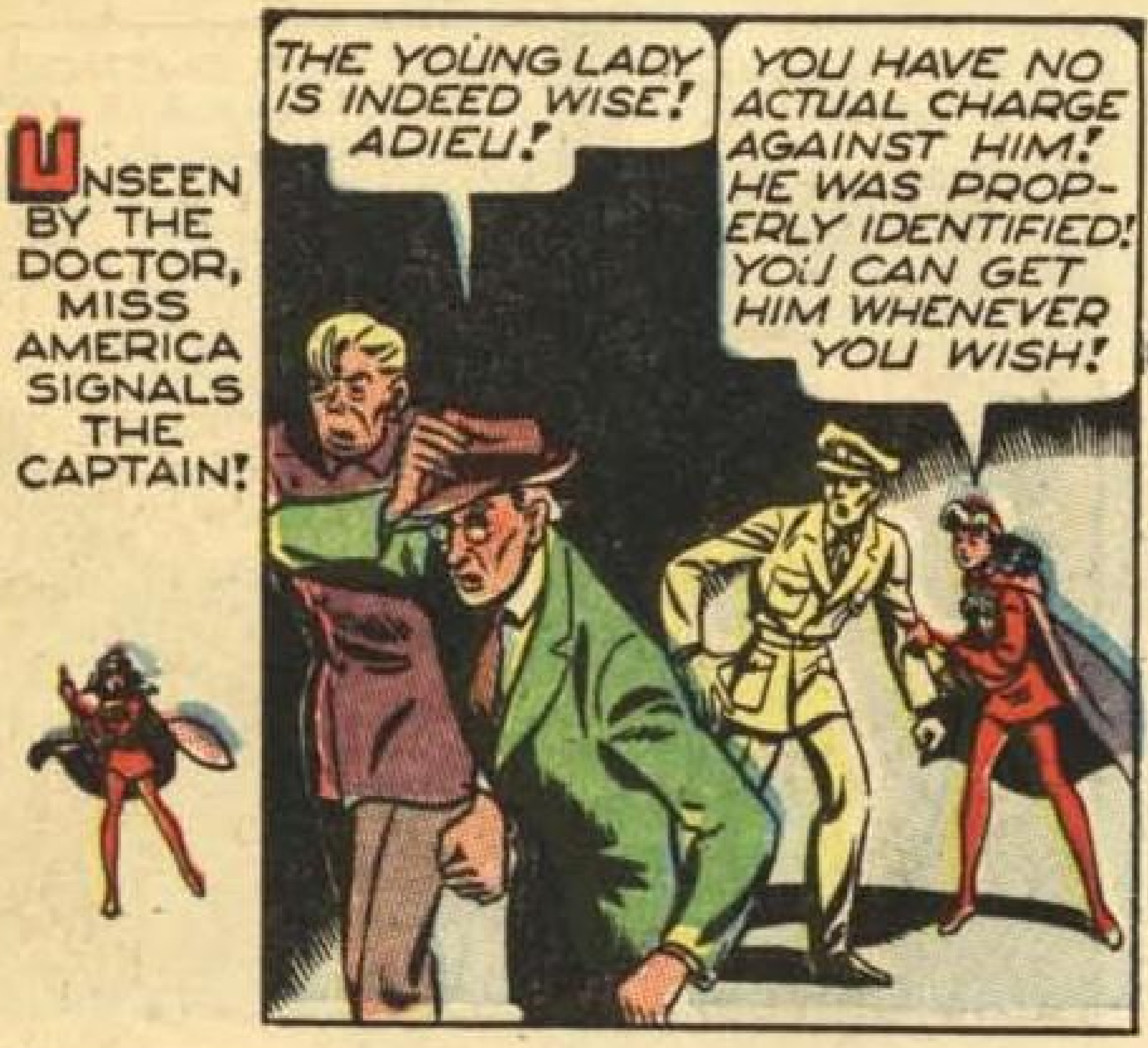

THIS MAN IS MY CHAUFFEUR! I'M DR. NEUMENSCH! I RECEIVED A CALL TO COME HERE PROFESSIONALLY!
CALL, EH! YOU CAN CHECK WITH THE TELEPHONE COMPANY, CAPTAIN!

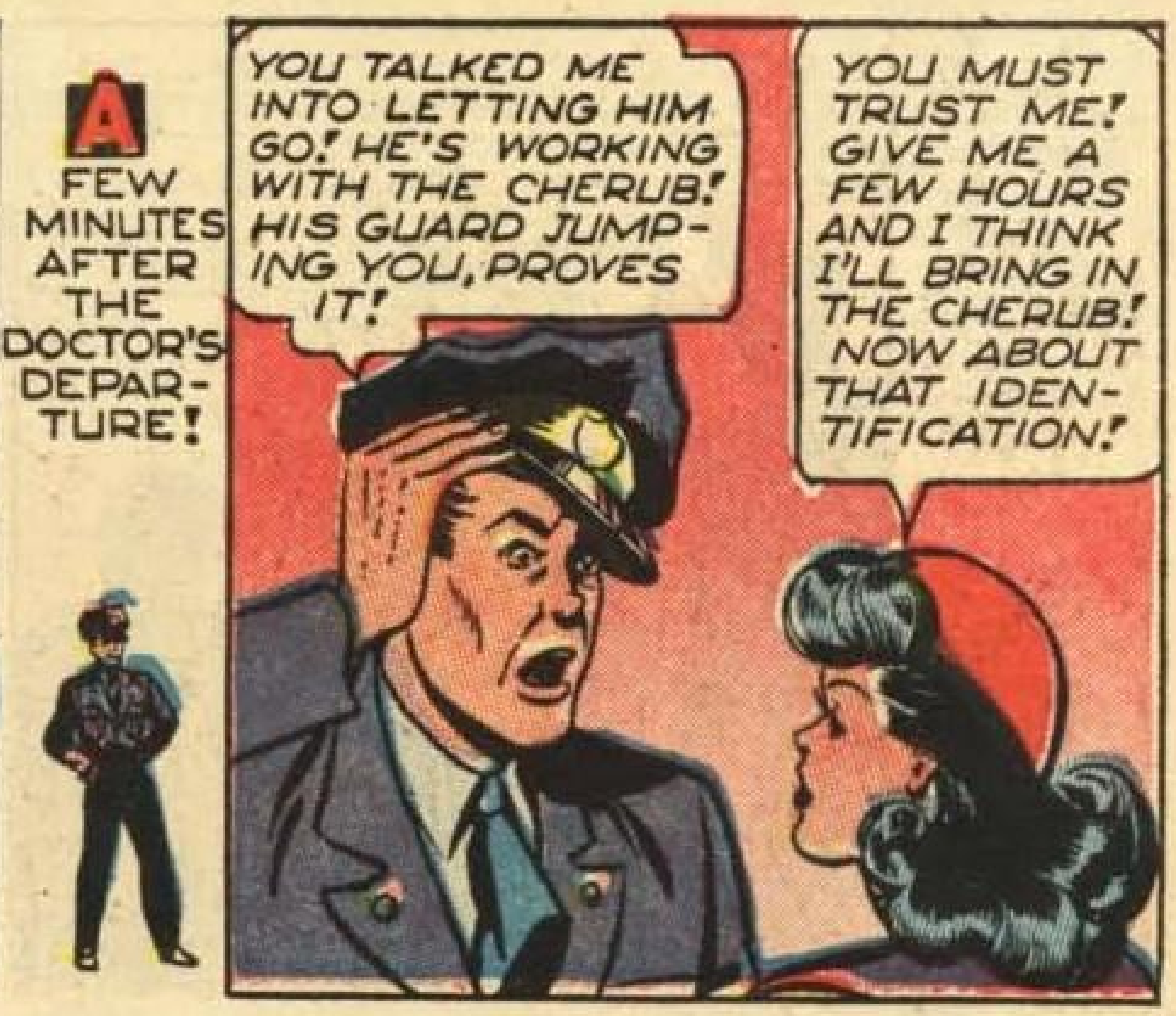
WHILE THE CAPTAIN IS CHECKING WITH THE TELEPHONE COMPANY--

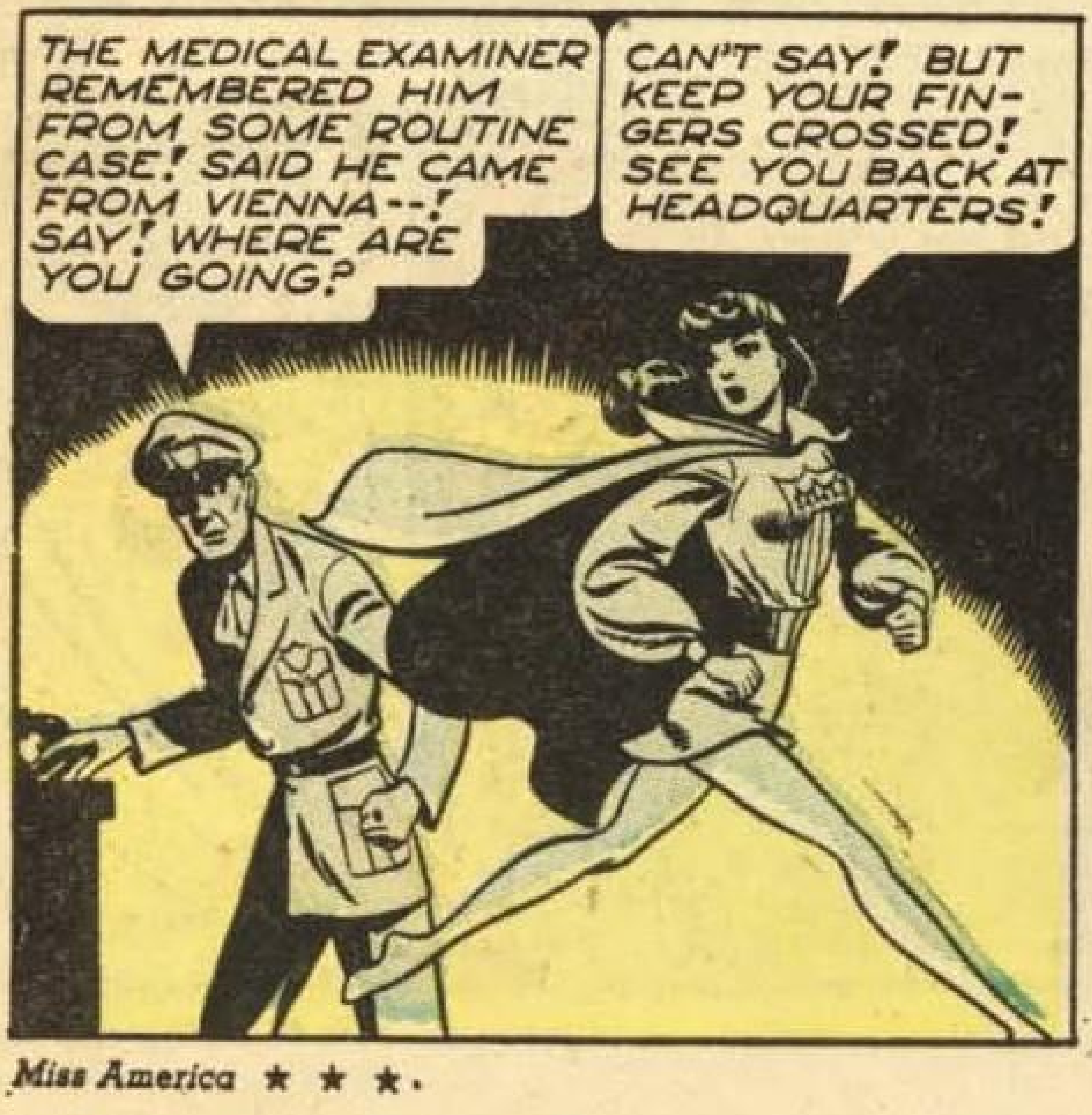

I SEE YOU STUDYING ME CLOSELY! SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU! I AM NOT WEARING A DISGUISE! I REALLY AM AN OLD MAN!
HE'S READING MY THOUGHTS! AND IS RIGHT ABOUT NOT BEING THE CHERUB IN DISGUISE!

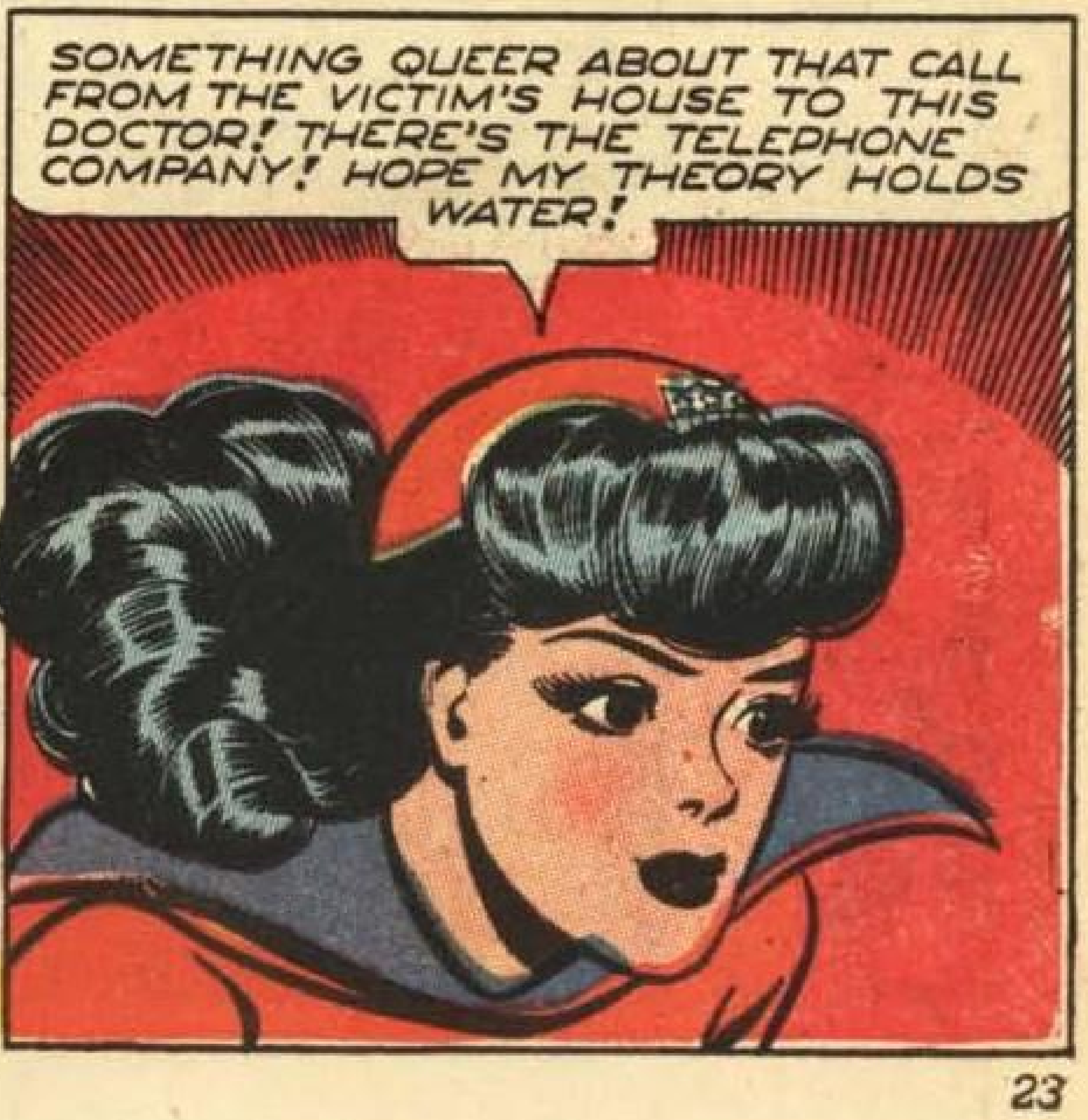

I'M STUMPED! HE'S RIGHT! THERE WAS ANOTHER CALL FROM HERE TO THE DOCTOR! AND I'VE CHECKED ON **HIM** AND HE **IS** WHO HE SAYS HE IS!

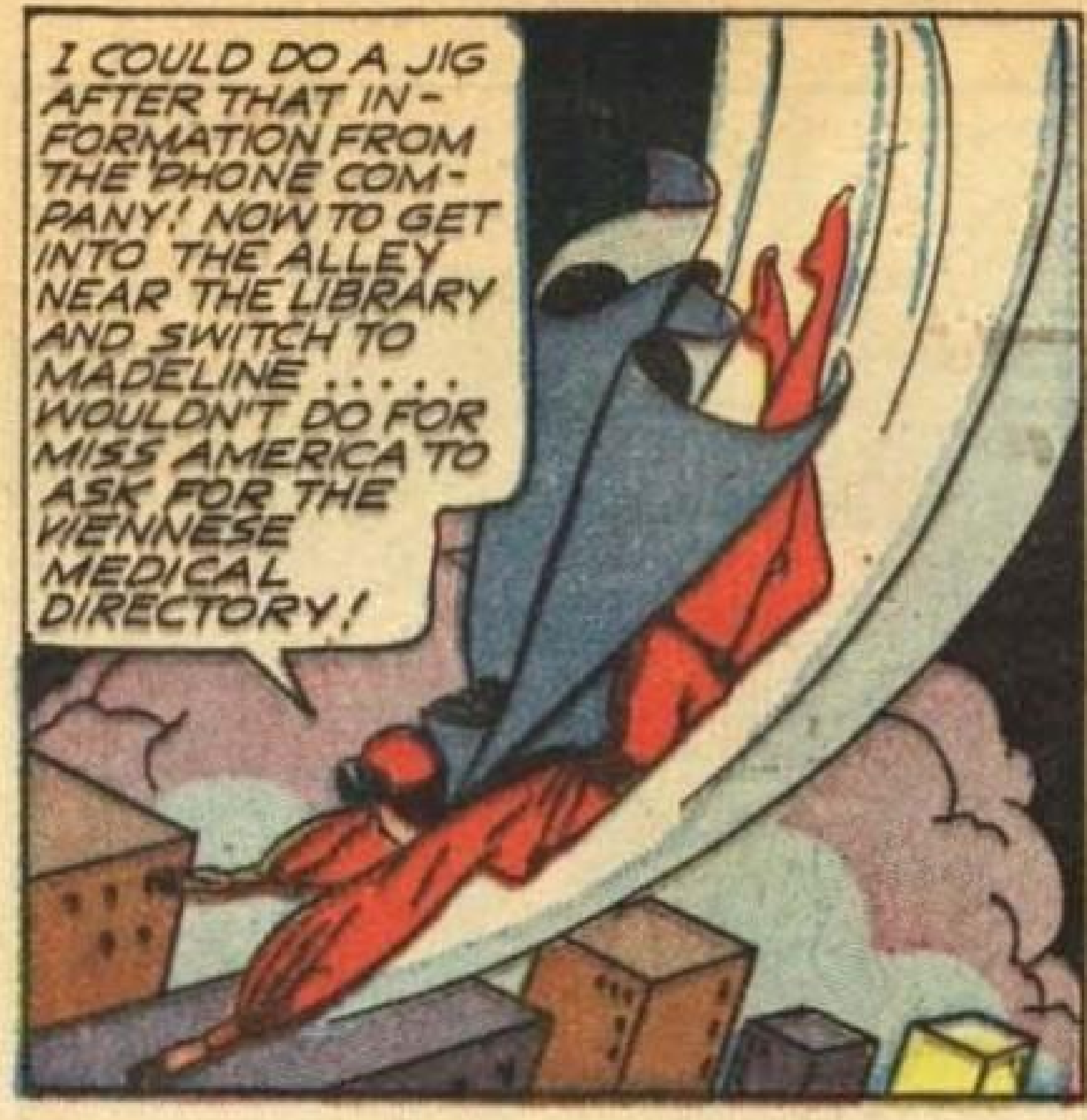

AND NOW I WILL BE ON MY WAY! COME, RUDY!
ON YOUR WAY TO THE STATION TO BE HELD--
EASY, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T HOLD THE DOCTOR!


UNSEEN BY THE DOCTOR, MISS AMERICA SIGNALS THE CAPTAIN!
THE YOUNG LADY IS INDEED WISE! ADIEU!
YOU HAVE NO ACTUAL CHARGE AGAINST HIM! HE WAS PROPERLY IDENTIFIED! YOU CAN GET HIM WHENEVER YOU WISH!

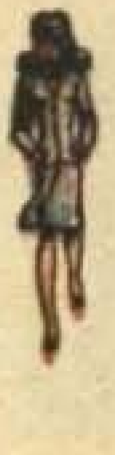

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE DOCTOR'S DEPARTURE!
YOU TALKED ME INTO LETTING HIM GO! HE'S WORKING WITH THE CHERUB! HIS GUARD JUMPING YOU, PROVES IT!
YOU MUST TRUST ME! GIVE ME A FEW HOURS AND I THINK I'LL BRING IN THE CHERUB! NOW ABOUT THAT IDENTIFICATION!

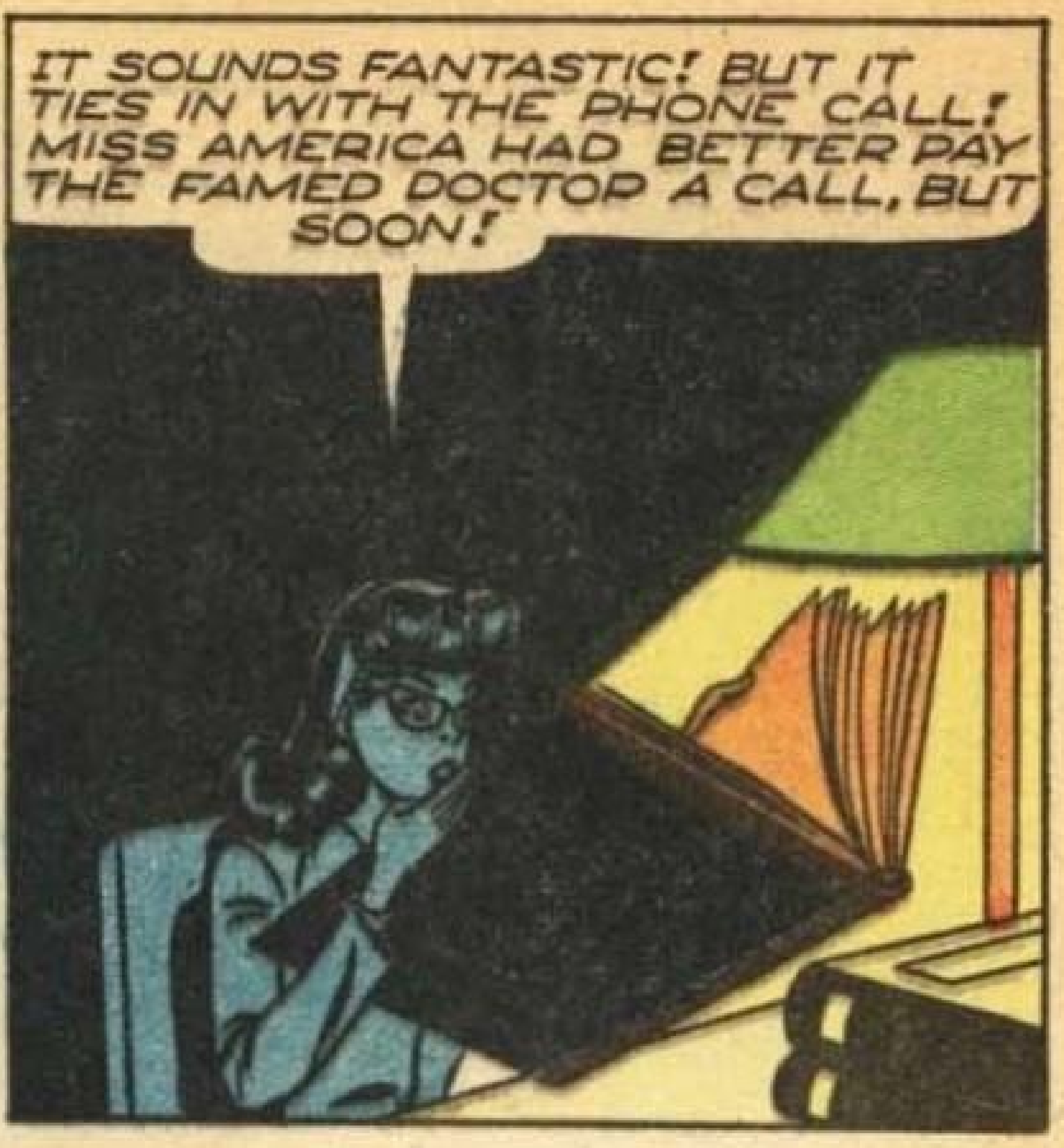

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER REMEMBERED HIM FROM SOME ROUTINE CASE! SAID HE CAME FROM VIENNA--! SAY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
CAN'T SAY! BUT KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED! SEE YOU BACK AT HEADQUARTERS!


SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THAT CALL FROM THE VICTIM'S HOUSE TO THIS DOCTOR! THERE'S THE TELEPHONE COMPANY! HOPE MY THEORY HOLDS WATER!

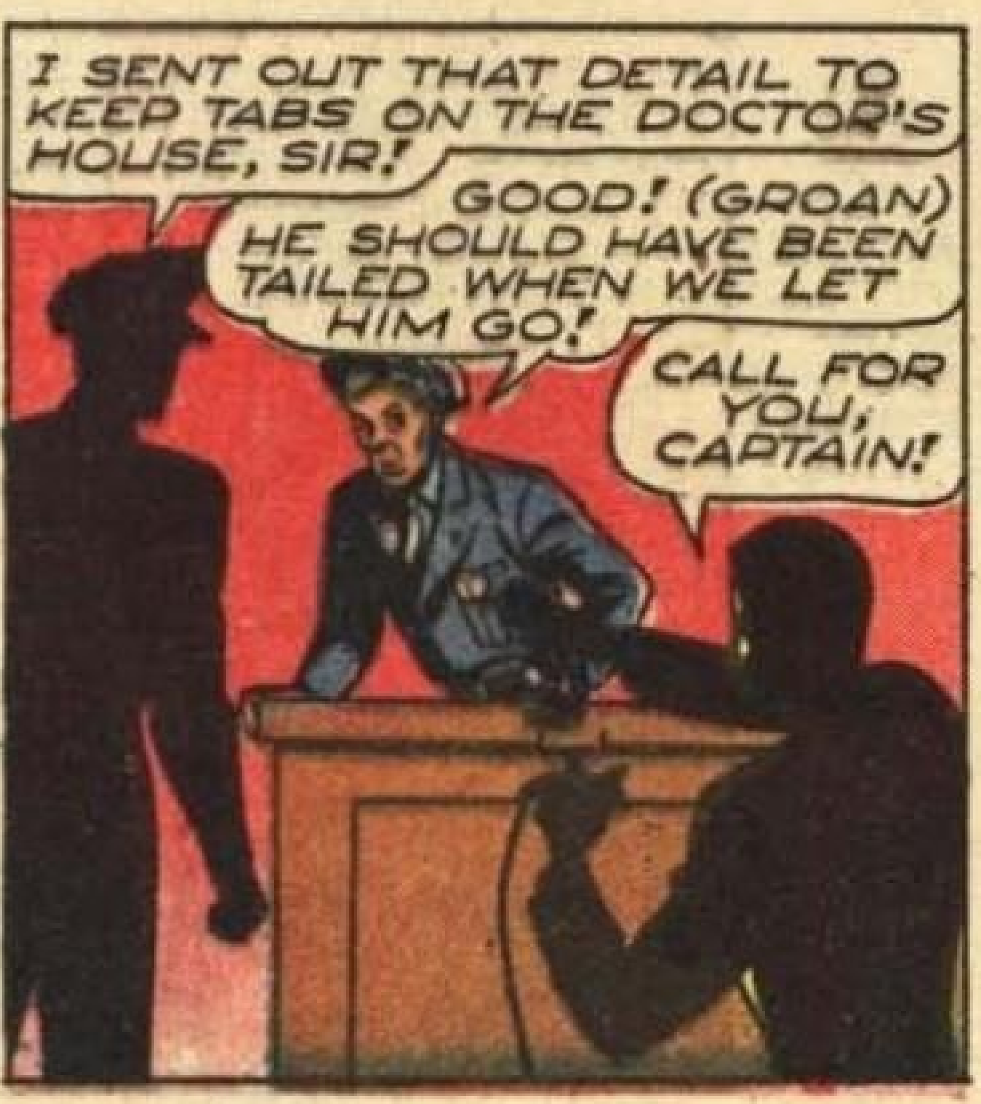

I COULD DO A JIG AFTER THAT INFORMATION FROM THE PHONE COMPANY! NOW TO GET INTO THE ALLEY NEAR THE LIBRARY AND SWITCH TO MADELINE..... WOULDN'T DO FOR MISS AMERICA TO ASK FOR THE VIENNESE MEDICAL DIRECTORY!

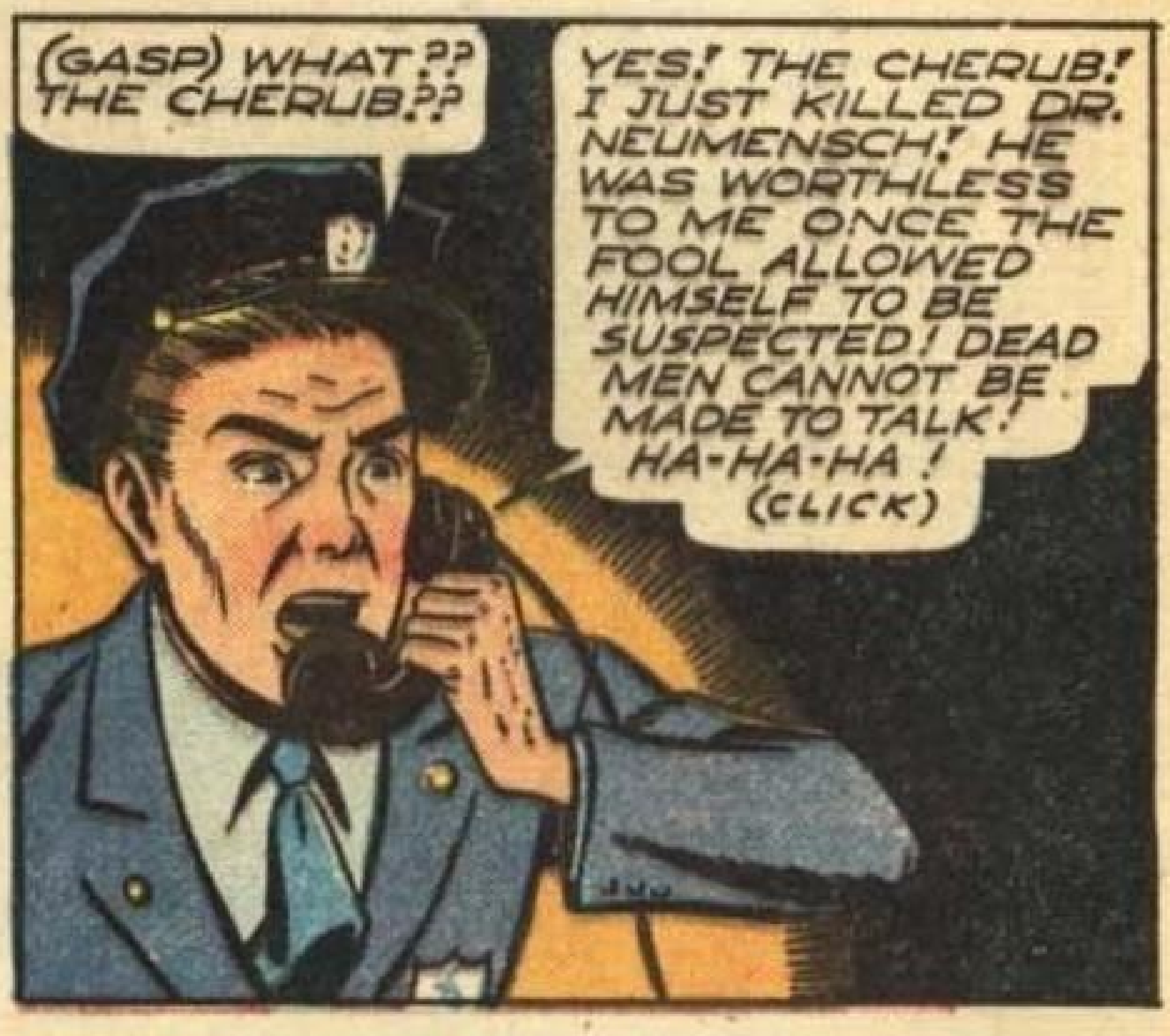
LATER, IN THE LIBRARY, MADELINE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!



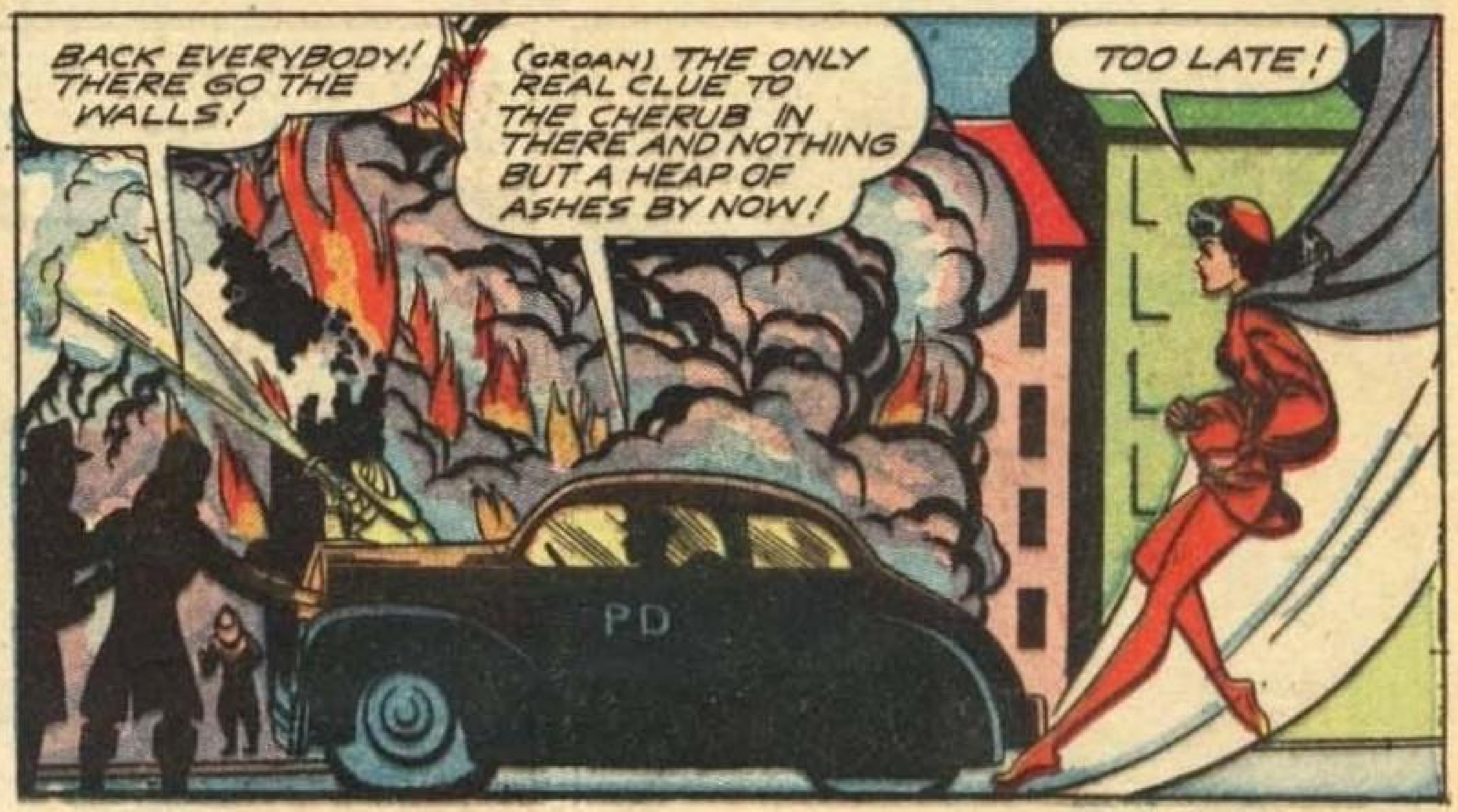

IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC! BUT IT TIES IN WITH THE PHONE CALL! MISS AMERICA HAD BETTER PAY THE FAMED DOCTOR A CALL, BUT SOON!

MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS...

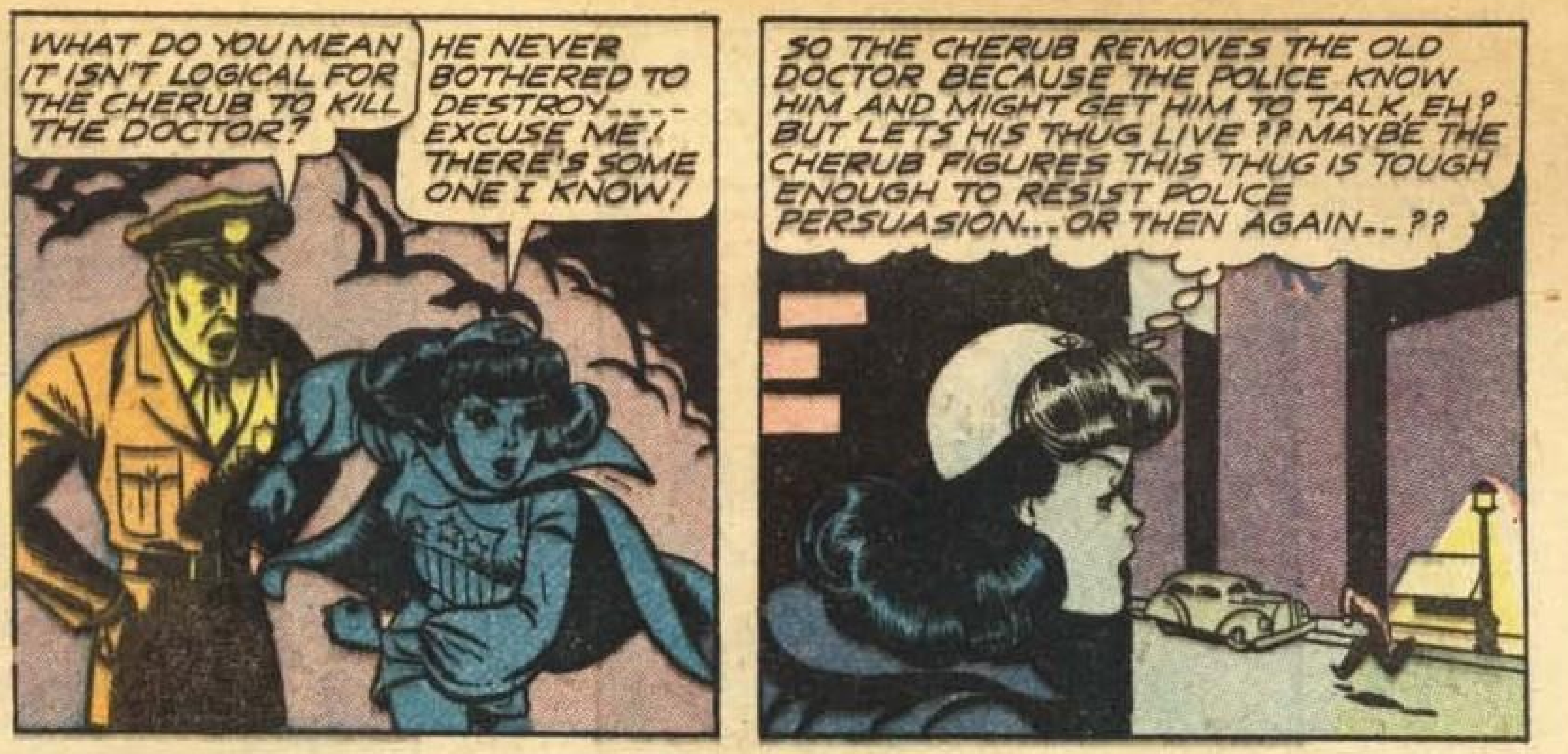

I SENT OUT THAT DETAIL TO KEEP TABS ON THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE, SIR!
GOOD! (GROAN) HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TAILED WHEN WE LET HIM GO!
CALL FOR YOU, CAPTAIN!


(GASP) WHAT?? THE CHERUB??
YES! THE CHERUB! I JUST KILLED DR. NEUMENSCH! HE WAS WORTHLESS TO ME ONCE THE FOOL ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE SUSPECTED! DEAD MEN CANNOT BE MADE TO TALK! HA-HA-HA! (CLICK)

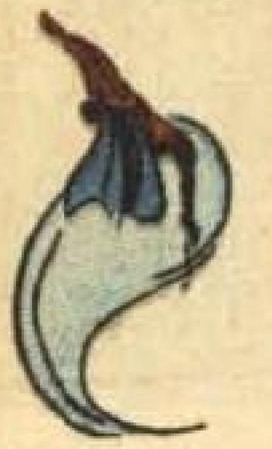
AND SO WHEN MISS AMERICA SWOOPS TO A LANDING AT THE DOCTOR'S HOME...

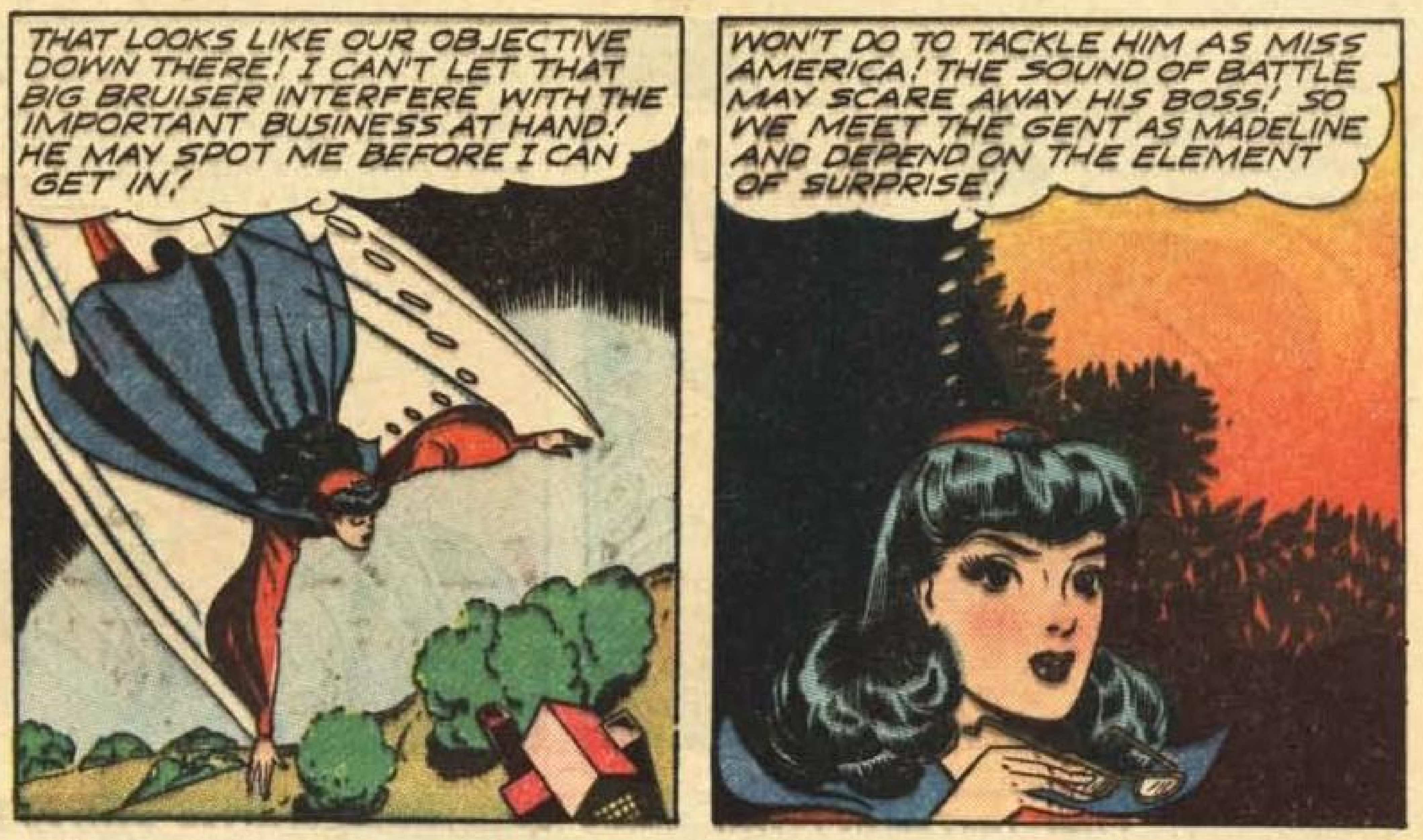

BACK EVERYBODY! THERE GO THE WALLS!
(GROAN) THE ONLY REAL CLUE TO THE CHERUB IN THERE AND NOTHING BUT A HEAP OF ASHES BY NOW!
TOO LATE!
PD

MISS AMERICA WHILE TRYING TO PACIFY THE IRATE CAPTAIN, SCANS THE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS HELD BACK BY POLICE LINES...

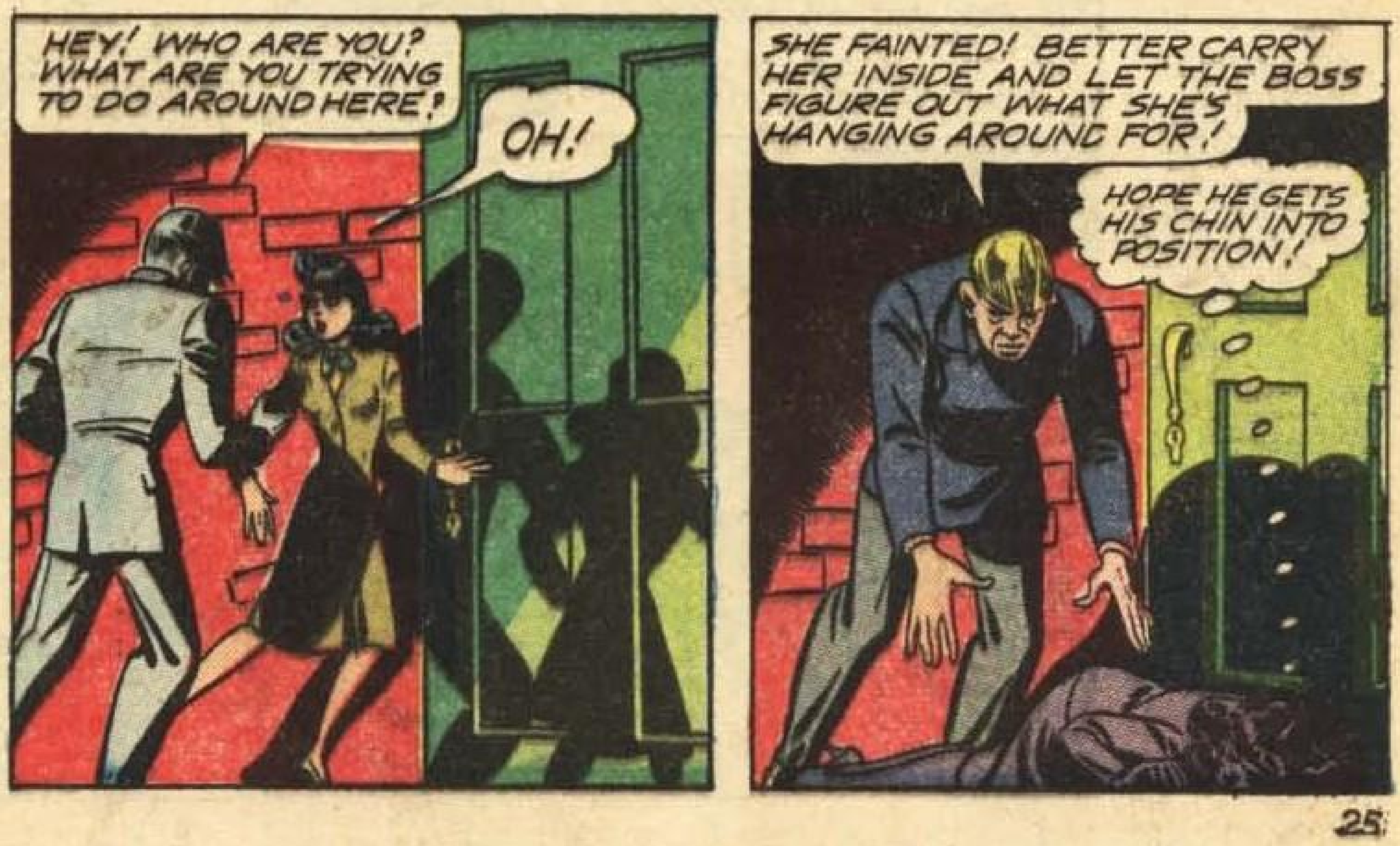

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT ISN'T LOGICAL FOR THE CHERUB TO KILL THE DOCTOR?
HE NEVER BOTHERED TO DESTROY---- EXCUSE ME! THERE'S SOME ONE I KNOW!
SO THE CHERUB REMOVES THE OLD DOCTOR BECAUSE THE POLICE KNOW HIM AND MIGHT GET HIM TO TALK, EH? BUT LETS HIS THUG LIVE ?? MAYBE THE CHERUB FIGURES THIS THUG IS TOUGH ENOUGH TO RESIST POLICE PERSUASION... OR THEN AGAIN-- ??

HIGH IN THE AIR, MISS AMERICA TRAILS THE CHAUFFEUR TO A WEIRD OLD HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY!

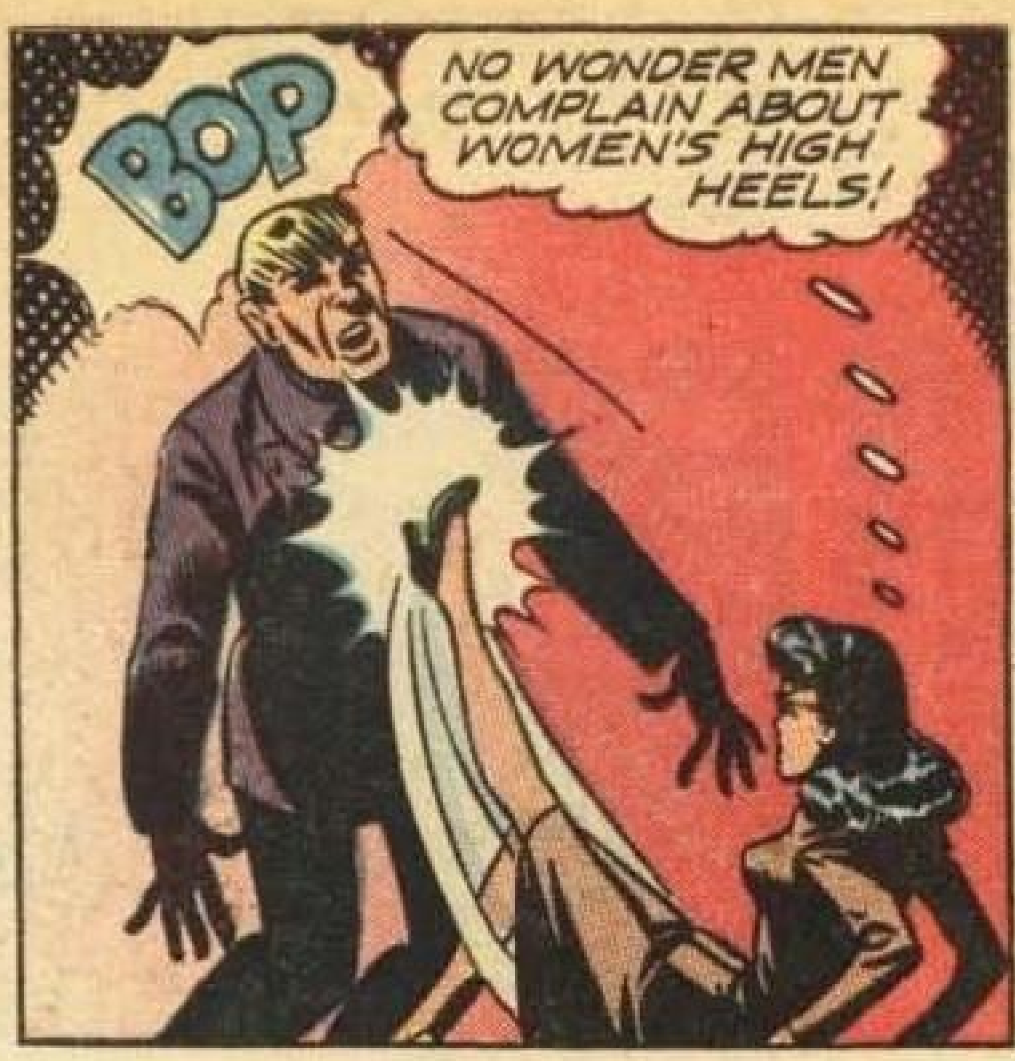



THAT LOOKS LIKE OUR OBJECTIVE DOWN THERE! I CAN'T LET THAT BIG BRUISER INTERFERE WITH THE IMPORTANT BUSINESS AT HAND! HE MAY SPOT ME BEFORE I CAN GET IN!
WON'T DO TO TACKLE HIM AS MISS AMERICA! THE SOUND OF BATTLE MAY SCARE AWAY HIS BOSS! SO WE MEET THE GENT AS MADELINE AND DEPEND ON THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!

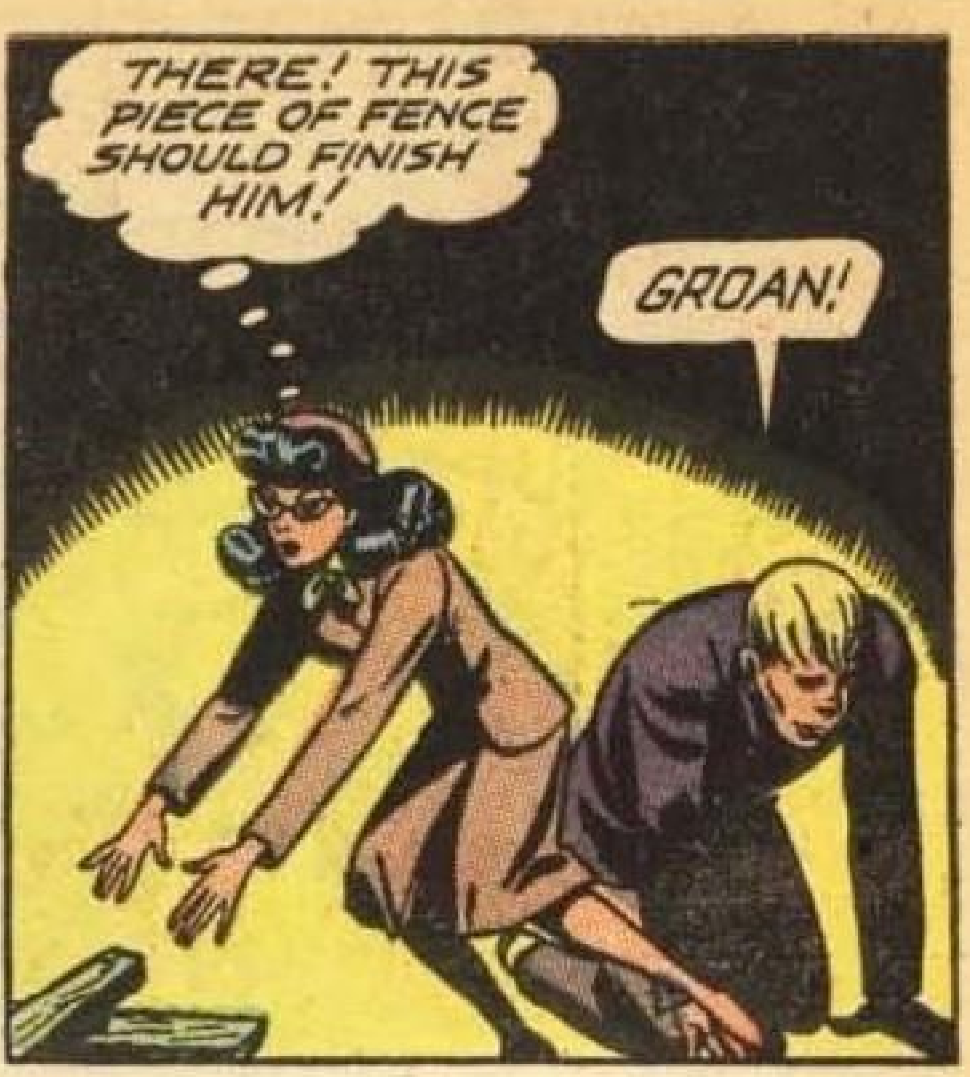
AND SO SACRIFICING THE POWER SHE POSSESSES AS MISS AMERICA, KNOWING WELL THAT AS THE FRAIL MADELINE, SHE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER AT THE HANDS OF THE BRUTE, THE SLIP OF A GIRL PUTS HER PLAN INTO OPERATION!

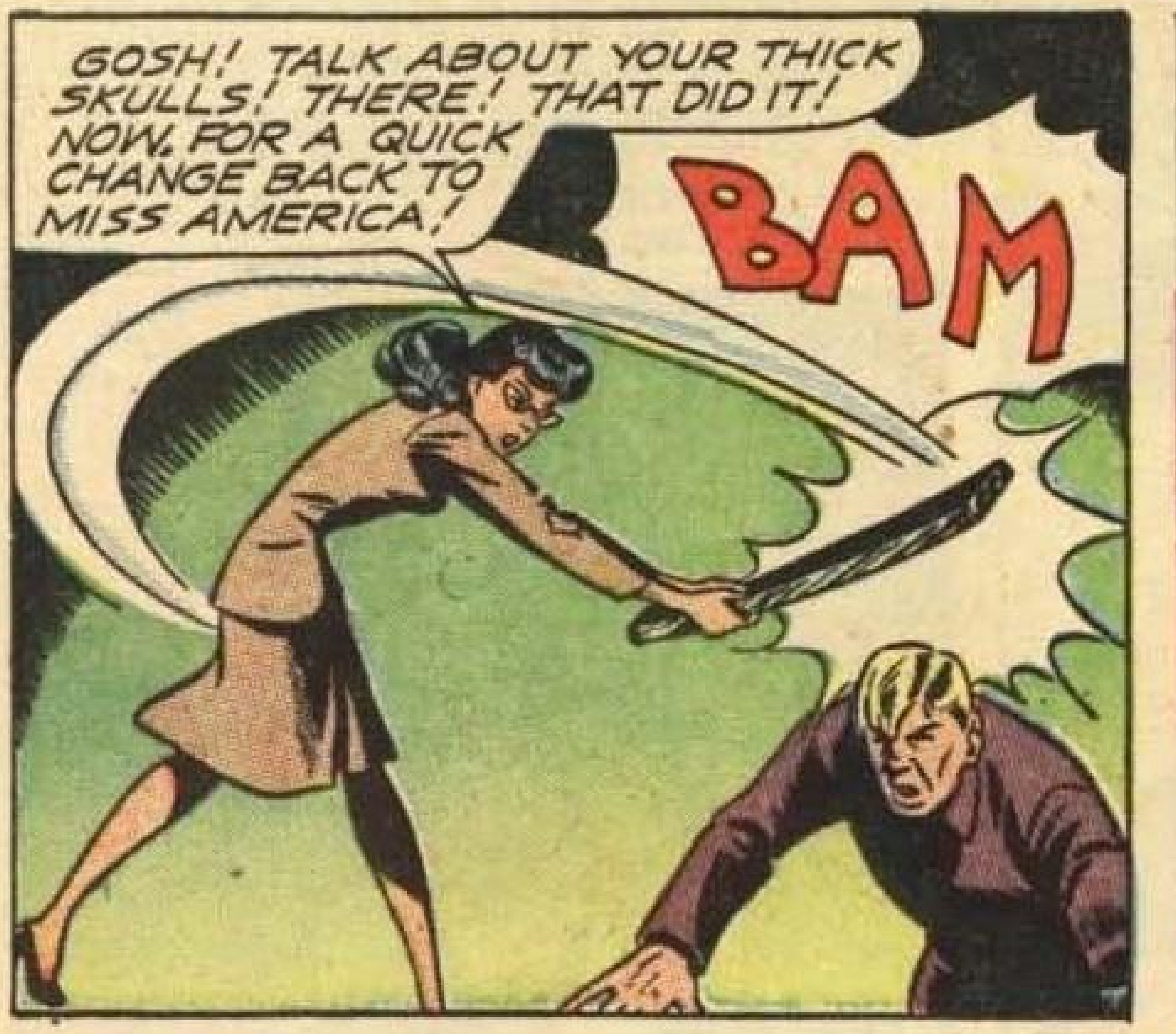

HEY! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO AROUND HERE?
OH!
SHE FAINTED! BETTER CARRY HER INSIDE AND LET THE BOSS FIGURE OUT WHAT SHE'S HANGING AROUND FOR!
HOPE HE GETS HIS CHIN INTO POSITION!

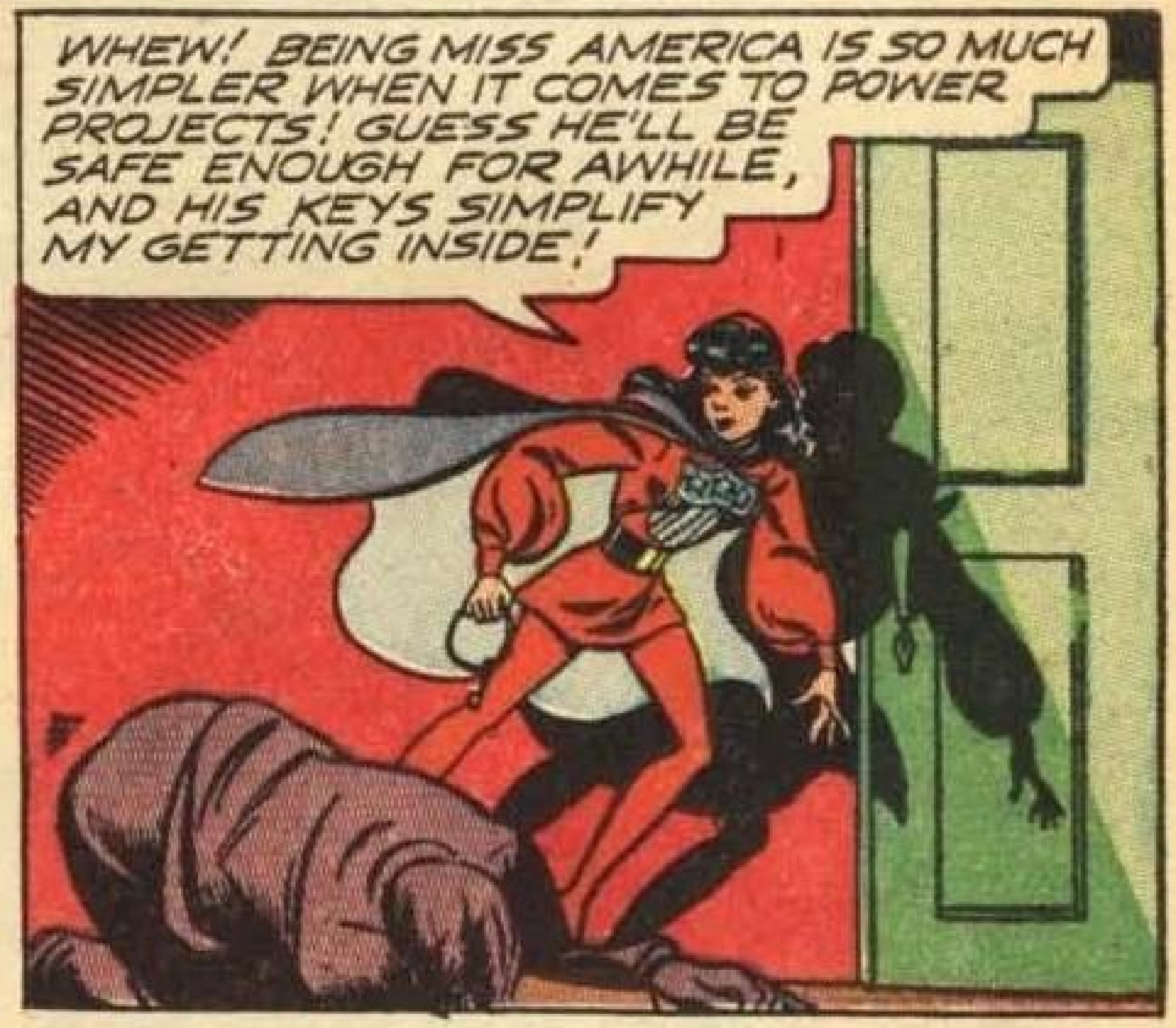
AS THE SUSPECT STOOPS TO LIFT HER, MADELINE LASHES OUT AND UP WITH A PERFECTLY AIMED KICK!


BOP
NO WONDER MEN COMPLAIN ABOUT WOMEN'S HIGH HEELS!

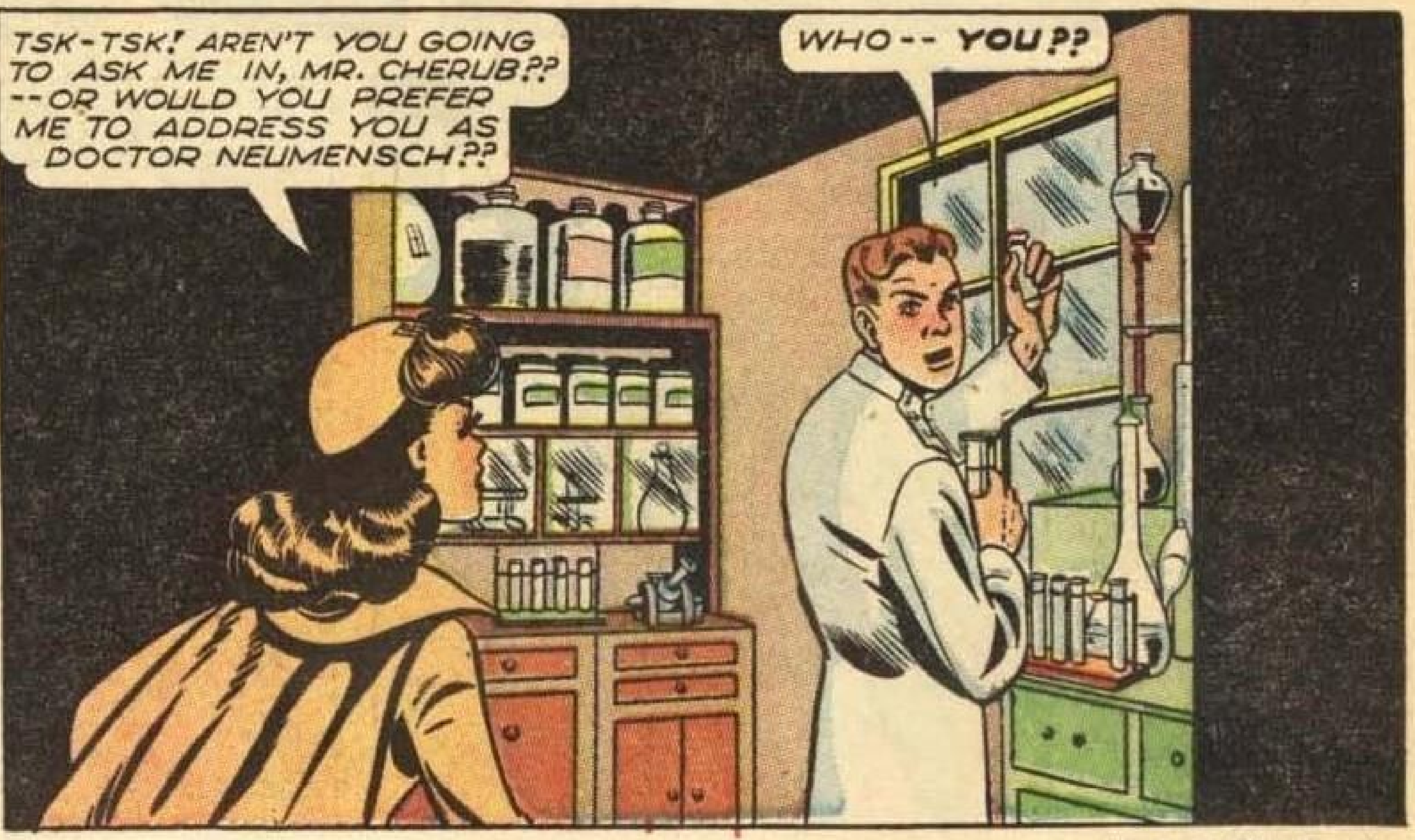
BEFORE THE STUNNED ACCOMPLICE CAN GATHER HIS JARRED SENSES!

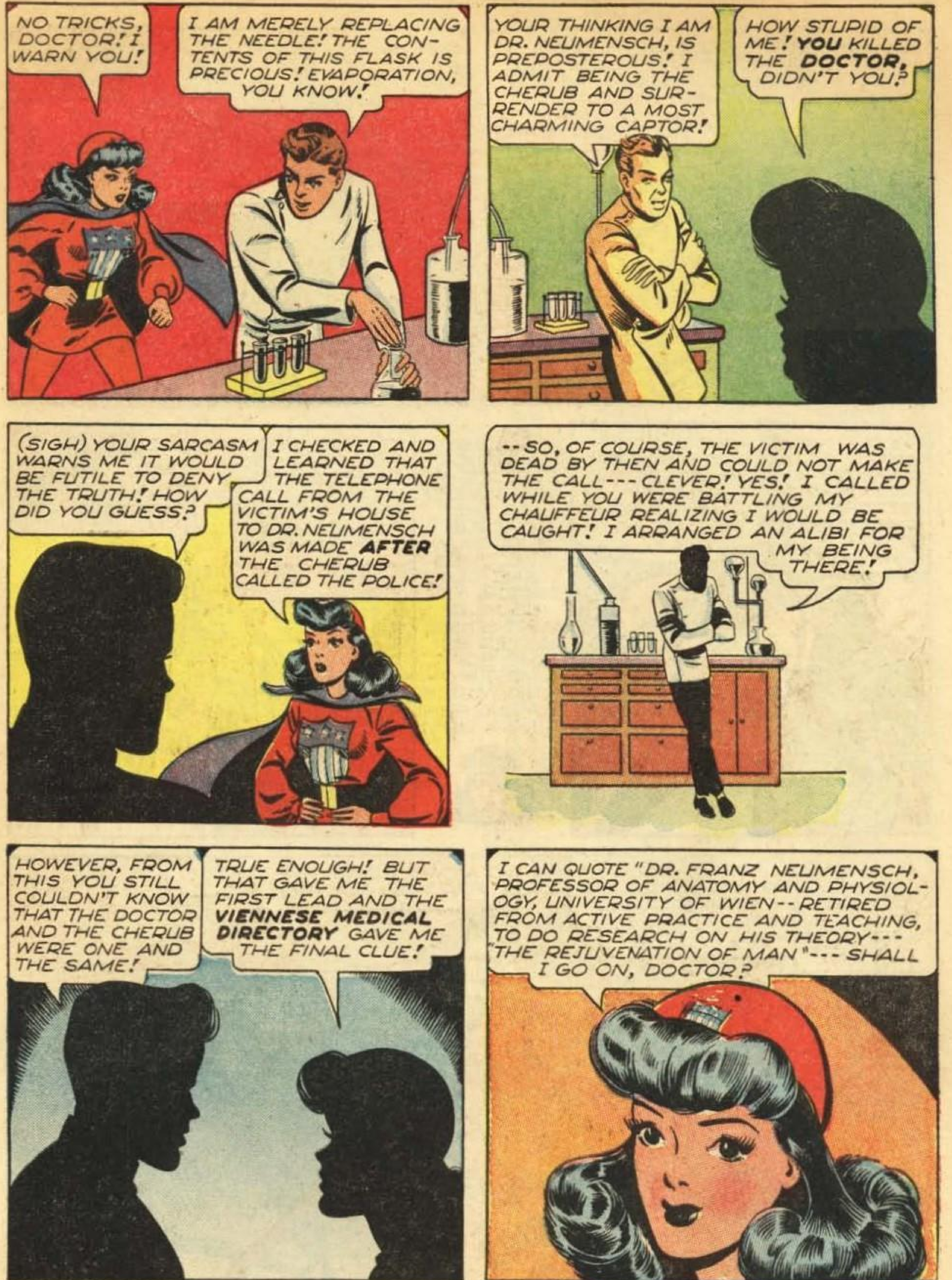

THERE! THIS PIECE OF FENCE SHOULD FINISH HIM!
GROAN!

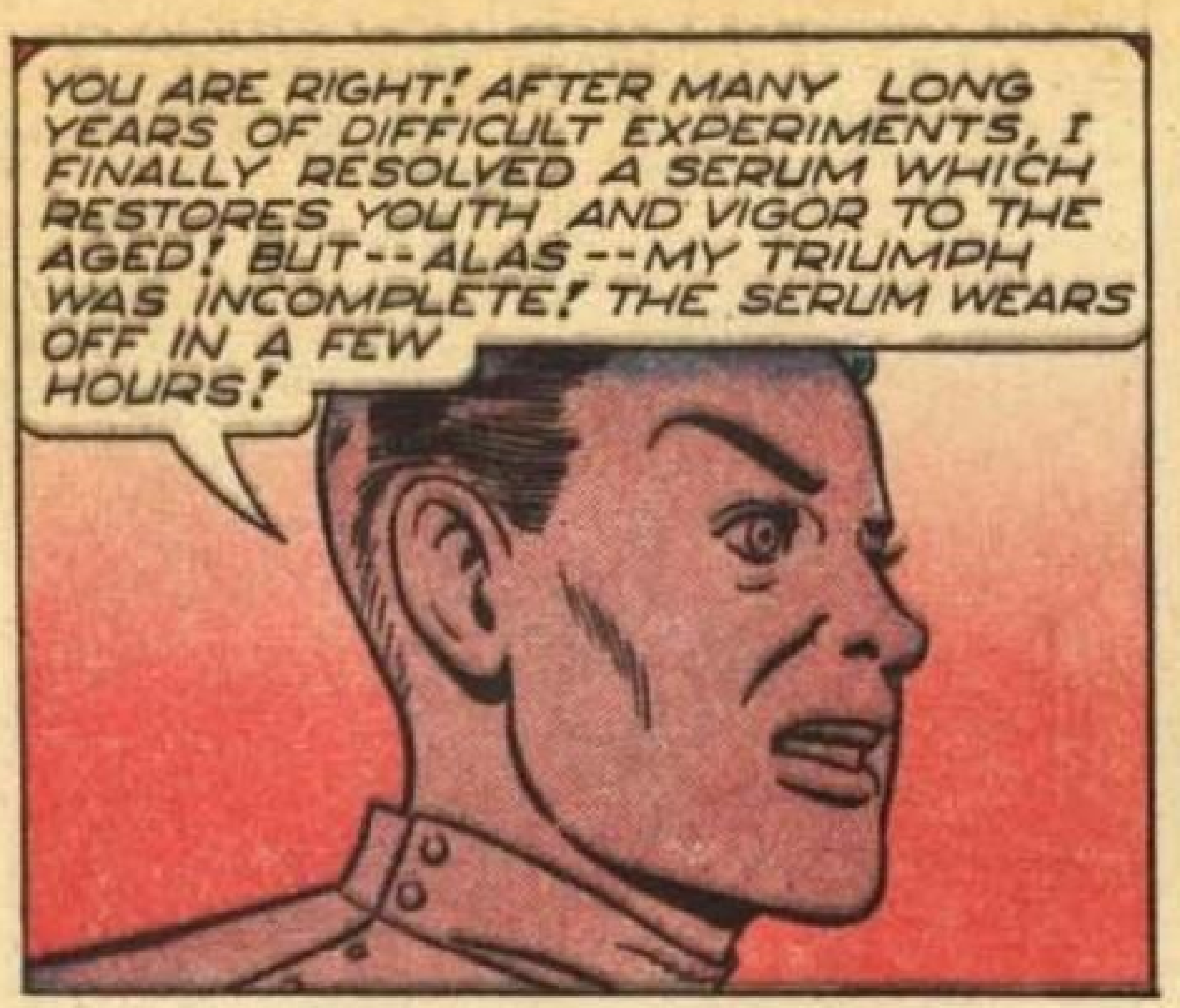

GOSH! TALK ABOUT YOUR THICK SKULLS! THERE! THAT DID IT! NOW, FOR A QUICK CHANGE BACK TO MISS AMERICA!
BAM

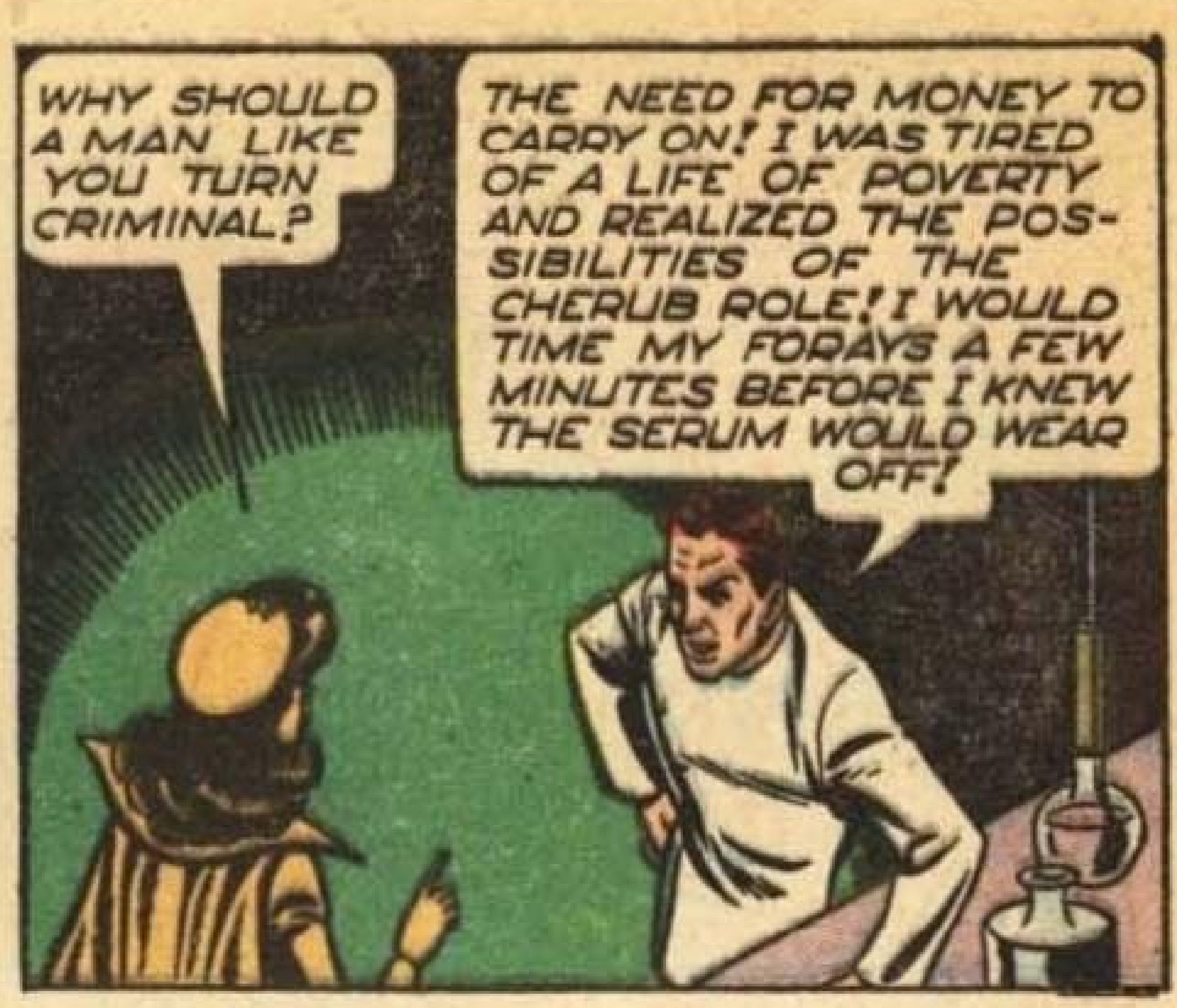

WHEW! BEING MISS AMERICA IS SO MUCH SIMPLER WHEN IT COMES TO POWER PROJECTS! GUESS HE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH FOR AWHILE, AND HIS KEYS SIMPLIFY MY GETTING INSIDE!

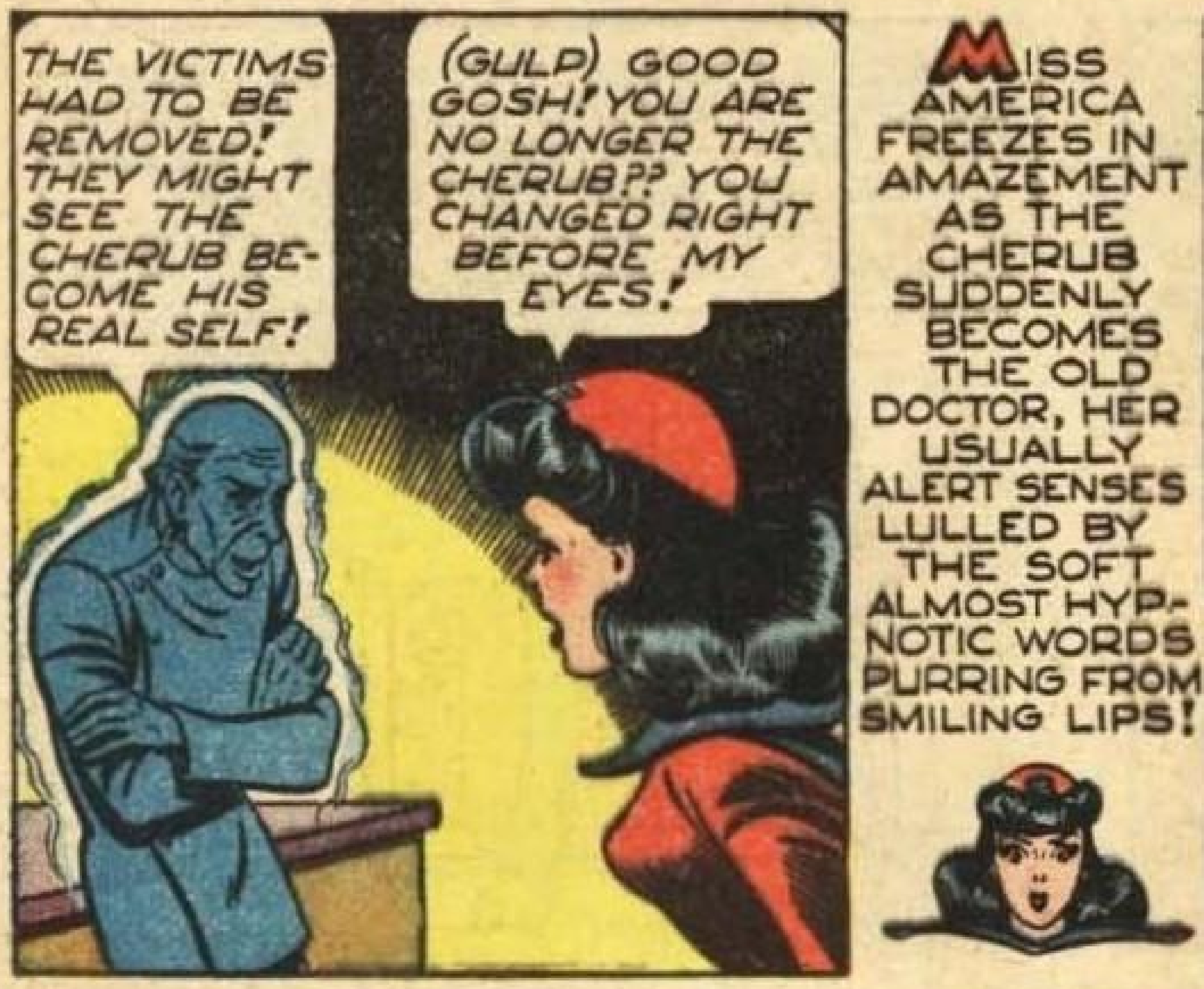
SILENTLY MAKING HER WAY INTO THE OLD CASTLE-LIKE HOUSE, MISS AMERICA HESITATES IN THE DOORWAY OF A PERFECTLY OUTFITTED LABORATORY!

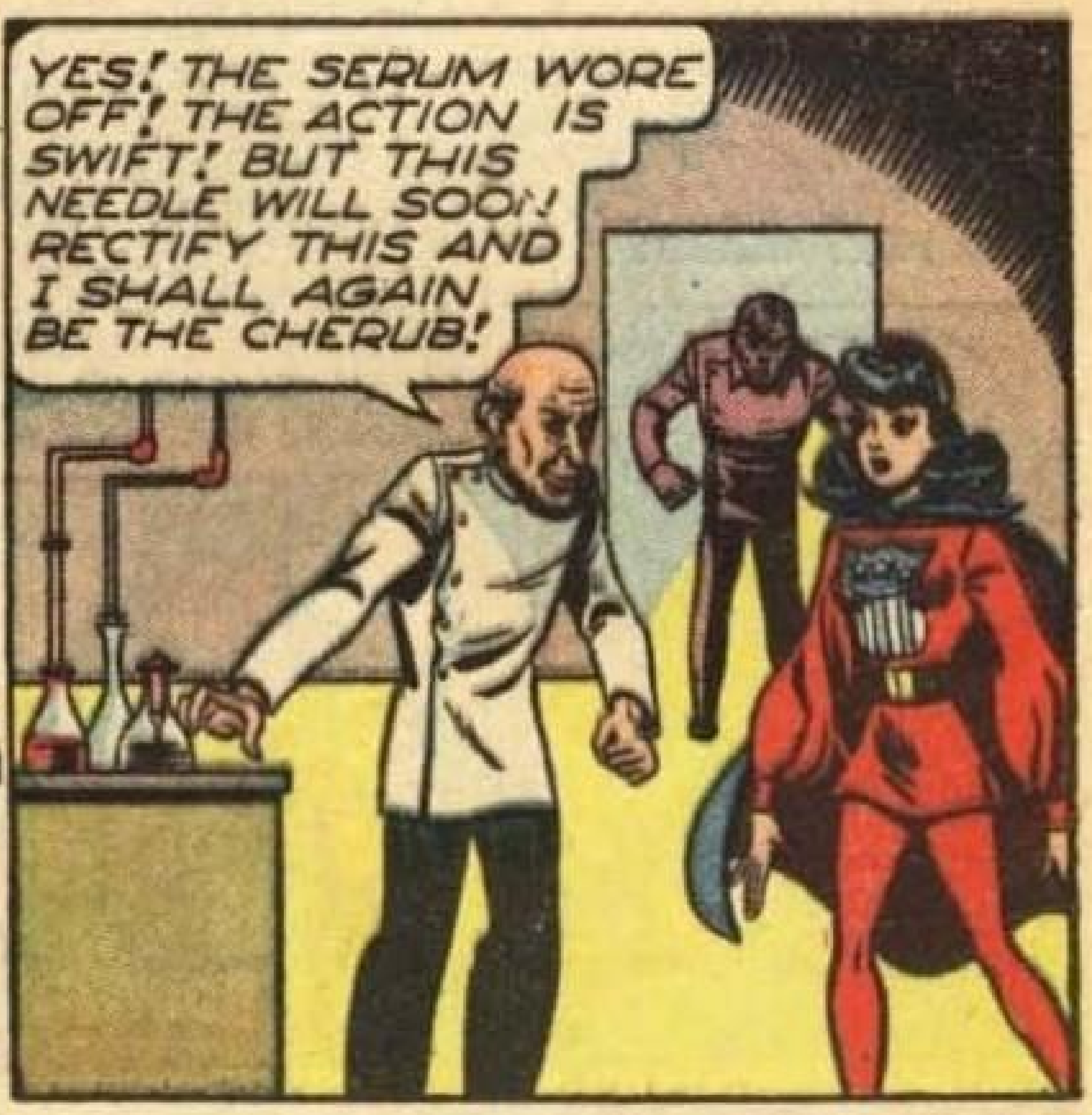

TSK-TSK! AREN'T YOU GOING TO ASK ME IN, MR. CHERUB?? --OR WOULD YOU PREFER ME TO ADDRESS YOU AS DOCTOR NEUMENSCH??
WHO -- YOU??

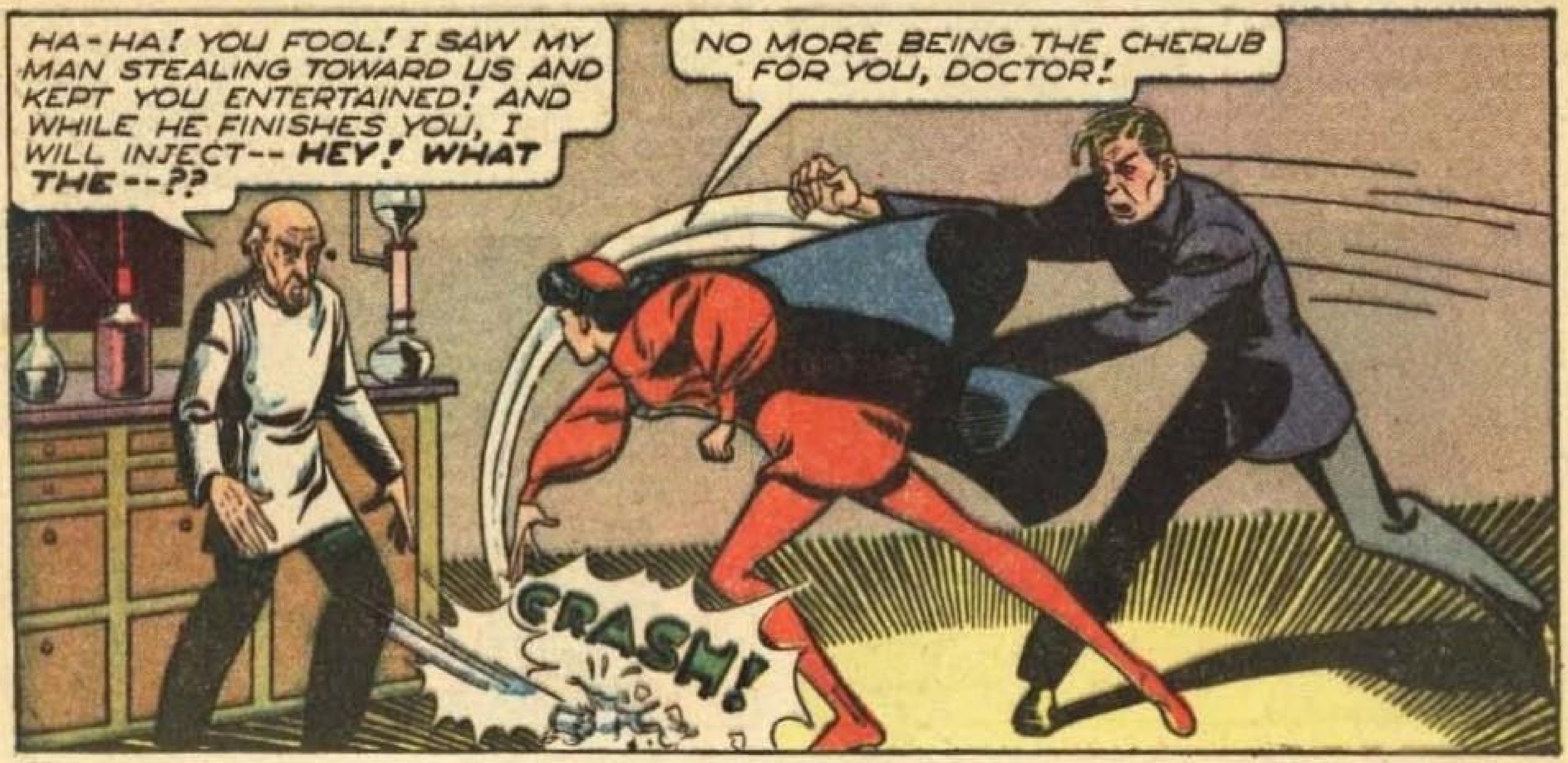

NO TRICKS, DOCTOR! I WARN YOU!
I AM MERELY REPLACING THE NEEDLE! THE CONTENTS OF THIS FLASK IS PRECIOUS! EVAPORATION, YOU KNOW!
YOUR THINKING I AM DR. NEUMENSCH, IS PREPOSTEROUS! I ADMIT BEING THE CHERUB AND SURRENDER TO A MOST CHARMING CAPTOR!
HOW STUPID OF ME! **YOU** KILLED THE **DOCTOR,** DIDN'T YOU?
(SIGH) YOUR SARCASM WARNS ME IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO DENY THE TRUTH! HOW DID YOU GUESS?
I CHECKED AND LEARNED THAT THE TELEPHONE CALL FROM THE VICTIM'S HOUSE TO DR. NEUMENSCH WAS MADE **AFTER** THE CHERUB CALLED THE POLICE!
-- SO, OF COURSE, THE VICTIM WAS DEAD BY THEN AND COULD NOT MAKE THE CALL --- CLEVER! YES! I CALLED WHILE YOU WERE BATTLING MY CHAUFFEUR REALIZING I WOULD BE CAUGHT! I ARRANGED AN ALIBI FOR MY BEING THERE!
HOWEVER, FROM THIS YOU STILL COULDN'T KNOW THAT THE DOCTOR AND THE CHERUB WERE ONE AND THE SAME!
TRUE ENOUGH! BUT THAT GAVE ME THE FIRST LEAD AND THE **VIENNESE MEDICAL DIRECTORY** GAVE ME THE FINAL CLUE!
I CAN QUOTE "DR. FRANZ NEUMENSCH, PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF WIEN -- RETIRED FROM ACTIVE PRACTICE AND TEACHING, TO DO RESEARCH ON HIS THEORY --- "THE REJUVENATION OF MAN" --- SHALL I GO ON, DOCTOR?


YOU ARE RIGHT! AFTER MANY LONG YEARS OF DIFFICULT EXPERIMENTS, I FINALLY RESOLVED A SERUM WHICH RESTORES YOUTH AND VIGOR TO THE AGED! BUT--ALAS--MY TRIUMPH WAS INCOMPLETE! THE SERUM WEARS OFF IN A FEW HOURS!

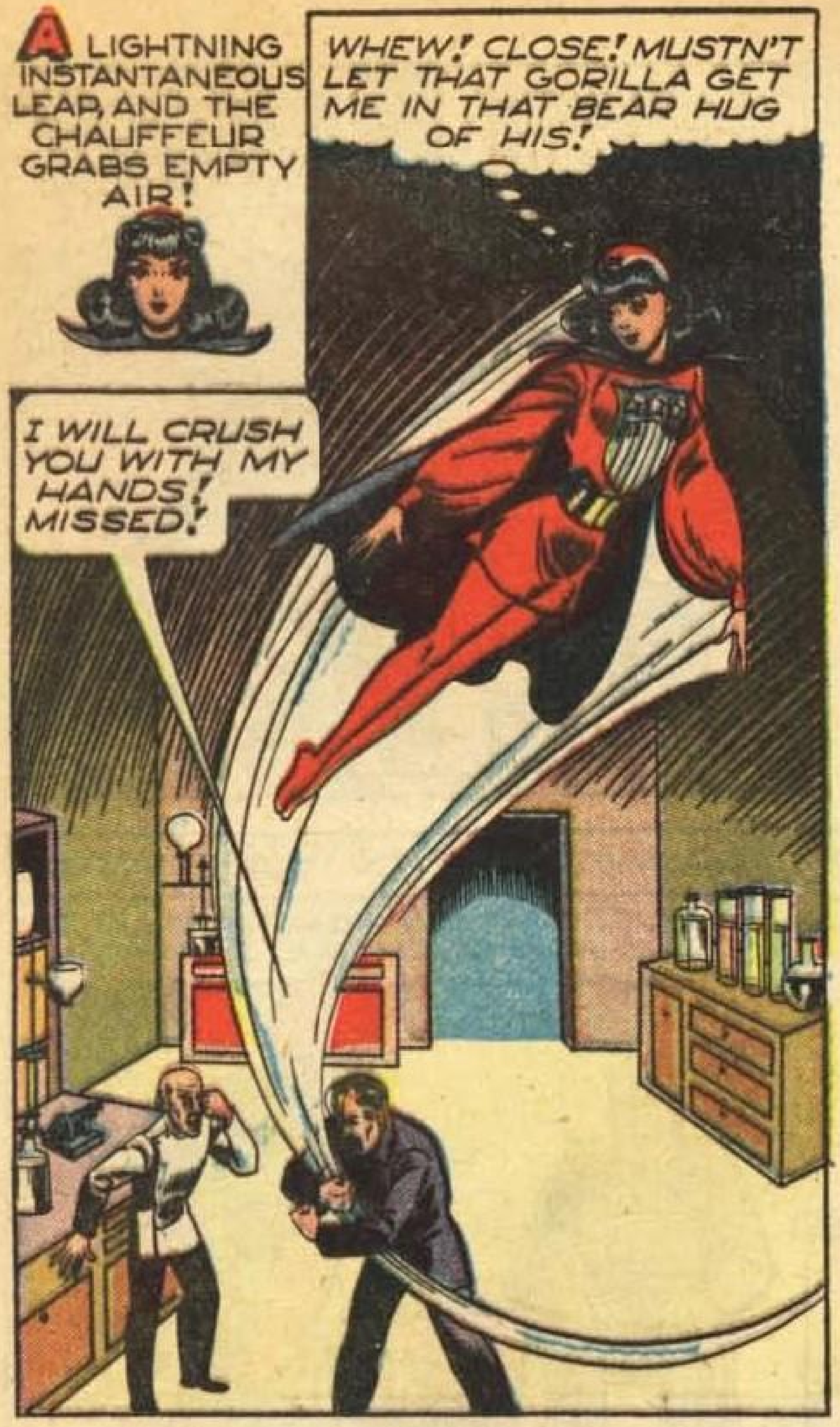

WHY SHOULD A MAN LIKE YOU TURN CRIMINAL?
THE NEED FOR MONEY TO CARRY ON! I WAS TIRED OF A LIFE OF POVERTY AND REALIZED THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE CHERUB ROLE! I WOULD TIME MY FORAYS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE I KNEW THE SERUM WOULD WEAR OFF!


THE VICTIMS HAD TO BE REMOVED! THEY MIGHT SEE THE CHERUB BECOME HIS REAL SELF!
(GULP) GOOD GOSH! YOU ARE NO LONGER THE CHERUB?? YOU CHANGED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!
MISS AMERICA FREEZES IN AMAZEMENT AS THE CHERUB SUDDENLY BECOMES THE OLD DOCTOR, HER USUALLY ALERT SENSES LULLED BY THE SOFT ALMOST HYPNOTIC WORDS PURRING FROM SMILING LIPS!

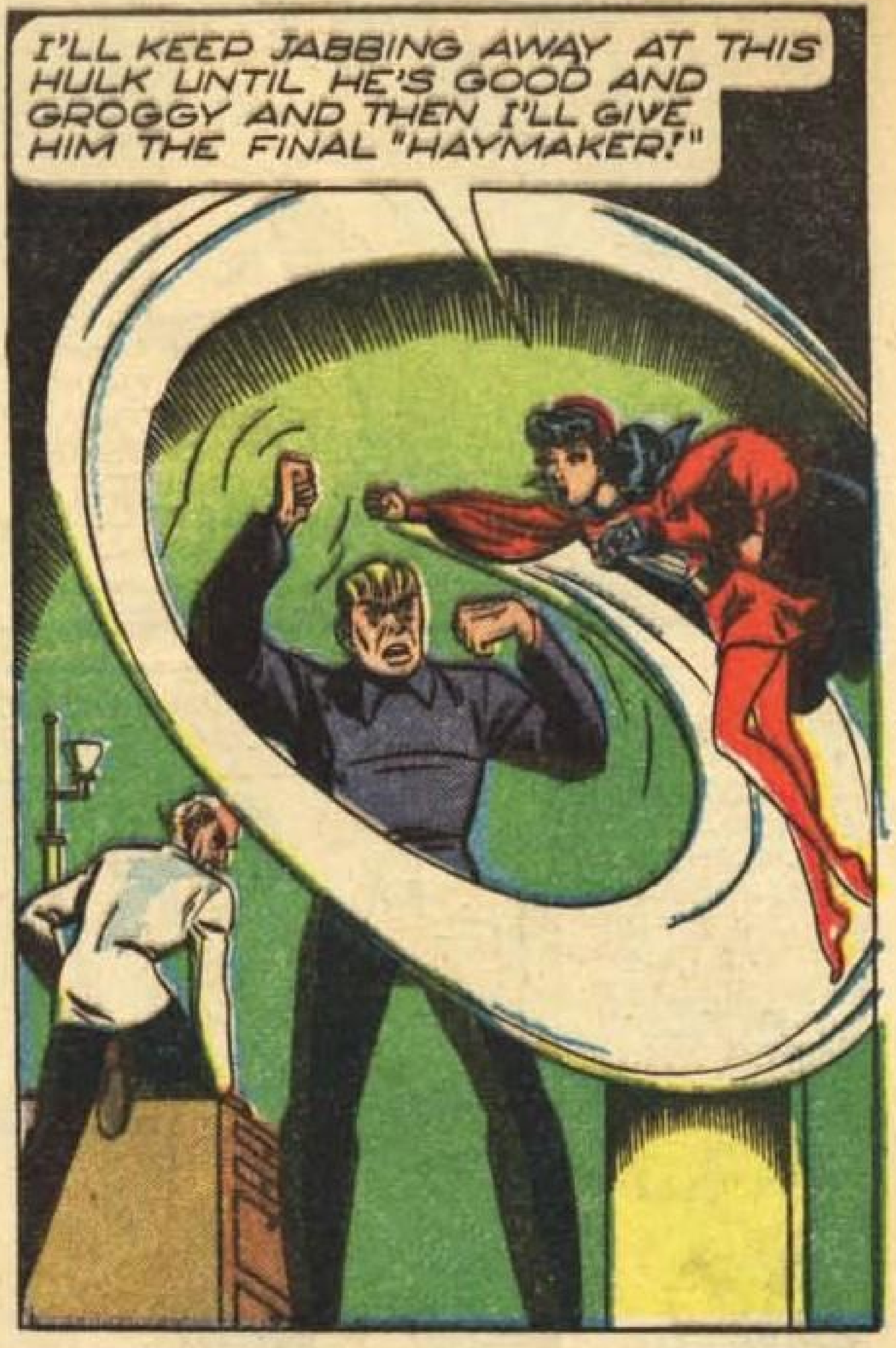

YES! THE SERUM WORE OFF! THE ACTION IS SWIFT! BUT THIS NEEDLE WILL SOON! RECTIFY THIS AND I SHALL AGAIN BE THE CHERUB!


HA-HA! YOU FOOL! I SAW MY MAN STEALING TOWARD US AND KEPT YOU ENTERTAINED! AND WHILE HE FINISHES YOU, I WILL INJECT-- HEY! WHAT THE--??
NO MORE BEING THE CHERUB FOR YOU, DOCTOR!
CRASH!

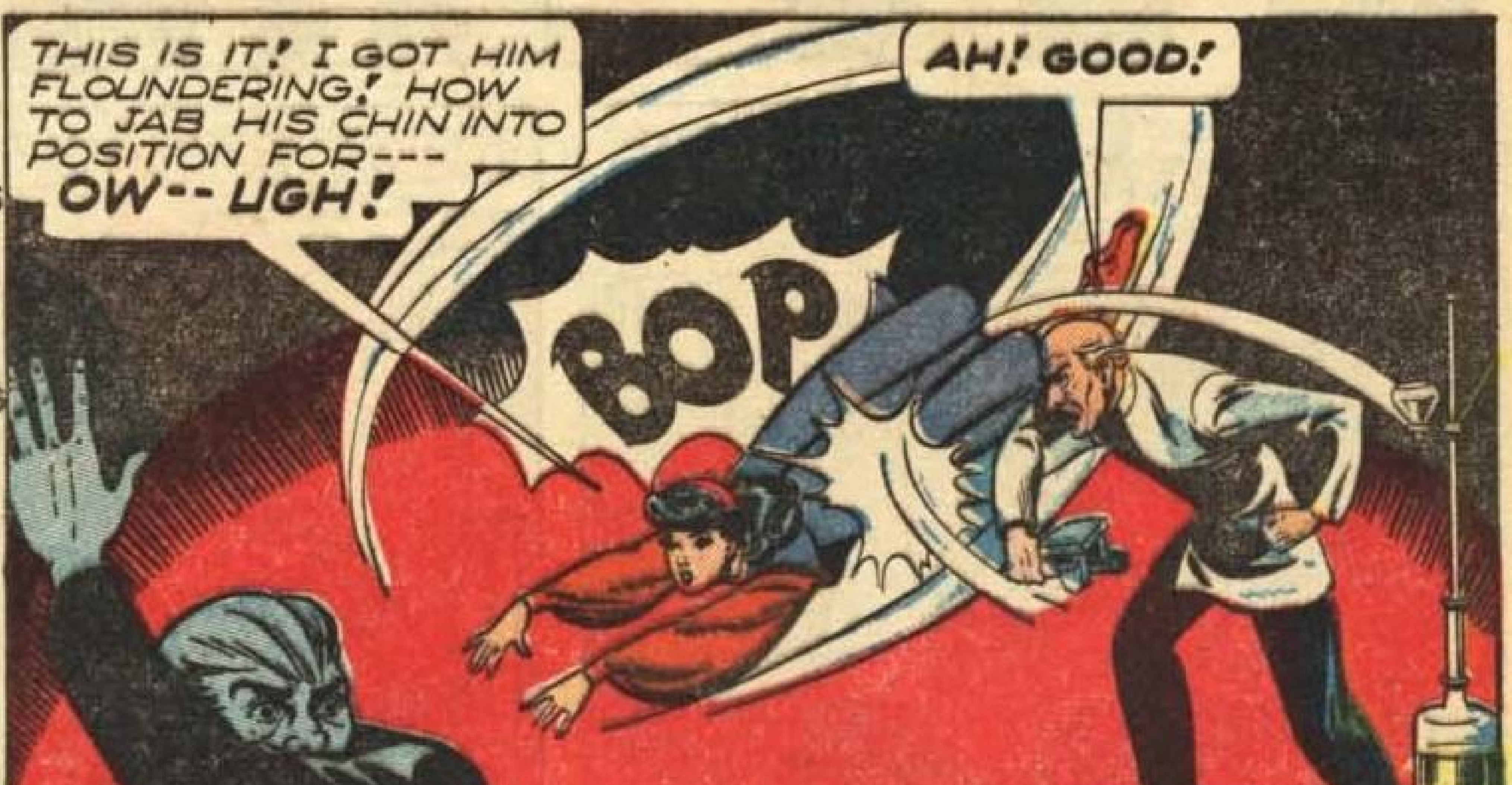
A LIGHTNING INSTANTANEOUS LEAP, AND THE CHAUFFEUR GRABS EMPTY AIR!

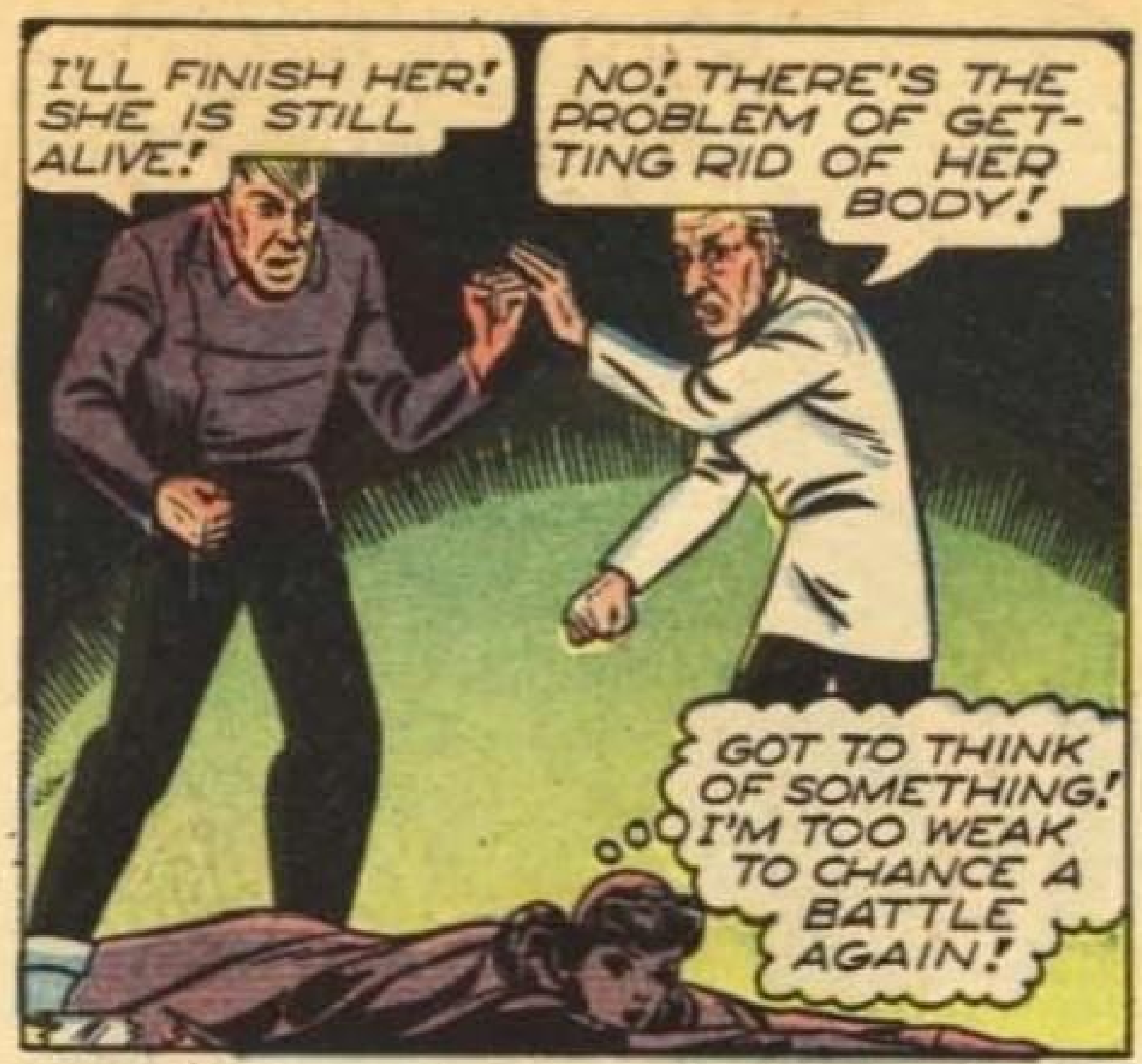

WHEW! CLOSE! MUSTN'T LET THAT GORILLA GET ME IN THAT BEAR HUG OF HIS!
I WILL CRUSH YOU WITH MY HANDS! MISSED!

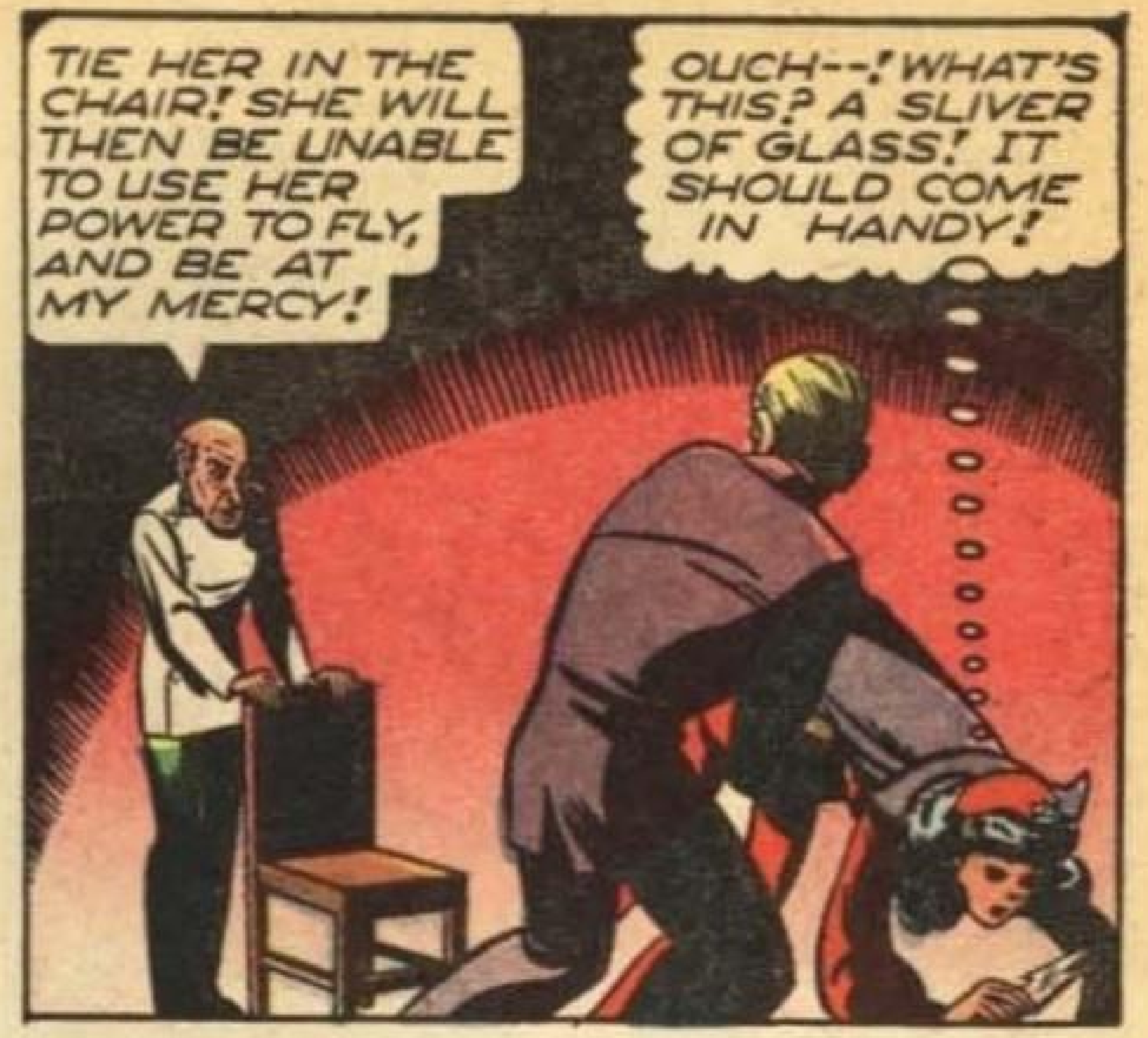
THE BEFUDDLED THUG THRESHES THE AIR WITH MIGHTY BLOWS IN AN EFFORT TO BRING DOWN THE ZOOMING, SWOOPING, DARTING MISS AMERICA!


I'LL KEEP JABBING AWAY AT THIS HULK UNTIL HE'S GOOD AND GROGGY AND THEN I'LL GIVE HIM THE FINAL "HAYMAKER!"

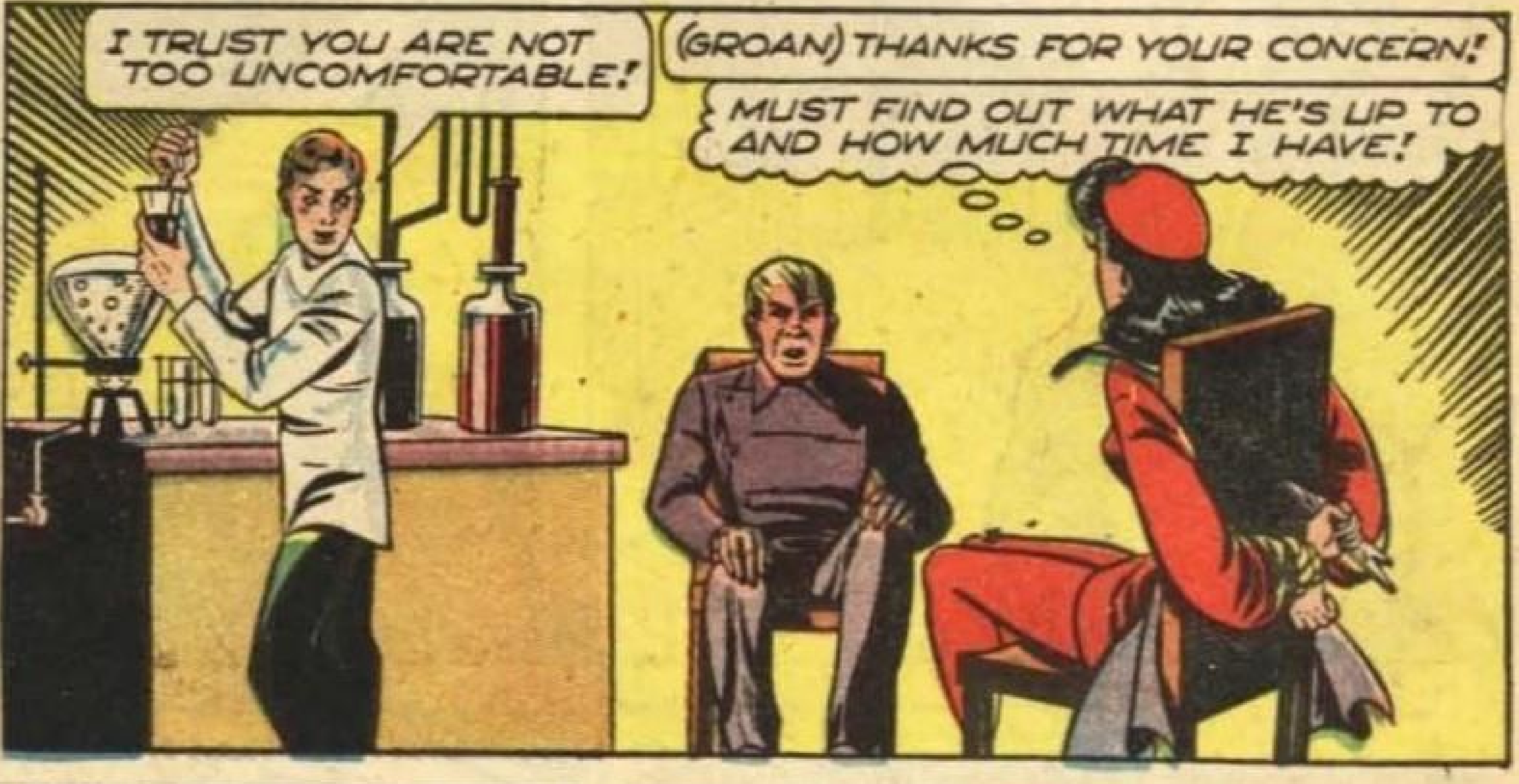
WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY, THE OLD DOCTOR SWINGS HIS WEAPON IN A VICIOUS ARC AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT MISS AMERICA CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL!

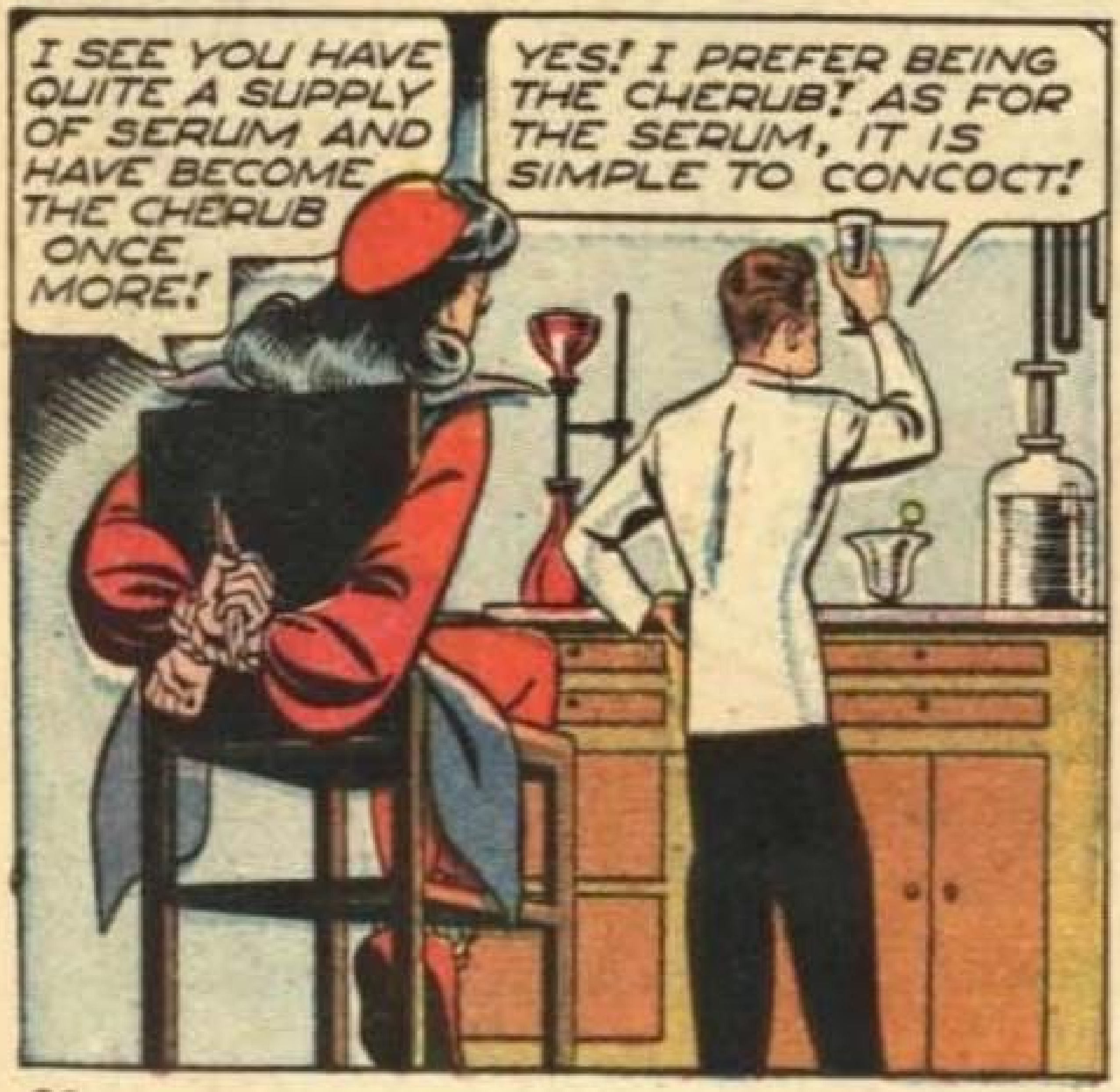

THIS IS IT! I GOT HIM FLOUNDERING! HOW TO JAB HIS CHIN INTO POSITION FOR--- OW--UGH!
AH! GOOD!
BOP

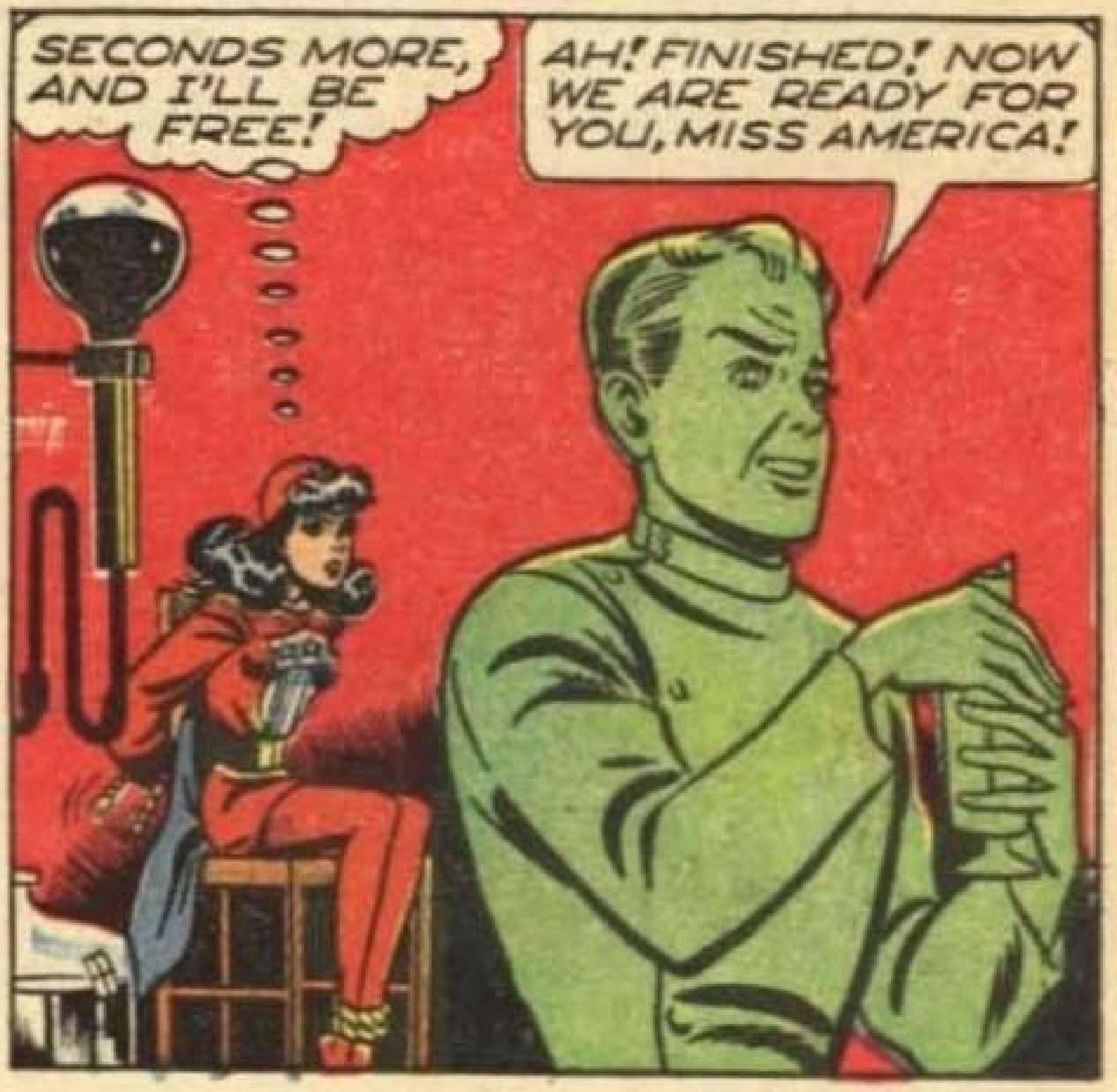

I'LL FINISH HER! SHE IS STILL ALIVE!
NO! THERE'S THE PROBLEM OF GETTING RID OF HER BODY!
GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING! I'M TOO WEAK TO CHANCE A BATTLE AGAIN!

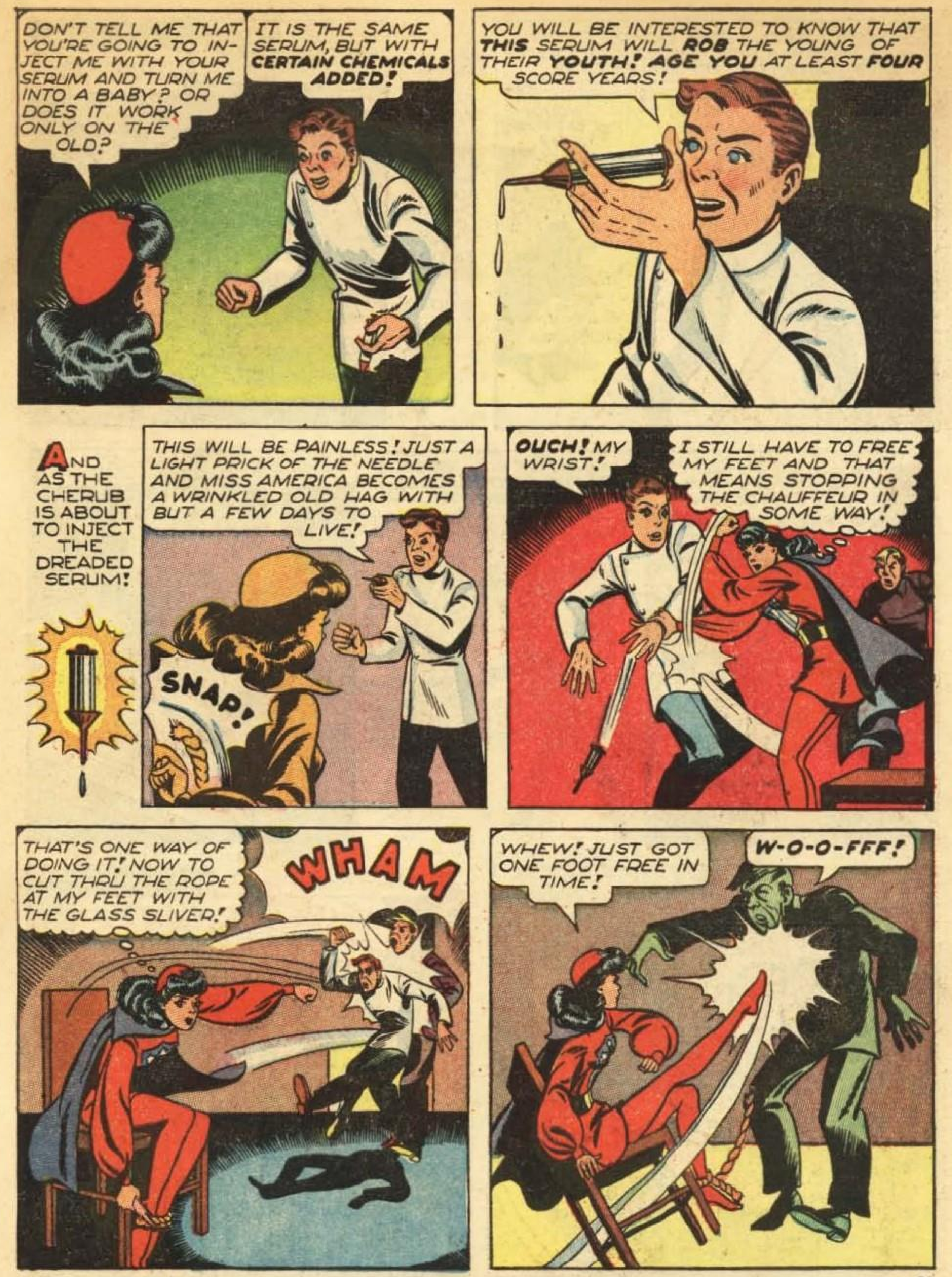

TIE HER IN THE CHAIR! SHE WILL THEN BE UNABLE TO USE HER POWER TO FLY, AND BE AT MY MERCY!
OUCH--! WHAT'S THIS? A SLIVER OF GLASS! IT SHOULD COME IN HANDY!

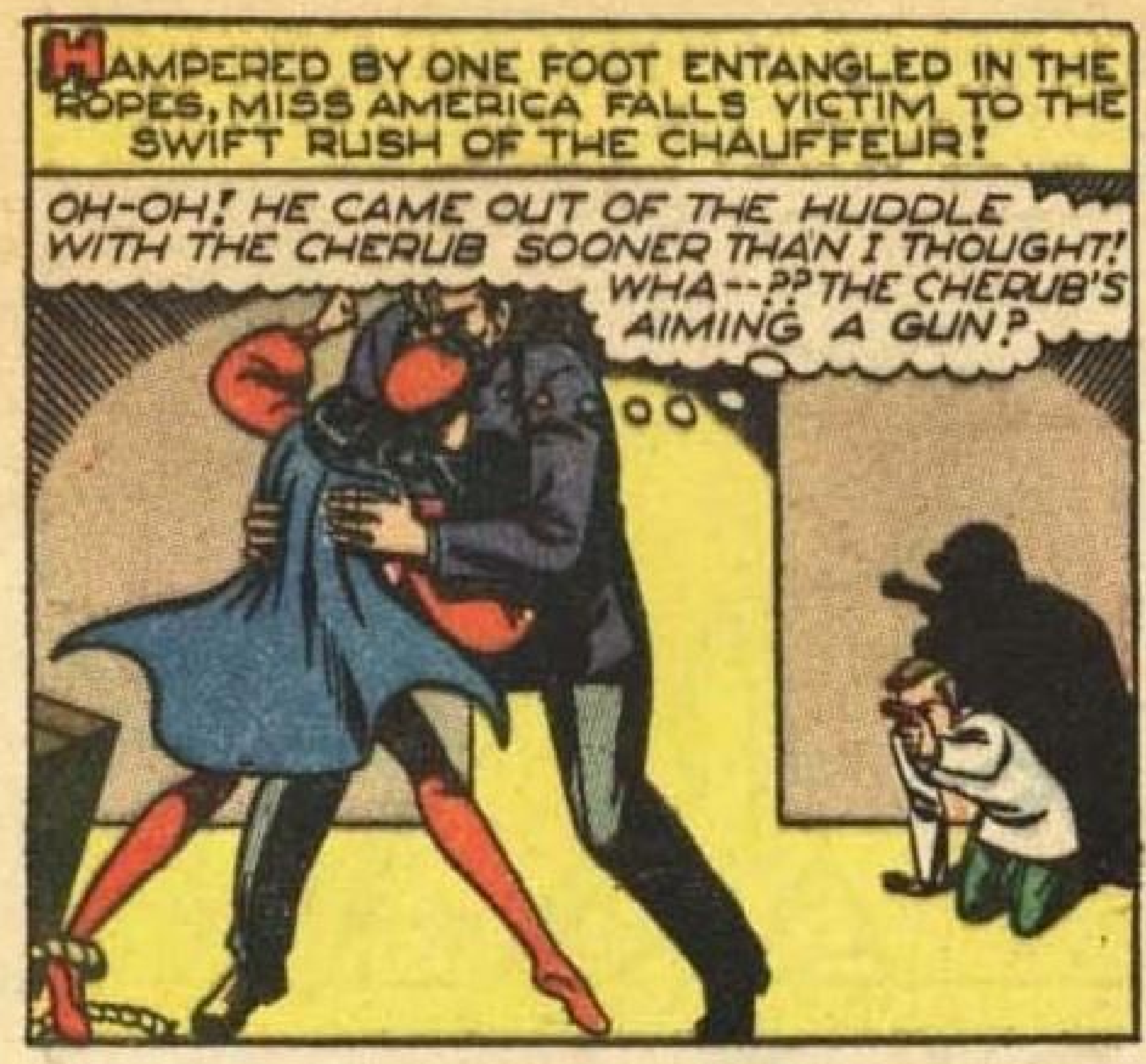
FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES, MISS AMERICA FEIGNING INSENSIBILITY, WATCHES HER CAPTOR BUSYING HIMSELF WITH TEST TUBES WHILE SHE FURTIVELY SAWS AWAY AT HER BONDS!

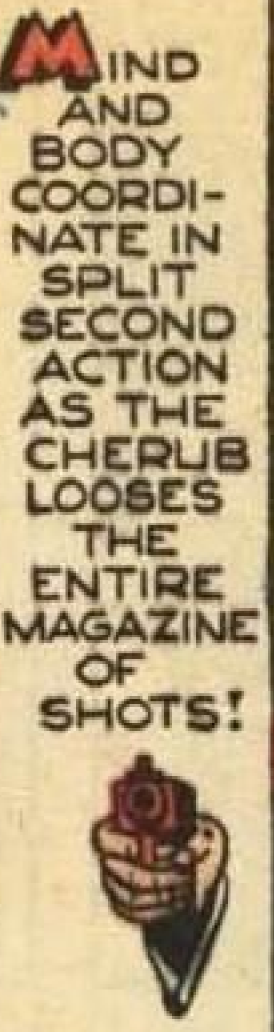

I TRUST YOU ARE NOT TOO UNCOMFORTABLE!
(GROAN) THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN!
MUST FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO AND HOW MUCH TIME I HAVE!

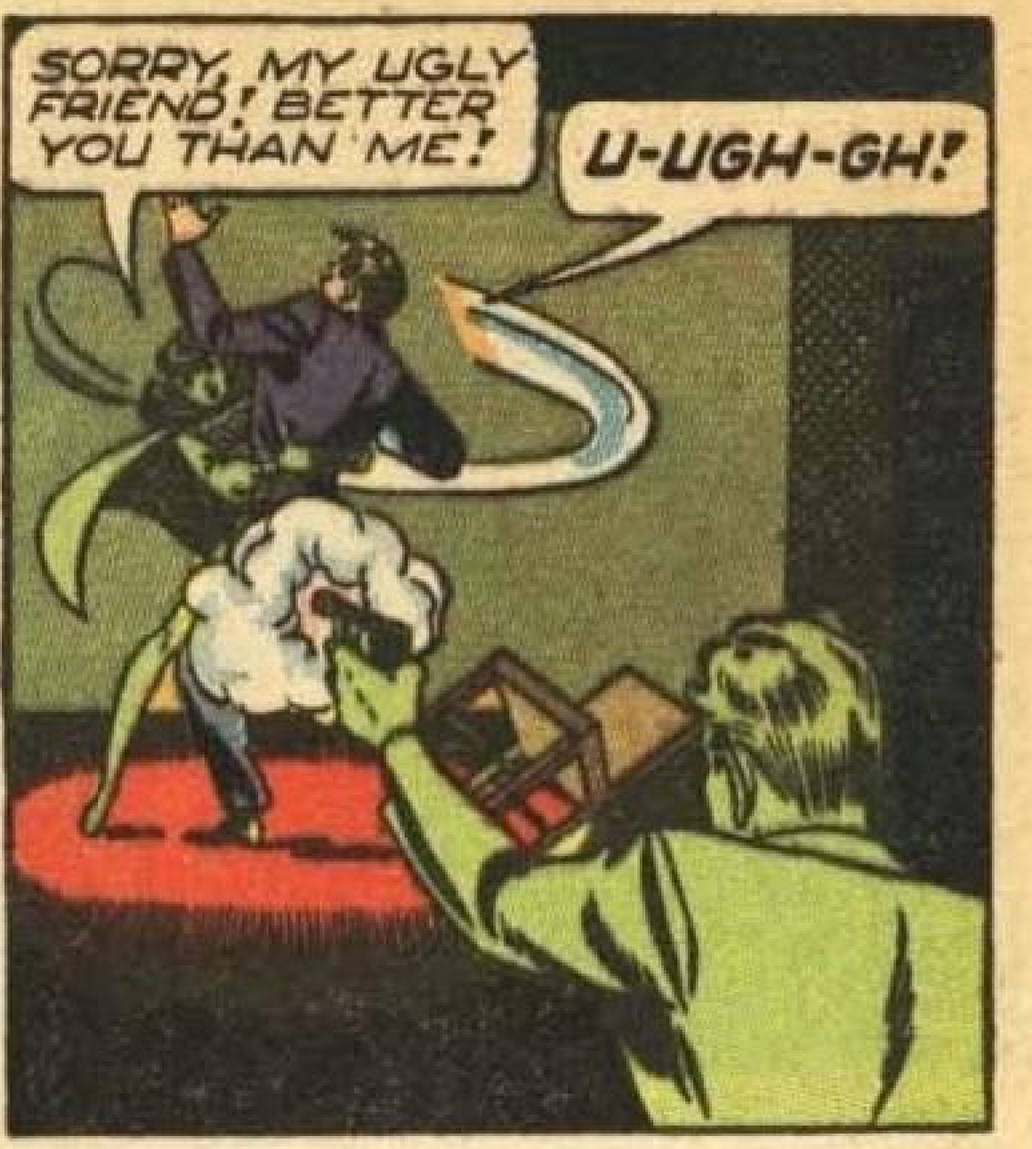

I SEE YOU HAVE QUITE A SUPPLY OF SERUM AND HAVE BECOME THE CHERUB ONCE MORE!
YES! I PREFER BEING THE CHERUB! AS FOR THE SERUM, IT IS SIMPLE TO CONCOCT!

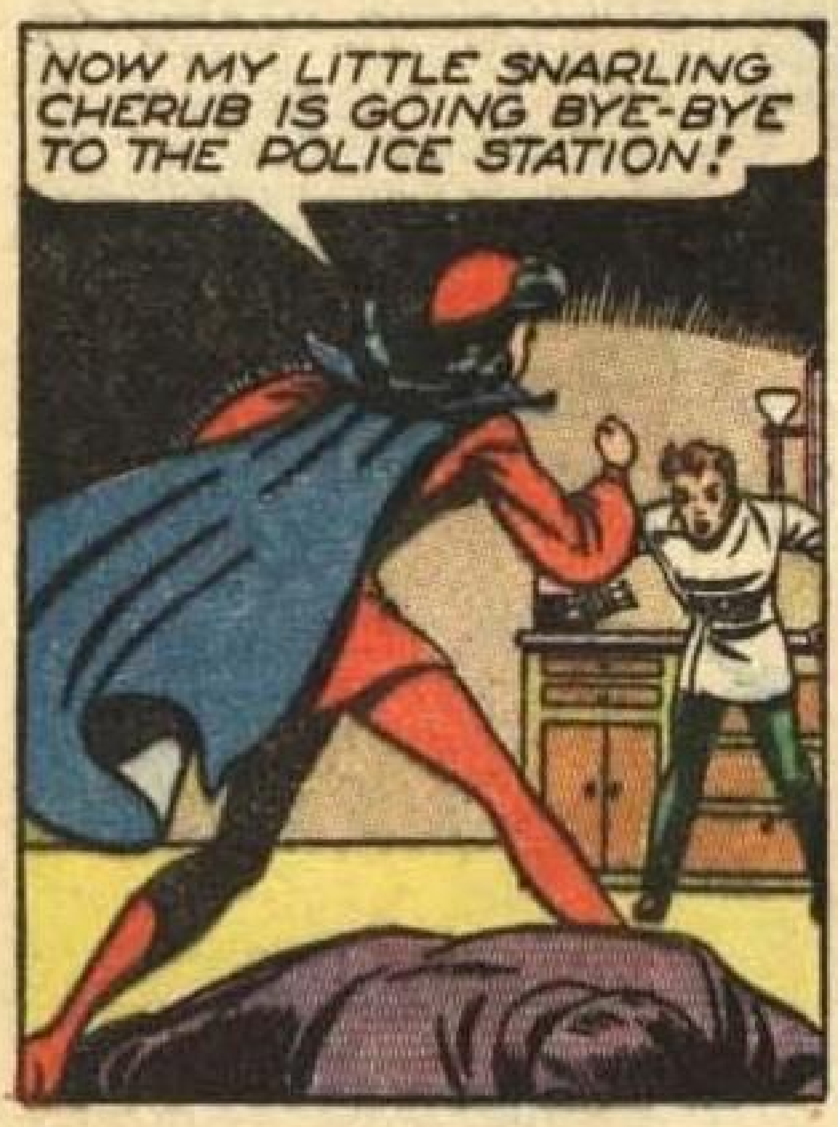

SECONDS MORE, AND I'LL BE FREE!
AH! FINISHED! NOW WE ARE READY FOR YOU, MISS AMERICA!

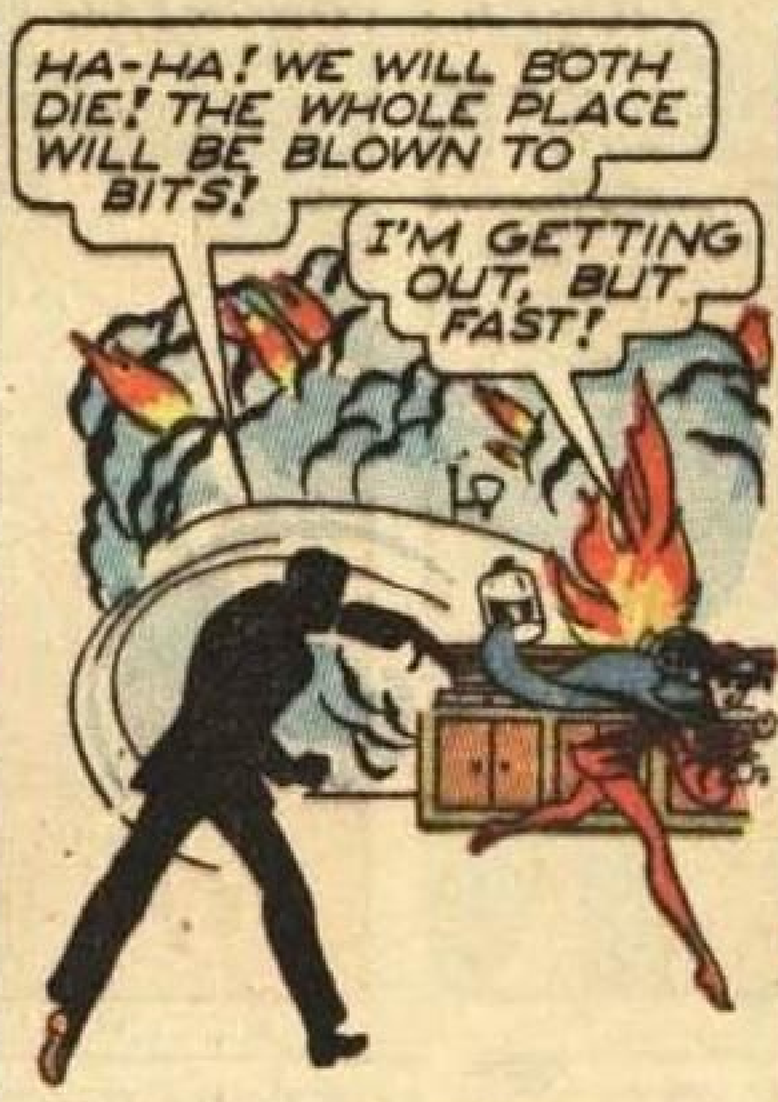

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'RE GOING TO INJECT ME WITH YOUR SERUM AND TURN ME INTO A BABY? OR DOES IT WORK ONLY ON THE OLD?
IT IS THE SAME SERUM, BUT WITH **CERTAIN CHEMICALS ADDED!**
YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT **THIS** SERUM WILL **ROB** THE YOUNG OF THEIR **YOUTH! AGE YOU** AT LEAST **FOUR** SCORE YEARS!
AND AS THE CHERUB IS ABOUT TO INJECT THE DREADED SERUM!
THIS WILL BE PAINLESS! JUST A LIGHT PRICK OF THE NEEDLE AND MISS AMERICA BECOMES A WRINKLED OLD HAG WITH BUT A FEW DAYS TO LIVE!
SNAP!
OUCH! MY WRIST!
I STILL HAVE TO FREE MY FEET AND THAT MEANS STOPPING THE CHAUFFEUR IN SOME WAY!
THAT'S ONE WAY OF DOING IT! NOW TO CUT THRU THE ROPE AT MY FEET WITH THE GLASS SLIVER!
WHAM
WHEW! JUST GOT ONE FOOT FREE IN TIME!
W-O-O-FFF!

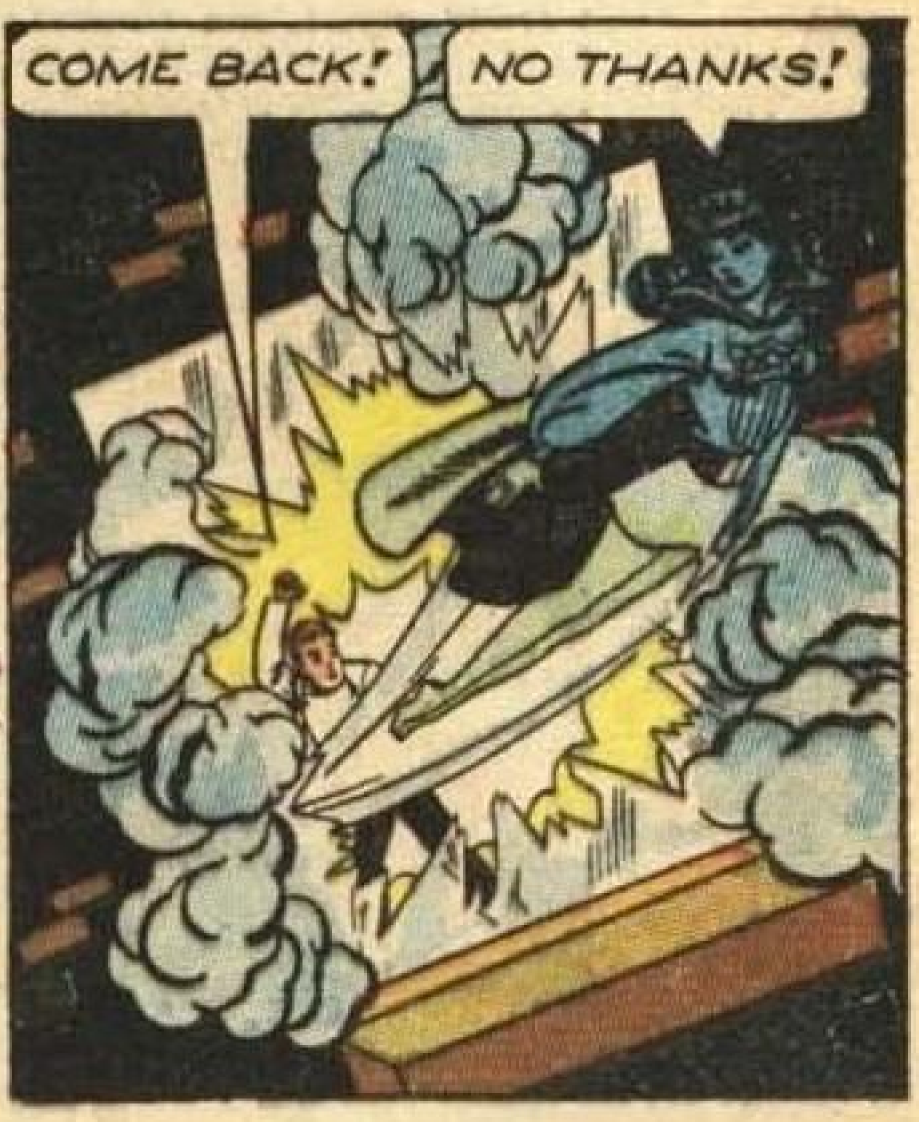

HAMPERED BY ONE FOOT ENTANGLED IN THE ROPES, MISS AMERICA FALLS VICTIM TO THE SWIFT RUSH OF THE CHAUFFEUR!
OH-OH! HE CAME OUT OF THE HUDDLE WITH THE CHERUB SOONER THAN I THOUGHT! WHA--?? THE CHERUB'S AIMING A GUN?

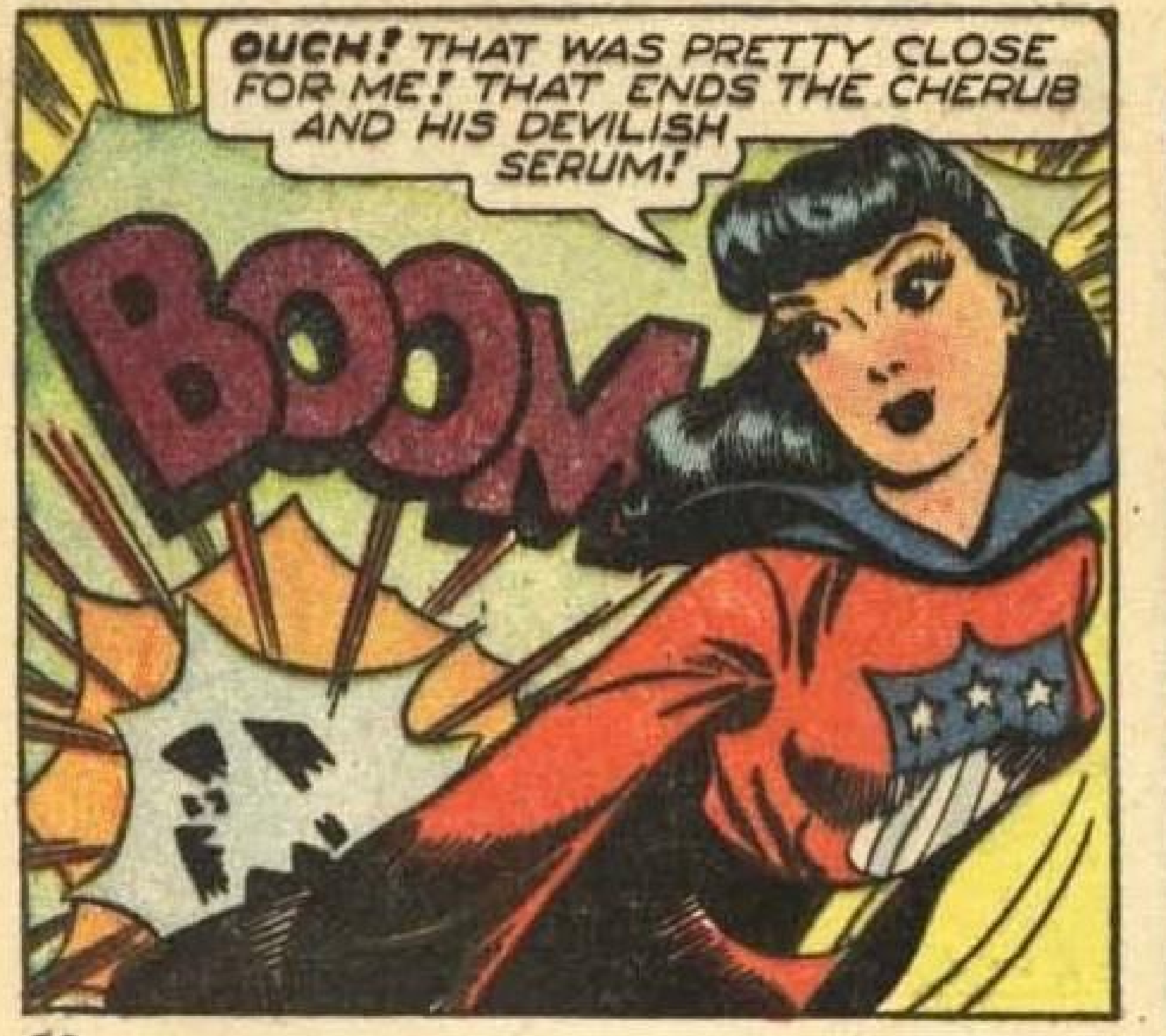

MIND AND BODY COORDINATE IN SPLIT SECOND ACTION AS THE CHERUB LOOSES THE ENTIRE MAGAZINE OF SHOTS!

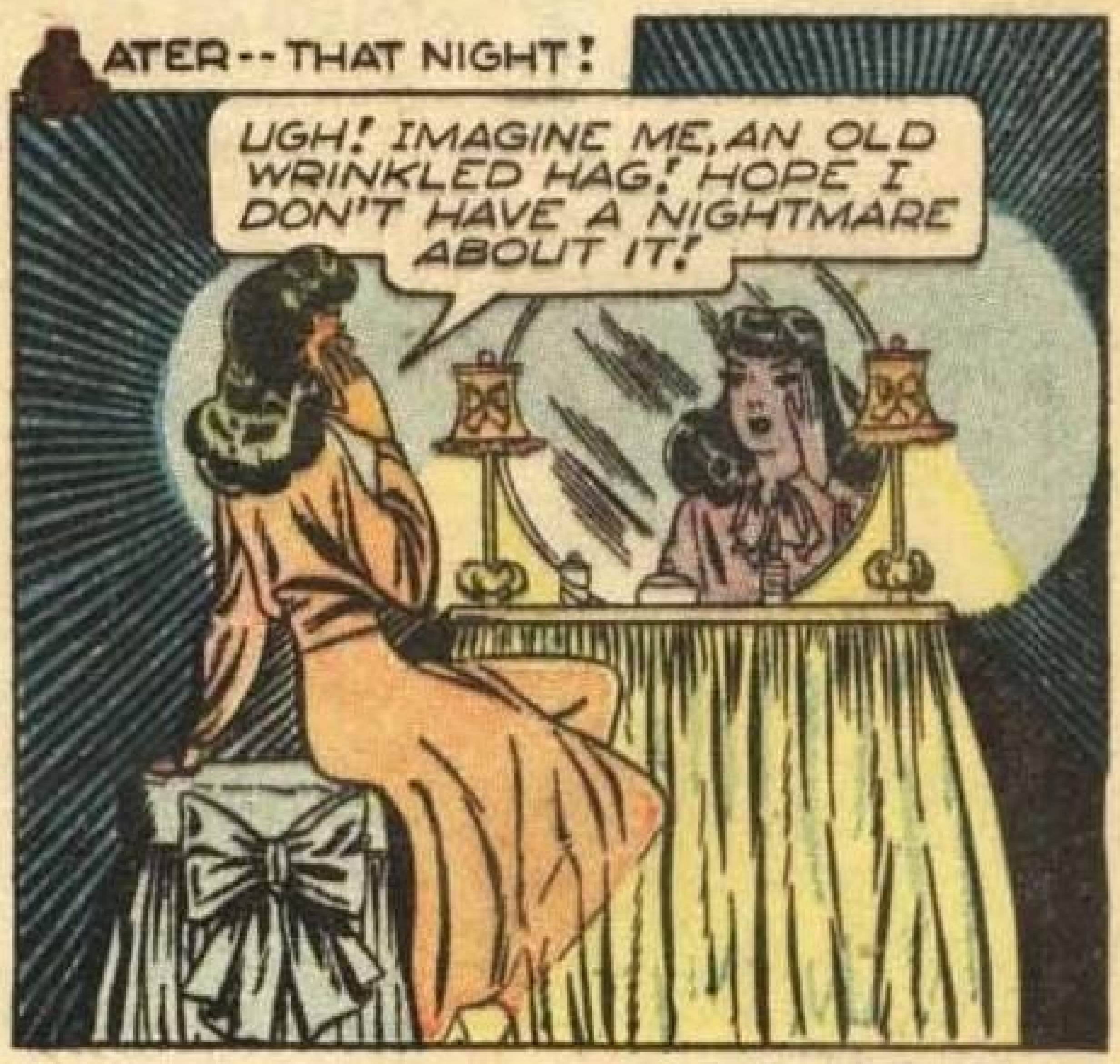

SORRY, MY UGLY FRIEND! BETTER YOU THAN ME!
U-UGH-GH!


NOW MY LITTLE SNARLING CHERUB IS GOING BYE-BYE TO THE POLICE STATION!


HA-HA! WE WILL BOTH DIE! THE WHOLE PLACE WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
I'M GETTING OUT, BUT FAST!


COME BACK!
NO THANKS!


OUCH! THAT WAS PRETTY CLOSE FOR ME! THAT ENDS THE CHERUB AND HIS DEVILISH SERUM!
BOOM


LATER--THAT NIGHT!
UGH! IMAGINE ME, AN OLD WRINKLED HAG! HOPE I DON'T HAVE A NIGHTMARE ABOUT IT!

SUPERIOR DUPERIOR

from page 4

hip and gesturing with an imaginary cigarette holder, she swayed languorously from the room pausing only to call over her shoulder, "Really, Baroness, you must have lunch with me one day. Goodbye, dear, dear Baroness!"

Connie rolled to her back, stretched luxuriously and said:

"Leave us study the situation. I am sixteen years old. I am a so-so student in high school, I am vice-prez of my sorority and I am considered good looking by all and sundry save a certain handsome lug who doesn't even know I exist—the misogamist! There! I knew if I kept on talking to myself, I'd say something big. Misogamist! That's something!"

There was a tap on Connie's door. Connie's mother looked in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gregory, darling," Connie said. "You're a cute looking dish today. No wonder Pop's in love with you."

Her mother giggled.

"That'll get you nowhere," she said. "You get out of bed, right now, and come down to breakfast."

"Coming, Mother," Connie cried, imitating Henry Aldrich. "Hey! Mother, you've been to college. What's a misogamist?"

Mrs. Gregory gave her daughter a startled look.

"A misogamist is a man who hates women," she said, "but don't think all men are like Uncle Albert. He is an exception."

Connie glowered.

"I wasn't thinking of Uncle Albert. I was thinking of another exception—the mean old misogamist!"

* * *

At breakfast, Connie asked her father, "Pop, can misogamism be cured?"

Her father regarded her suspiciously over his newspaper.

"What," he asked, "is misogamism?"

"Hatred of women," Connie explained.

Mr. Gregory looked relieved.

"I was cured," he smiled, "and I had one of the worst cases of whatever you said, in this town."

Connie beamed at him.

"Really cured? How, Pop?"

Pop chuckled.

"I met your mother," he said, and hid himself behind his paper again.

Susan finished her eggs and announced, "I'm one of those things, too. I hate women."

"Susan Quinby Gregory," her mother scolded, "You shouldn't say such things. Do you hate me? Or Connie? Or Aunt Bessie?"

"No," Susan conceded. "I was thinking about Miss Walters. She keeps me after school. If I ever have any little girls I won't send them to school to be kept after by Miss Walters and that ain't fooling!"

"Isn't fooling," said Mother, Pop and Connie, in unison.

Mr. Gregory lowered his newspaper.

"By the way," he said disarmingly to his elder daughter, "this whatever you called him couldn't be Don Biglow, could it?"

Connie glowed pinkly.

Then, looking bravely at her father, she said, "Yes, it is. He won't pay any attention to me. He doesn't even know I'm alive and I'm simply *keerazy* about him."

"Crazy about him," said Mother.

"Crazy about him," echoed Connie.

Pop winked at Mother.

"I think, Sweetie-Pie," he said, "that it is about time we recognized that Connie is growing up, don't you?"

Mrs. Gregory thought about it and agreed, "Yes, I do, Martin."

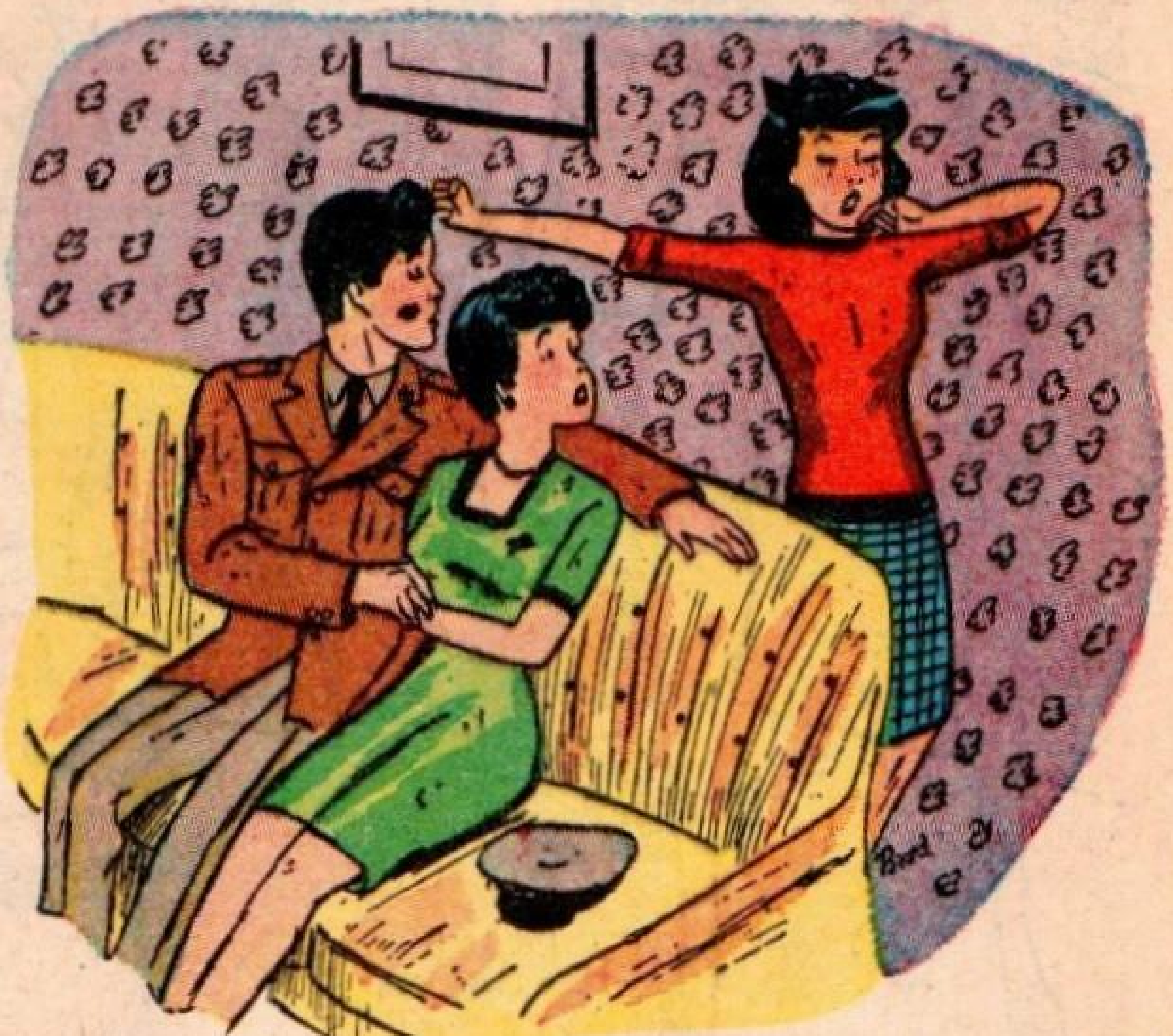
"Well, then," Pop said, "something will be done. By rare coincidence, I have just hired this young—er—misogamist to work at the soda fountain on Saturdays and Sundays. Said he had to make a little money to help at home. Very commendable."

Connie breathed, "Isn't he just super-duper?"

"Superior-duper," said Mrs. Gregory, mechanically.

"Superior-duperior," corrected Pop. "But to get on with the story. I have just hired this superior-duperior young man. I also need a young lady cashier

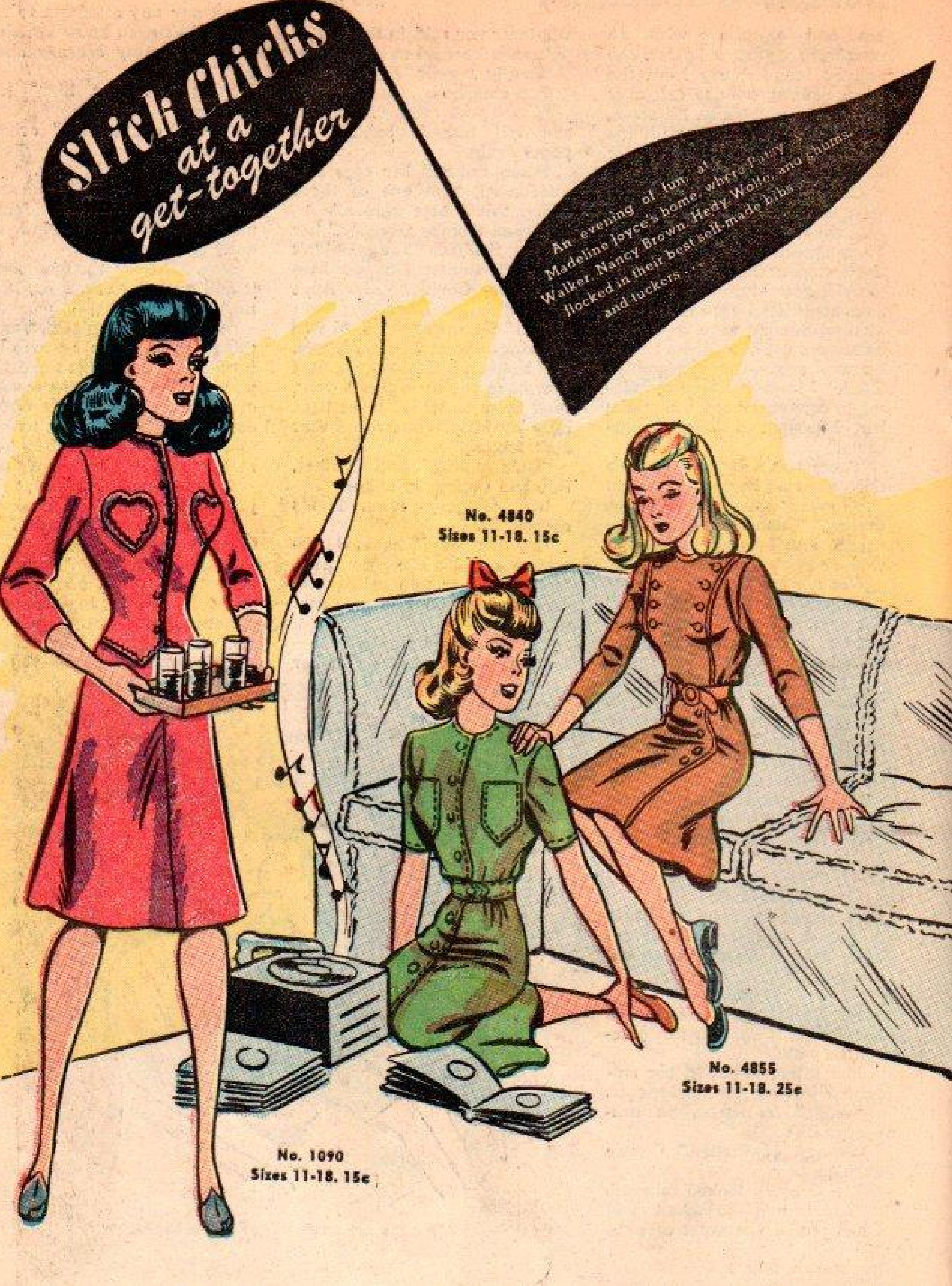
(*Continued on page 43*)



"But how much can we get in a bobby-sock?"

Slick Chicks at a get-together

An evening of fun at Madeline Joyce's home, where Patty Walker, Nancy Brown, Hedy Wolfe and chums flocked in their best self-made bibs and tuckers . . .



No. 4840
Sizes 11-18. 15c

No. 4855
Sizes 11-18. 25c

No. 1090
Sizes 11-18. 15c

You, too, can plan a gay get-together for the "pretty-biddies", in the neighborhood. And you, too, can wear these same adorable, up-to-the-minute fashions, MISS AMERICA and her friends have on. They're so easy to make, and they look simply "delicious" on! To obtain your lovely pattern selection, just send your size, and pattern number, with the exact price enclosed to:

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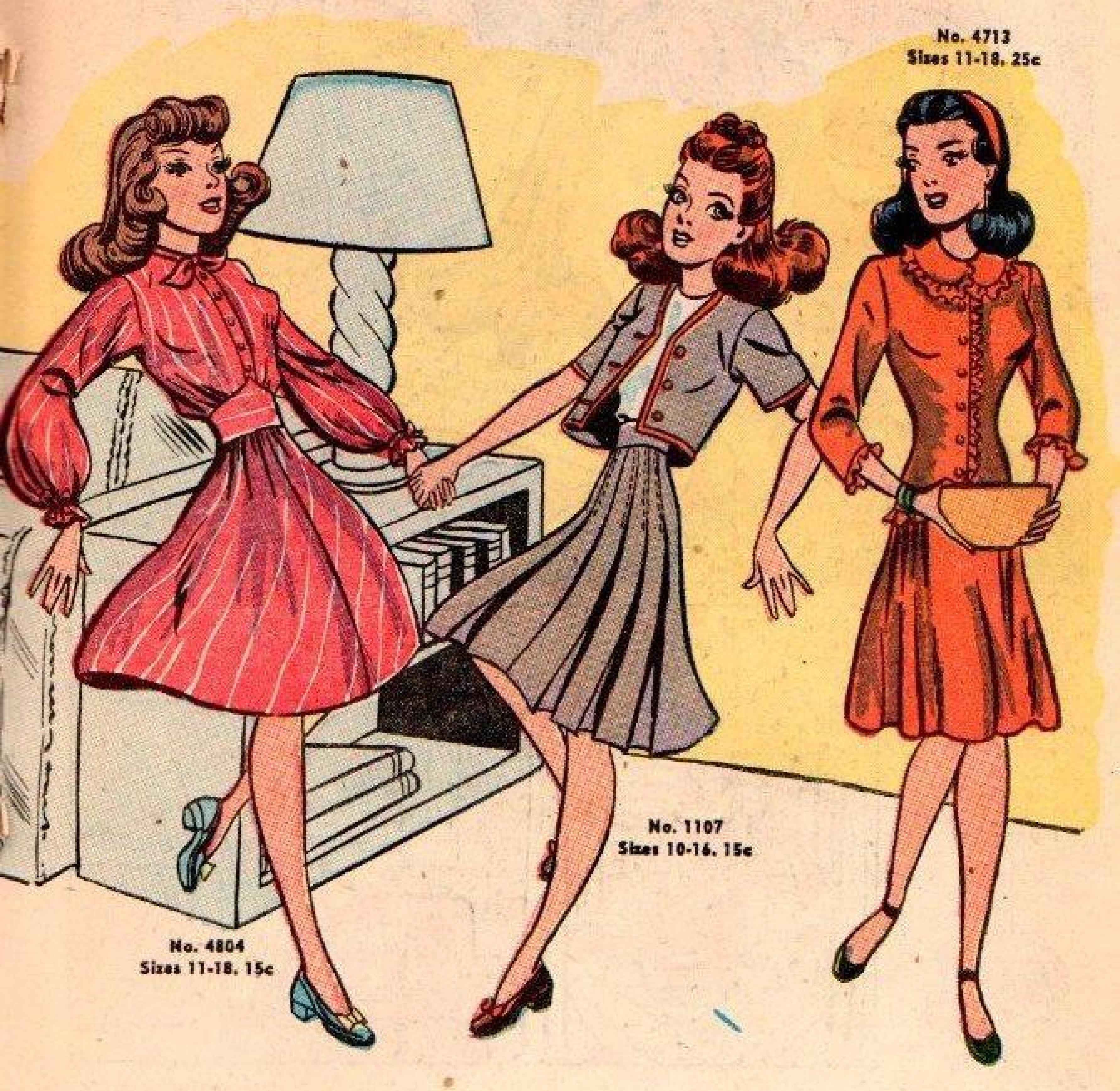
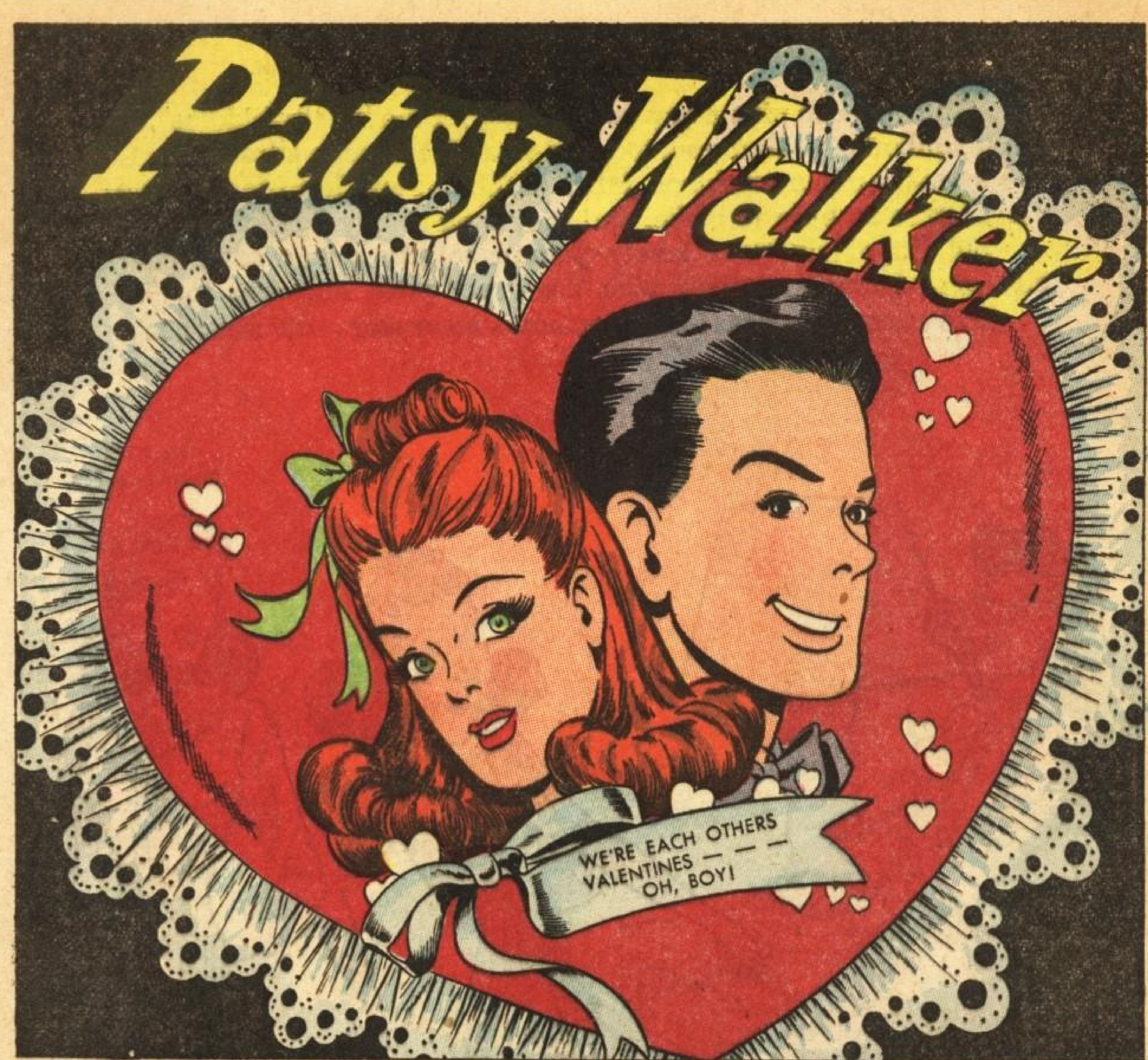


No. 4713
Sizes 11-18. 25c

No. 1107
Sizes 10-16. 15c

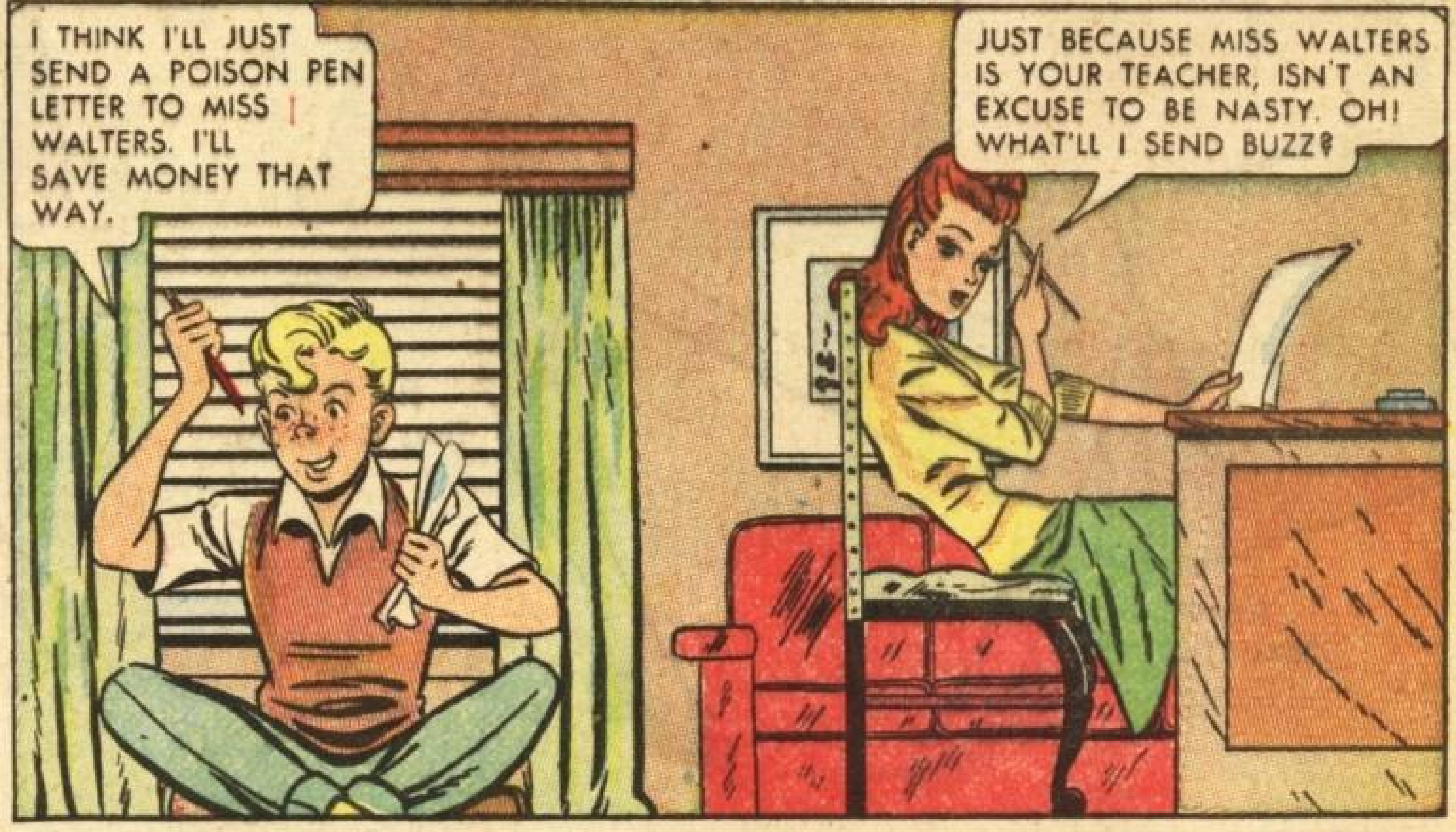
No. 4804
Sizes 11-18. 15c

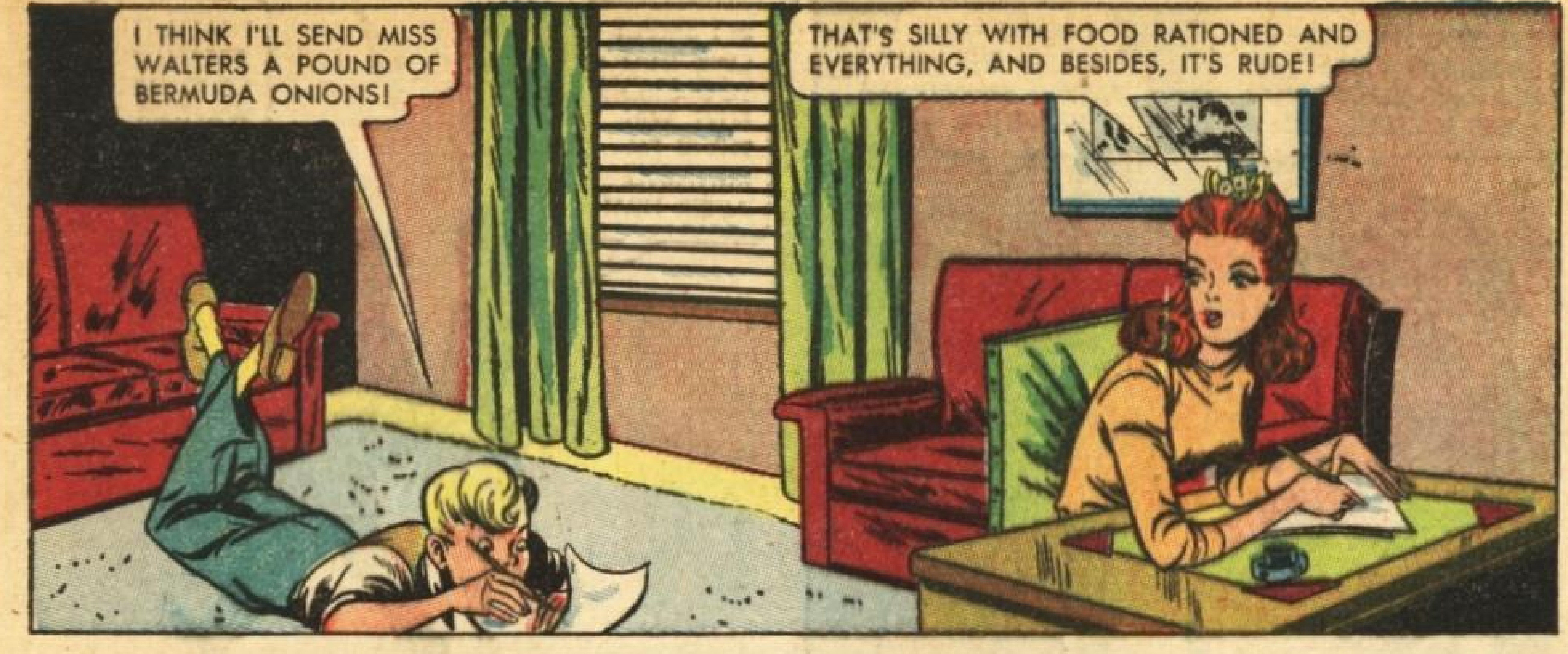
Patsy Walker


Patsy Walker
WE'RE EACH OTHERS VALENTINES — — — OH, BOY!

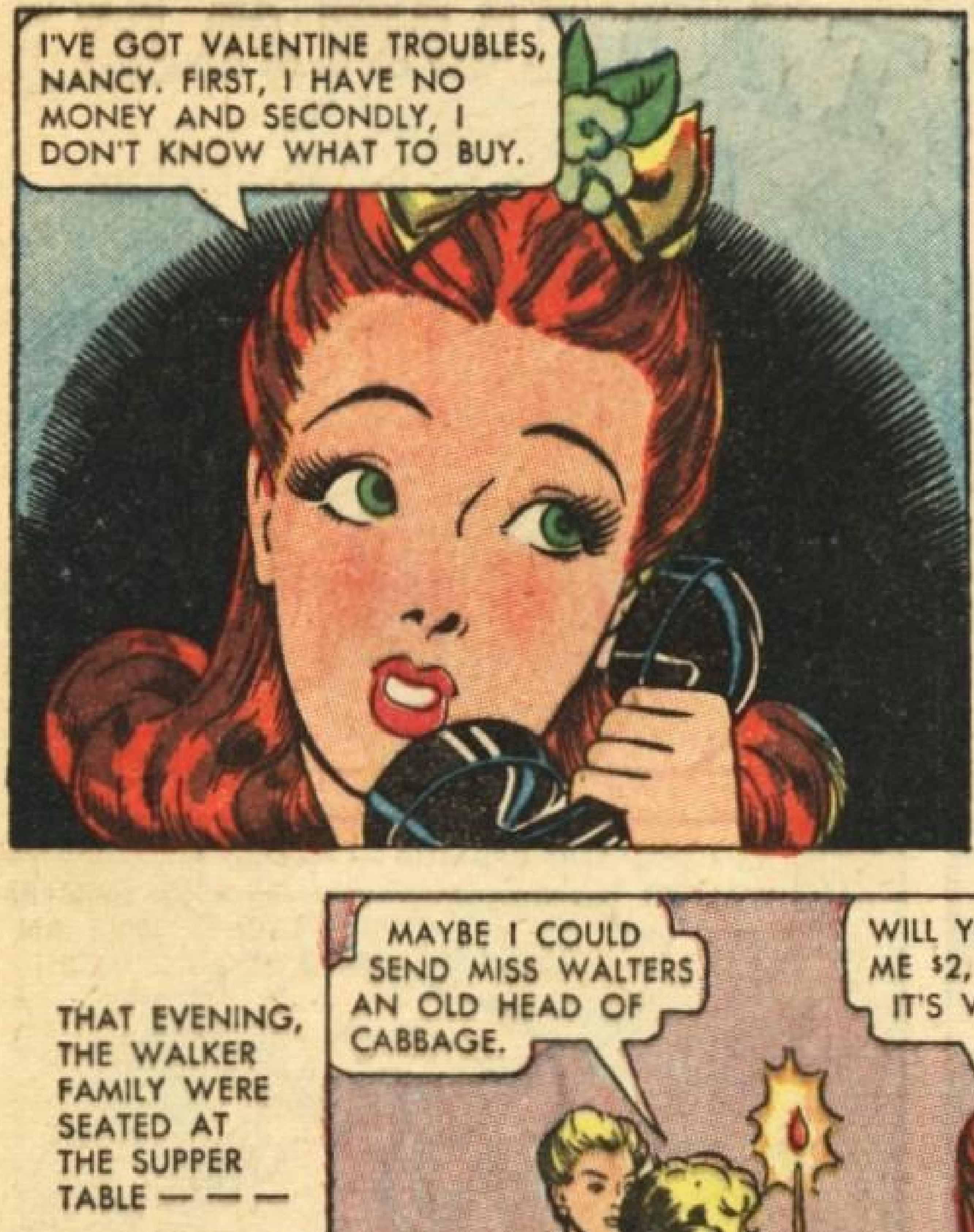
TOMORROW IS VALENTINE'S DAY AND IN THE WALKER HOME, WE FIND PATSY AND MICKEY MAKING OUT THEIR SHOPPING LIST— — —

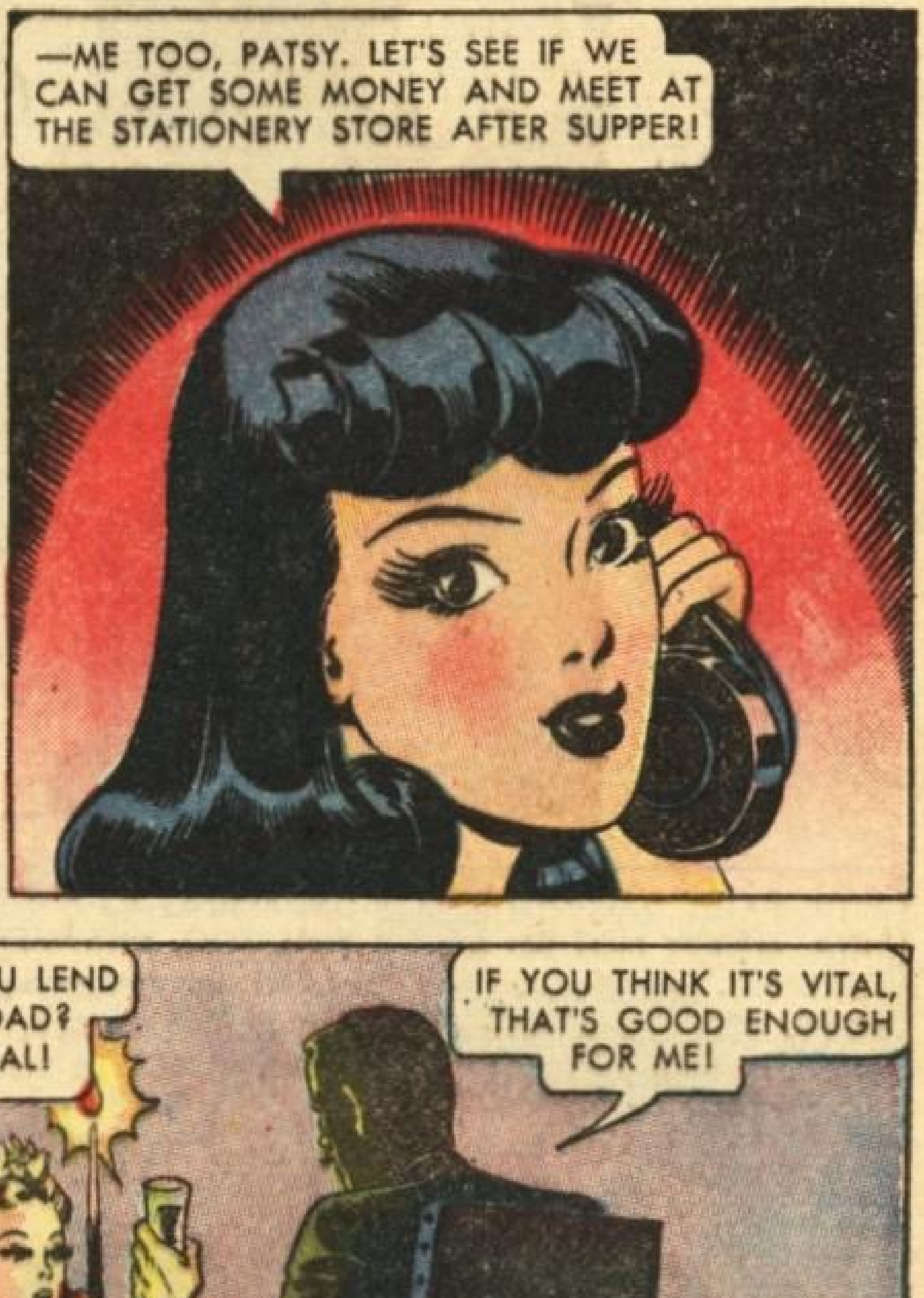
To My Valentine


I THINK I'LL JUST SEND A POISON PEN LETTER TO MISS WALTERS. I'LL SAVE MONEY THAT WAY.
JUST BECAUSE MISS WALTERS IS YOUR TEACHER, ISN'T AN EXCUSE TO BE NASTY. OH! WHAT'LL I SEND BUZZ?

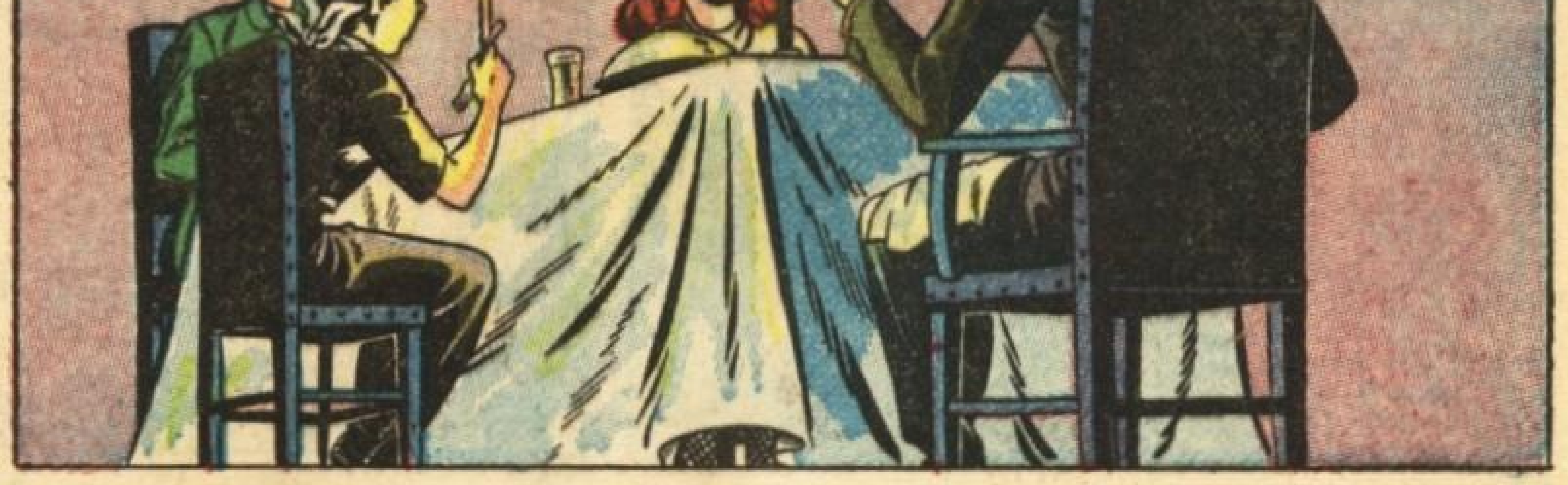

I THINK I'LL SEND MISS WALTERS A POUND OF BERMUDA ONIONS!
THAT'S SILLY WITH FOOD RATIONED AND EVERYTHING, AND BESIDES, IT'S RUDE!

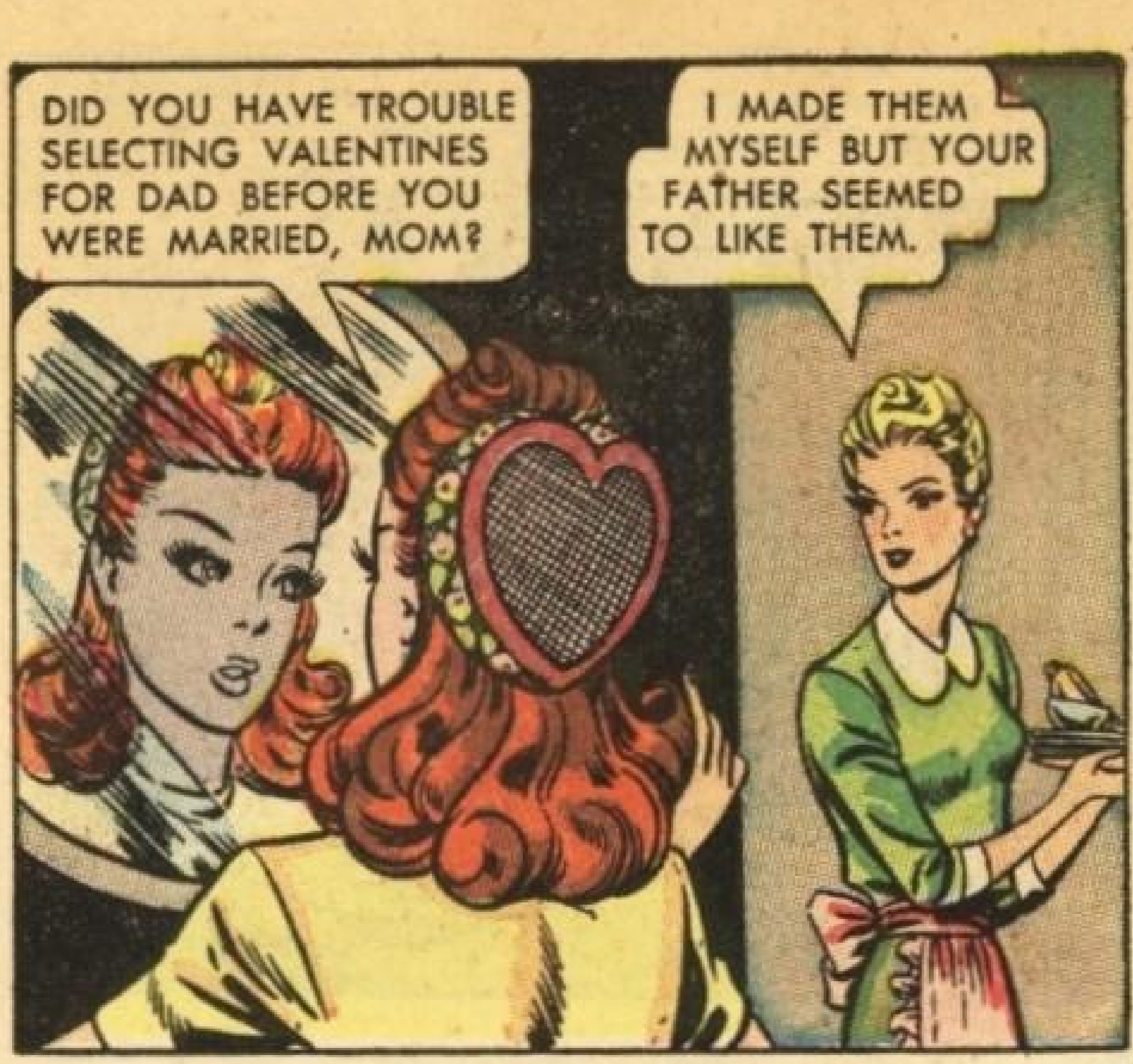
LATER—PATSY CALLS HER GIRL-FRIEND, NANCY BROWN ON THE TELEPHONE!

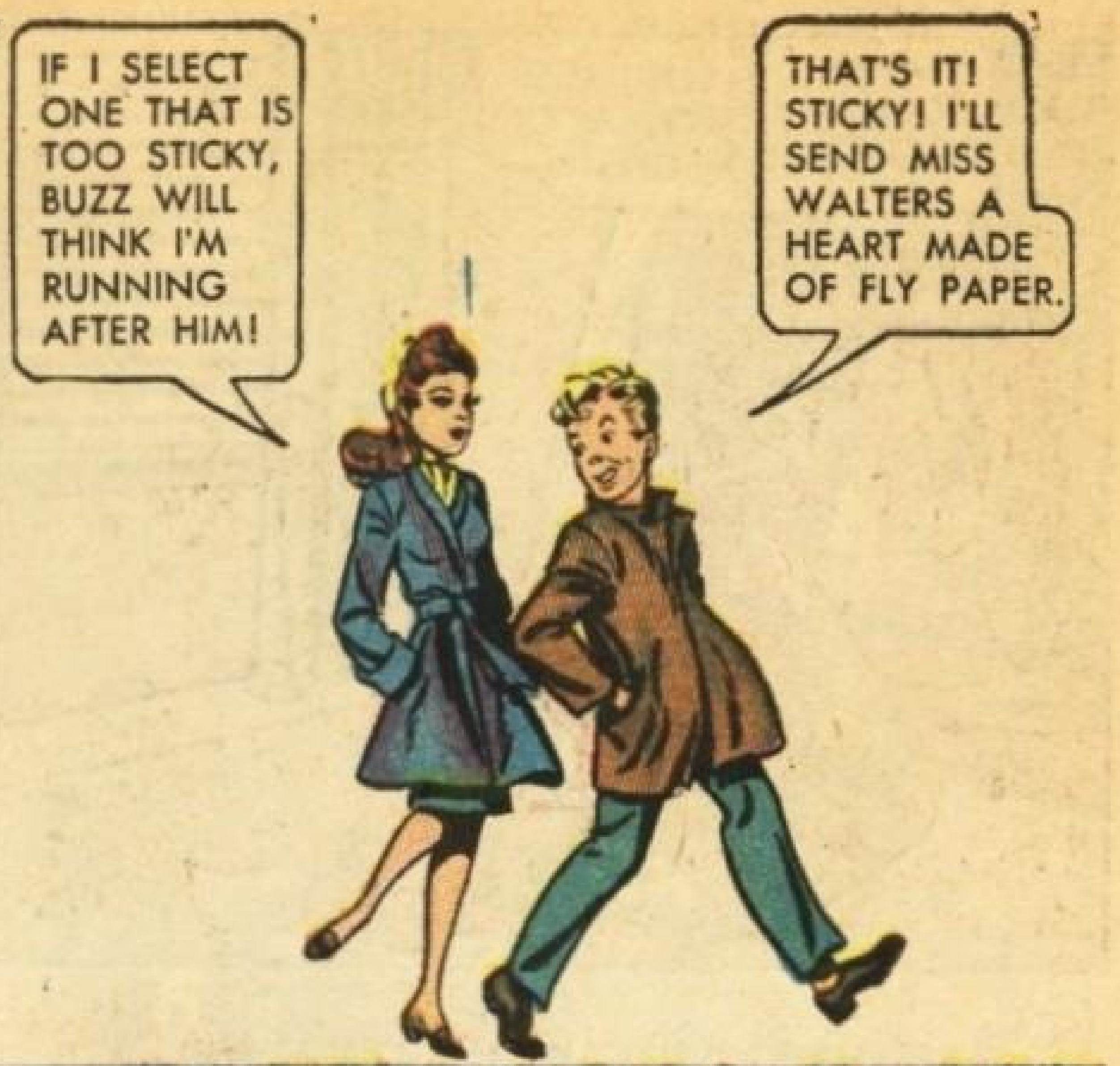

I'VE GOT VALENTINE TROUBLES, NANCY. FIRST, I HAVE NO MONEY AND SECONDLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BUY.


—ME TOO, PATSY. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET SOME MONEY AND MEET AT THE STATIONERY STORE AFTER SUPPER!

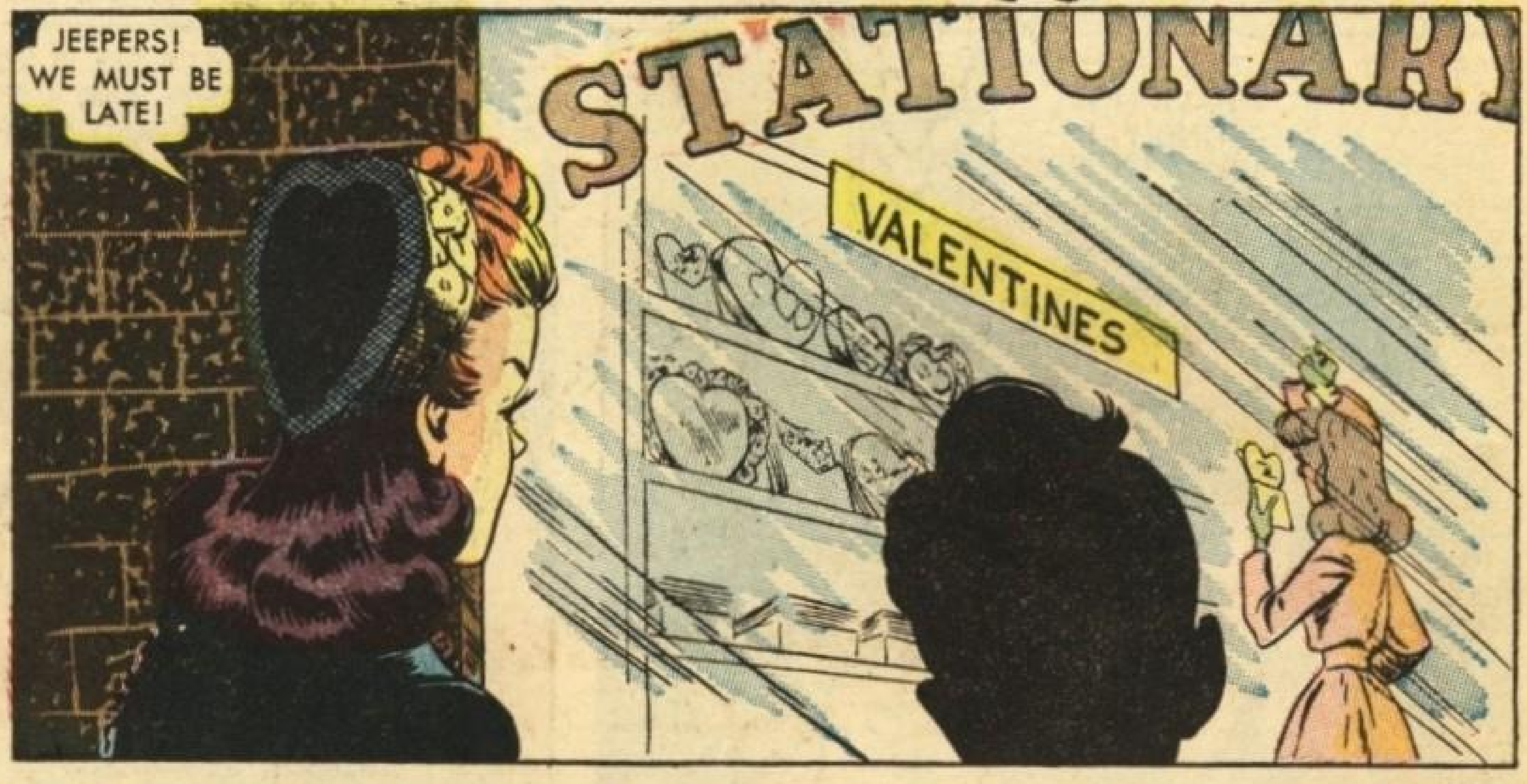
THAT EVENING, THE WALKER FAMILY WERE SEATED AT THE SUPPER TABLE — — —

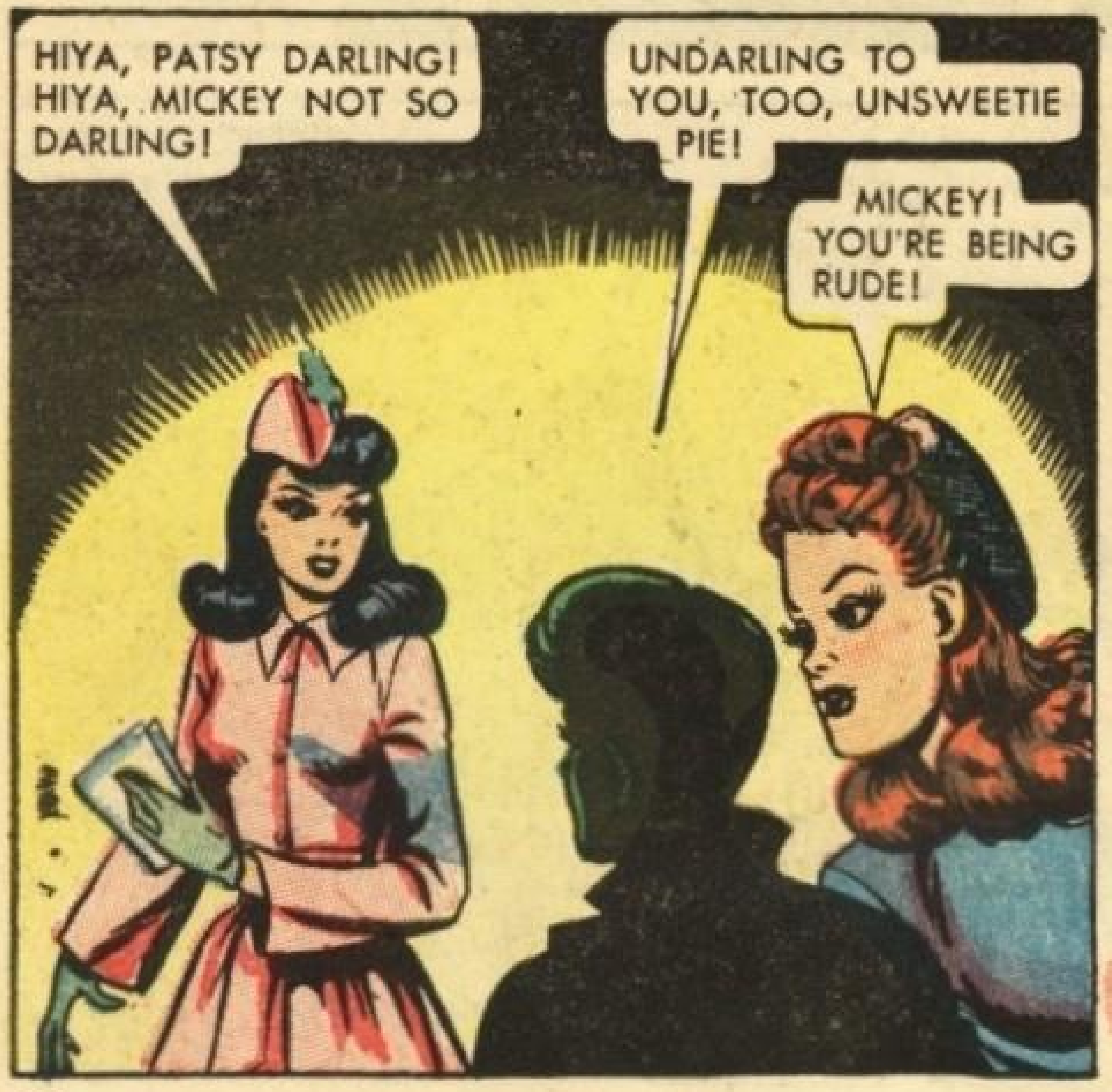

MAYBE I COULD SEND MISS WALTERS AN OLD HEAD OF CABBAGE.
WILL YOU LEND ME $2, DAD? IT'S VITAL!
IF YOU THINK IT'S VITAL, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

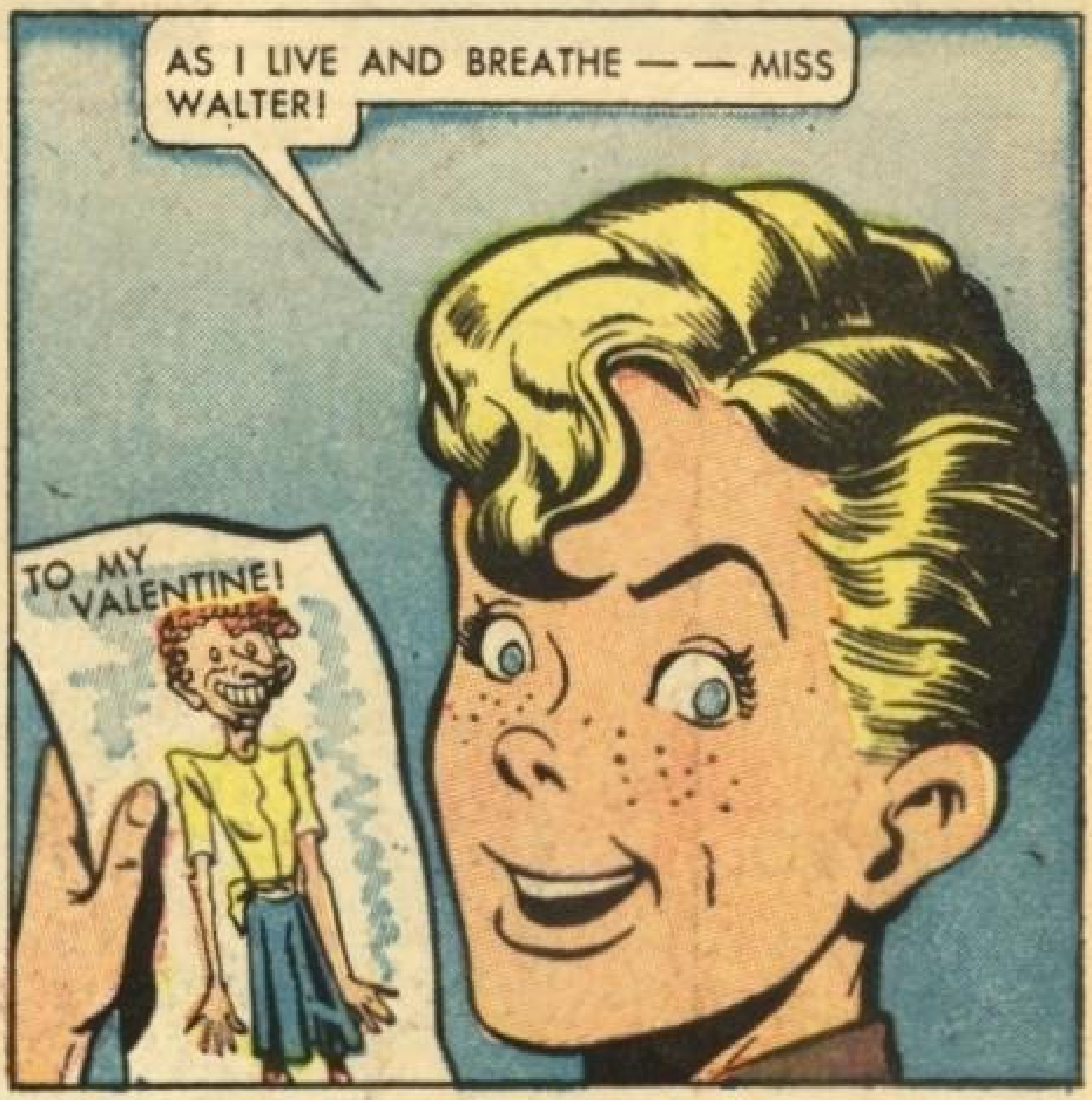

DID YOU HAVE TROUBLE SELECTING VALENTINES FOR DAD BEFORE YOU WERE MARRIED, MOM?
I MADE THEM MYSELF BUT YOUR FATHER SEEMED TO LIKE THEM.

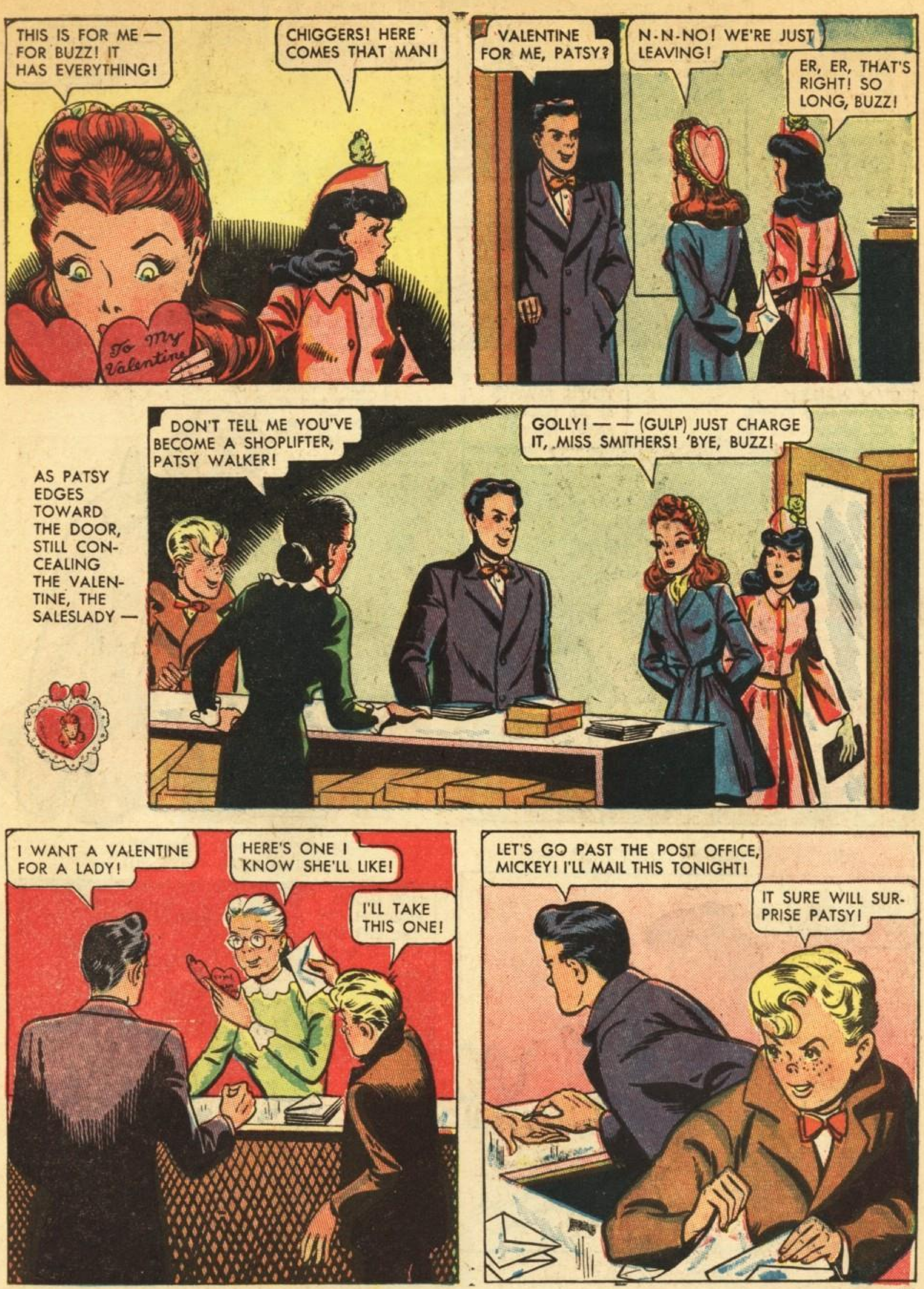

IF I SELECT ONE THAT IS TOO STICKY, BUZZ WILL THINK I'M RUNNING AFTER HIM!
THAT'S IT! STICKY! I'LL SEND MISS WALTERS A HEART MADE OF FLY PAPER.

AS PATSY AND MICKEY REACH THE SHOP, THEY SEE NANCY THRU THE WINDOW.

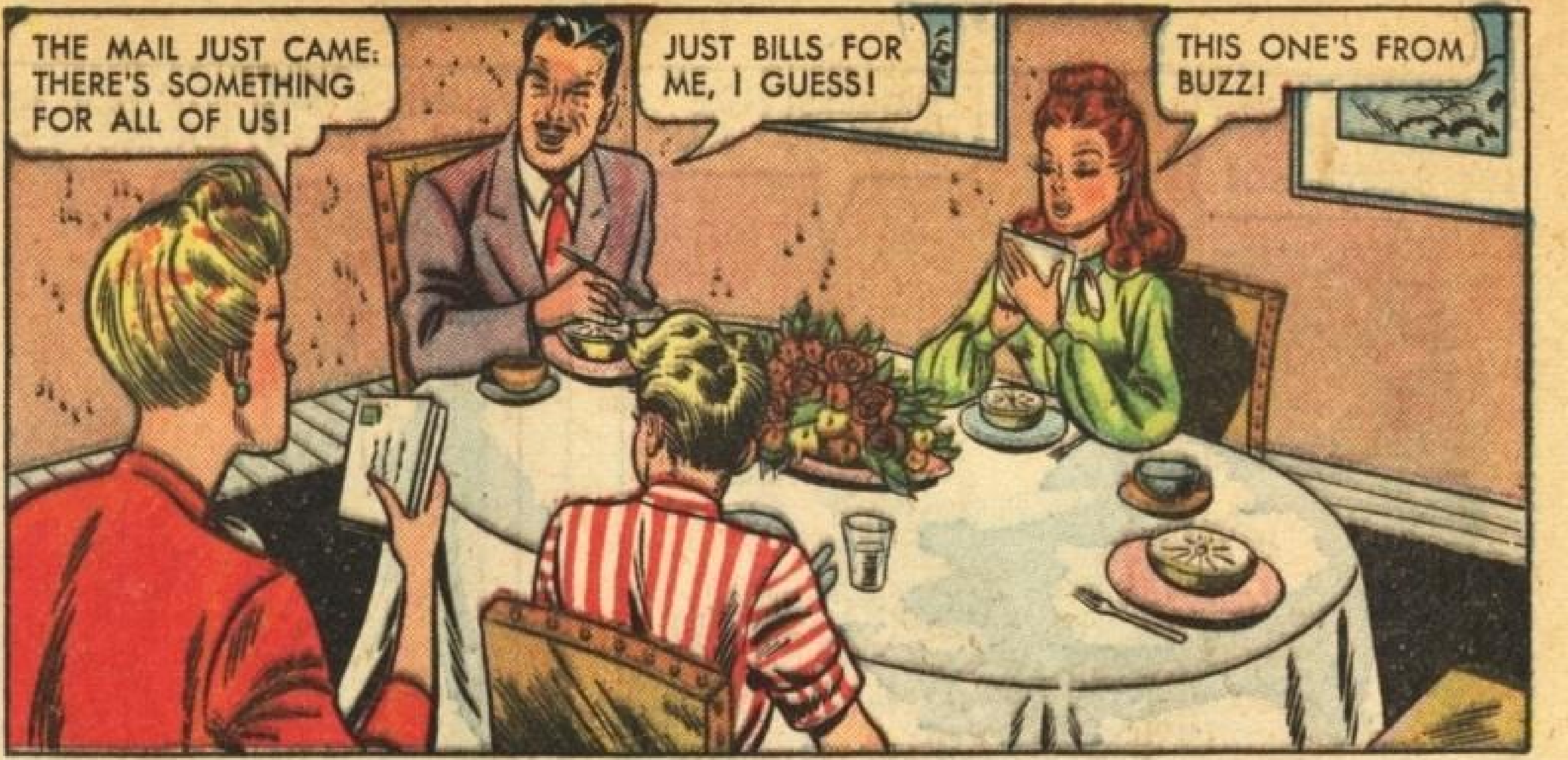

JEEPERS! WE MUST BE LATE!
STATIONARY
VALENTINES

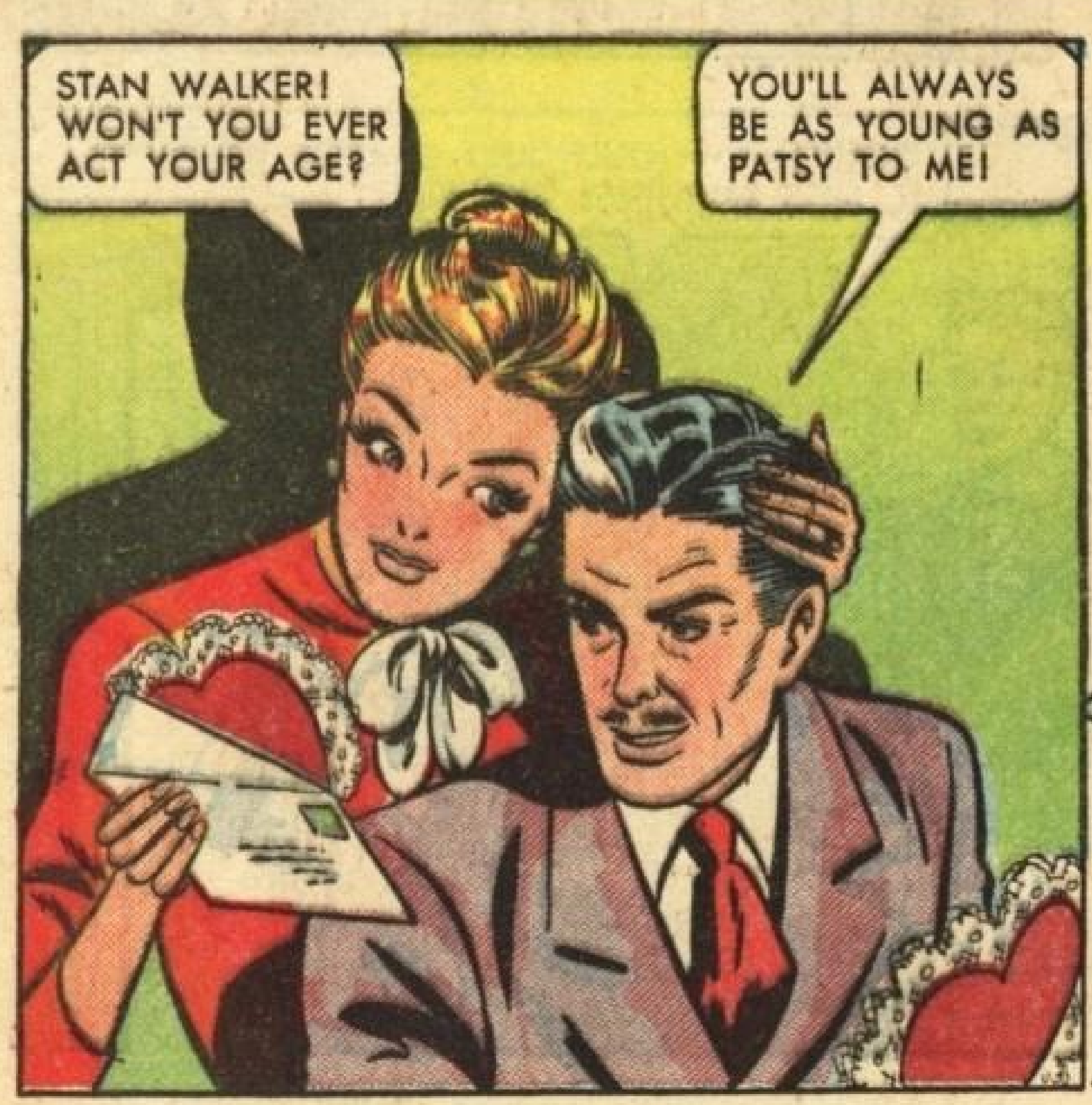

HIYA, PATSY DARLING! HIYA, MICKEY NOT SO DARLING!
UNDARLING TO YOU, TOO, UNSWEETIE PIE!
MICKEY! YOU'RE BEING RUDE!

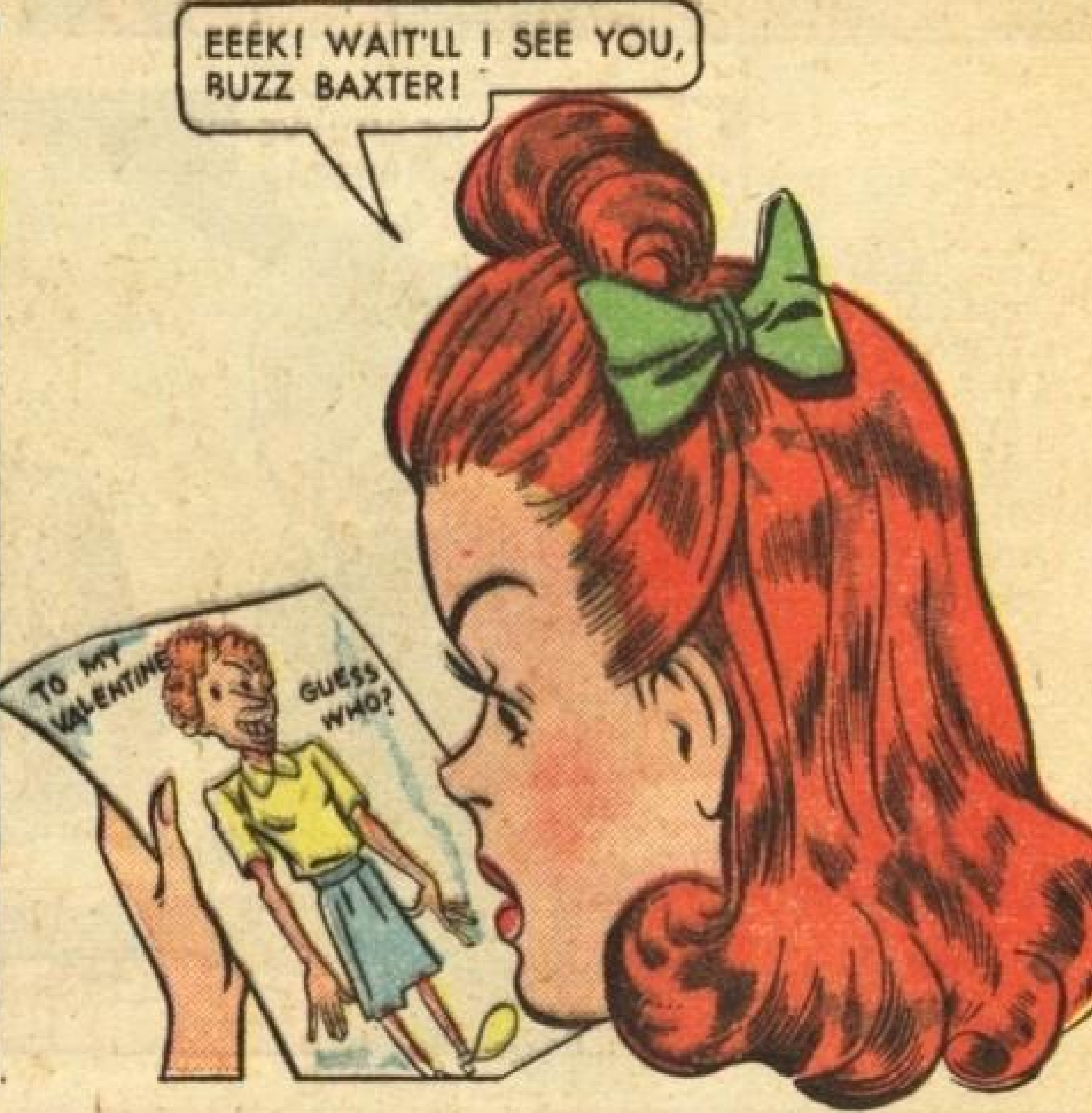

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE — — MISS WALTER!
TO MY VALENTINE!


THIS IS FOR ME — FOR BUZZ! IT HAS EVERYTHING!
CHIGGERS! HERE COMES THAT MAN!
To my Valentine
VALENTINE FOR ME, PATSY?
N-N-NO! WE'RE JUST LEAVING!
ER, ER, THAT'S RIGHT! SO LONG, BUZZ!
AS PATSY EDGES TOWARD THE DOOR, STILL CONCEALING THE VALENTINE, THE SALESLADY —
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BECOME A SHOPLIFTER, PATSY WALKER!
GOLLY! — — (GULP) JUST CHARGE IT, MISS SMITHERS! 'BYE, BUZZ!
I WANT A VALENTINE FOR A LADY!
HERE'S ONE I KNOW SHE'LL LIKE!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
LET'S GO PAST THE POST OFFICE, MICKEY! I'LL MAIL THIS TONIGHT!
IT SURE WILL SURPRISE PATSY!

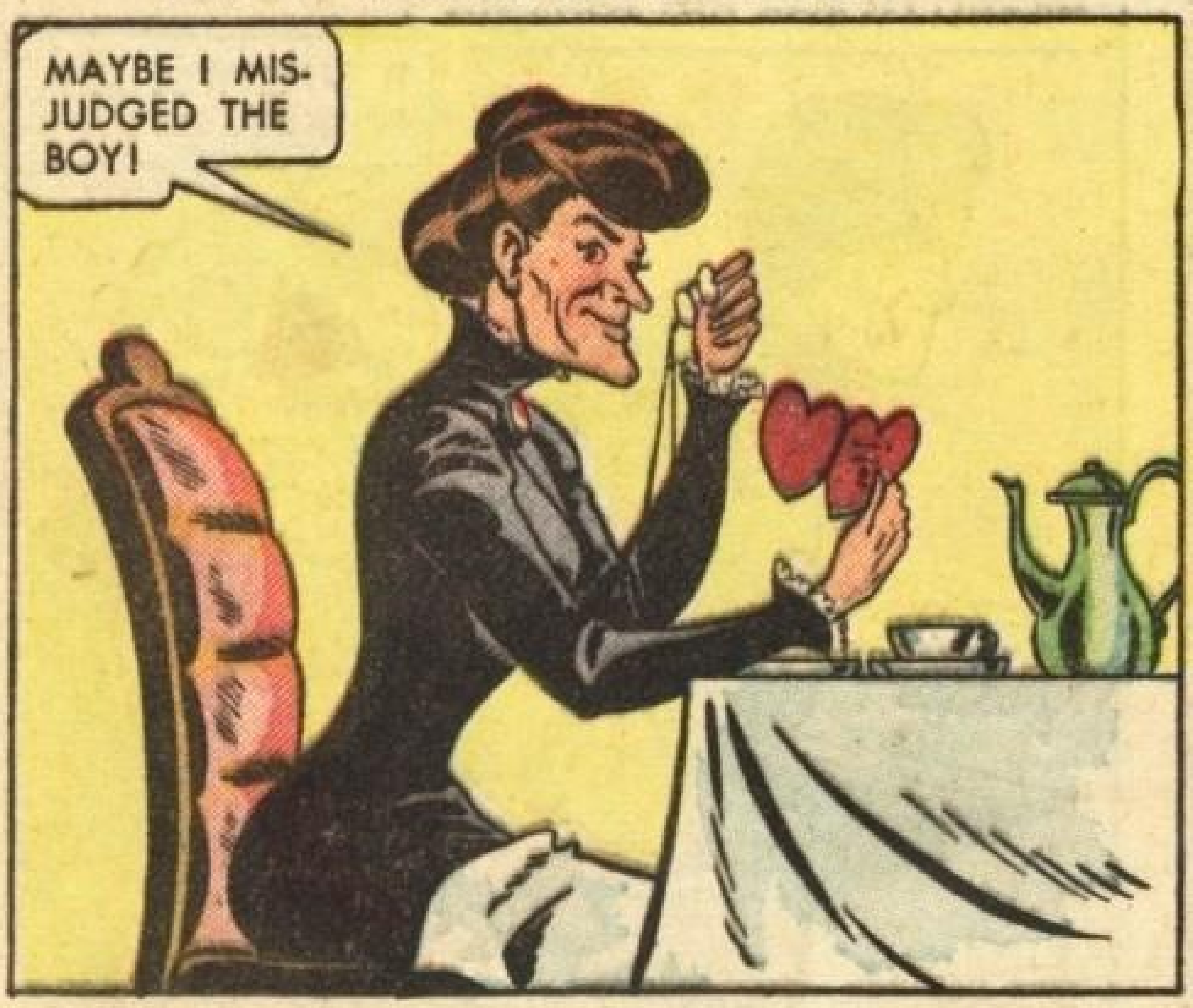
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, VALENTINE'S DAY, HEARTS BEAT IN HAPPY ANTICIPATION AS THE MAILMAN ARRIVES —


THE MAIL JUST CAME: THERE'S SOMETHING FOR ALL OF US!
JUST BILLS FOR ME, I GUESS!
THIS ONE'S FROM BUZZ!

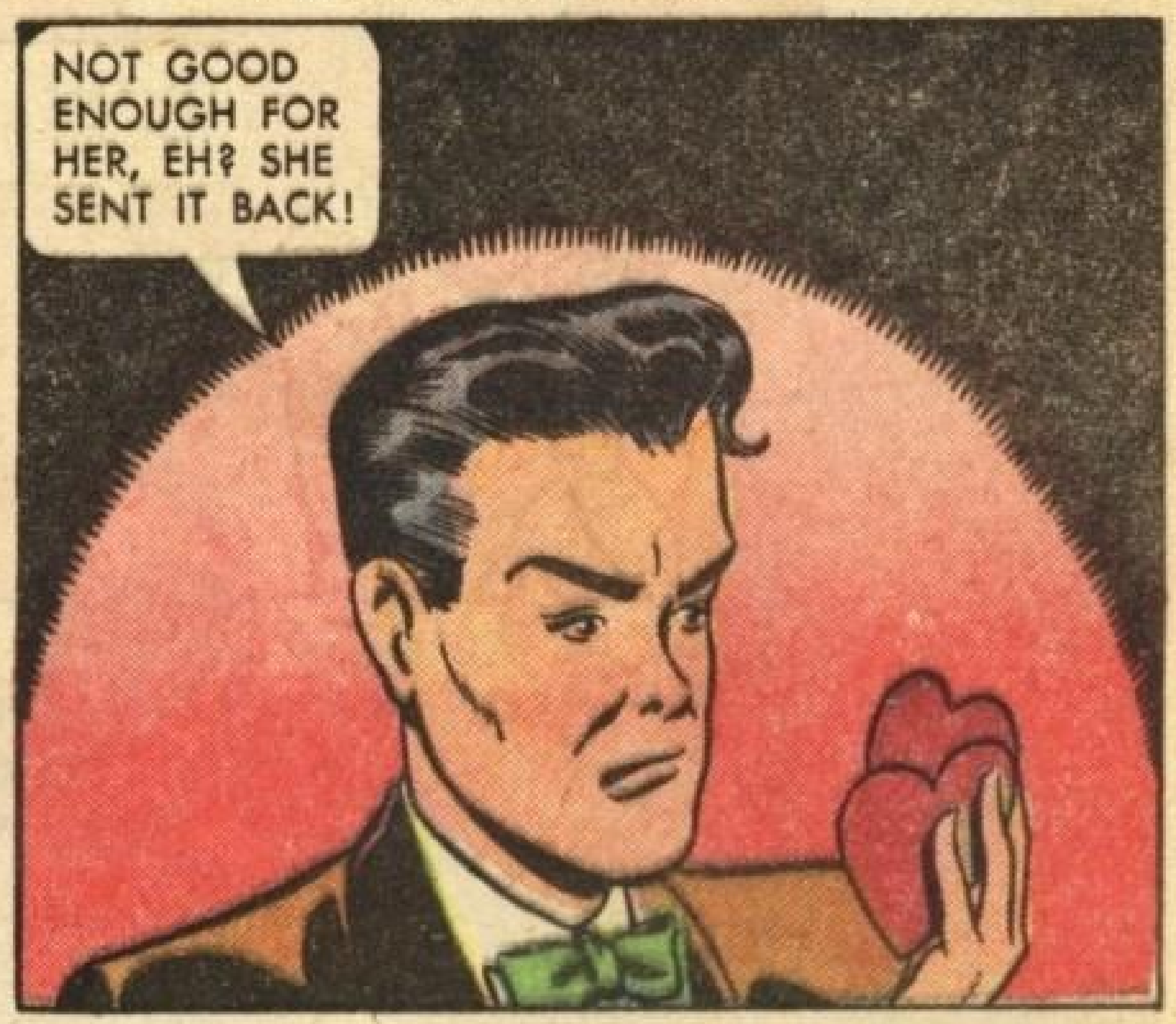

STAN WALKER! WON'T YOU EVER ACT YOUR AGE?
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE AS YOUNG AS PATSY TO ME!


EEEK! WAIT'LL I SEE YOU, BUZZ BAXTER!
TO MY VALENTINE
GUESS WHO?

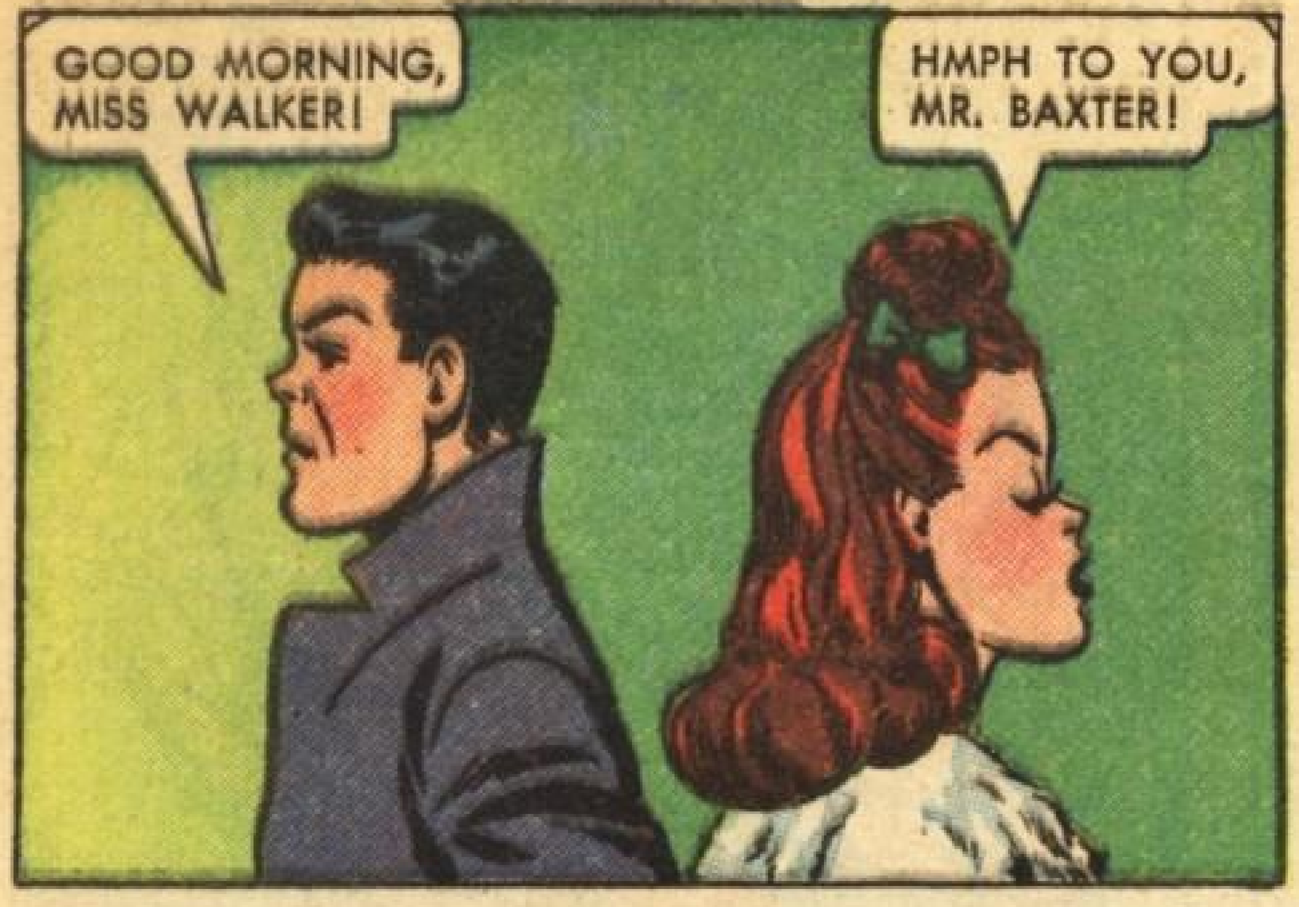
AND AT ANOTHER BREAKFAST TABLE —

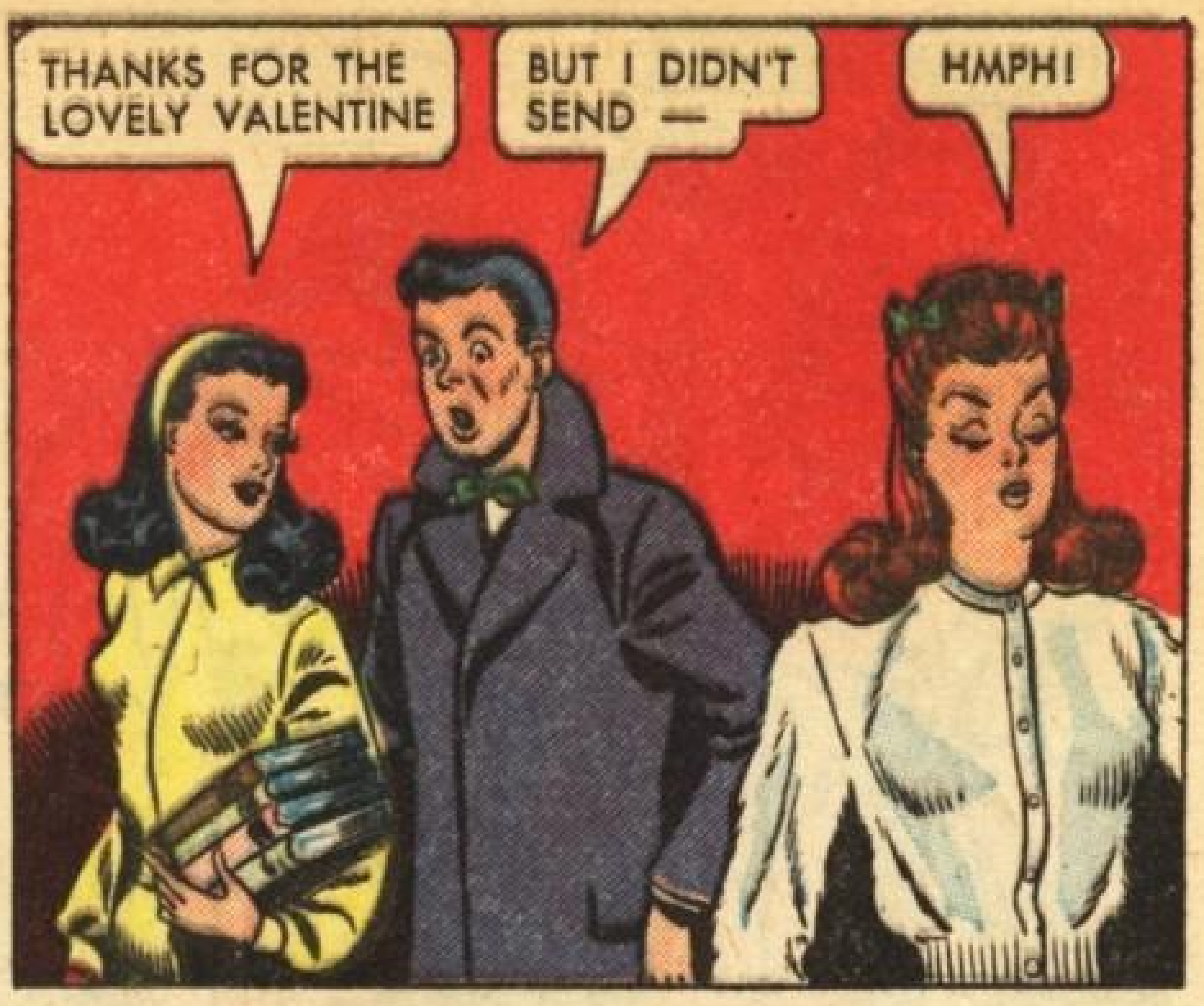

MAYBE I MISJUDGED THE BOY!

OF COURSE, BUZZ GETS HIS VALENTINE FROM PATSY, BUT —

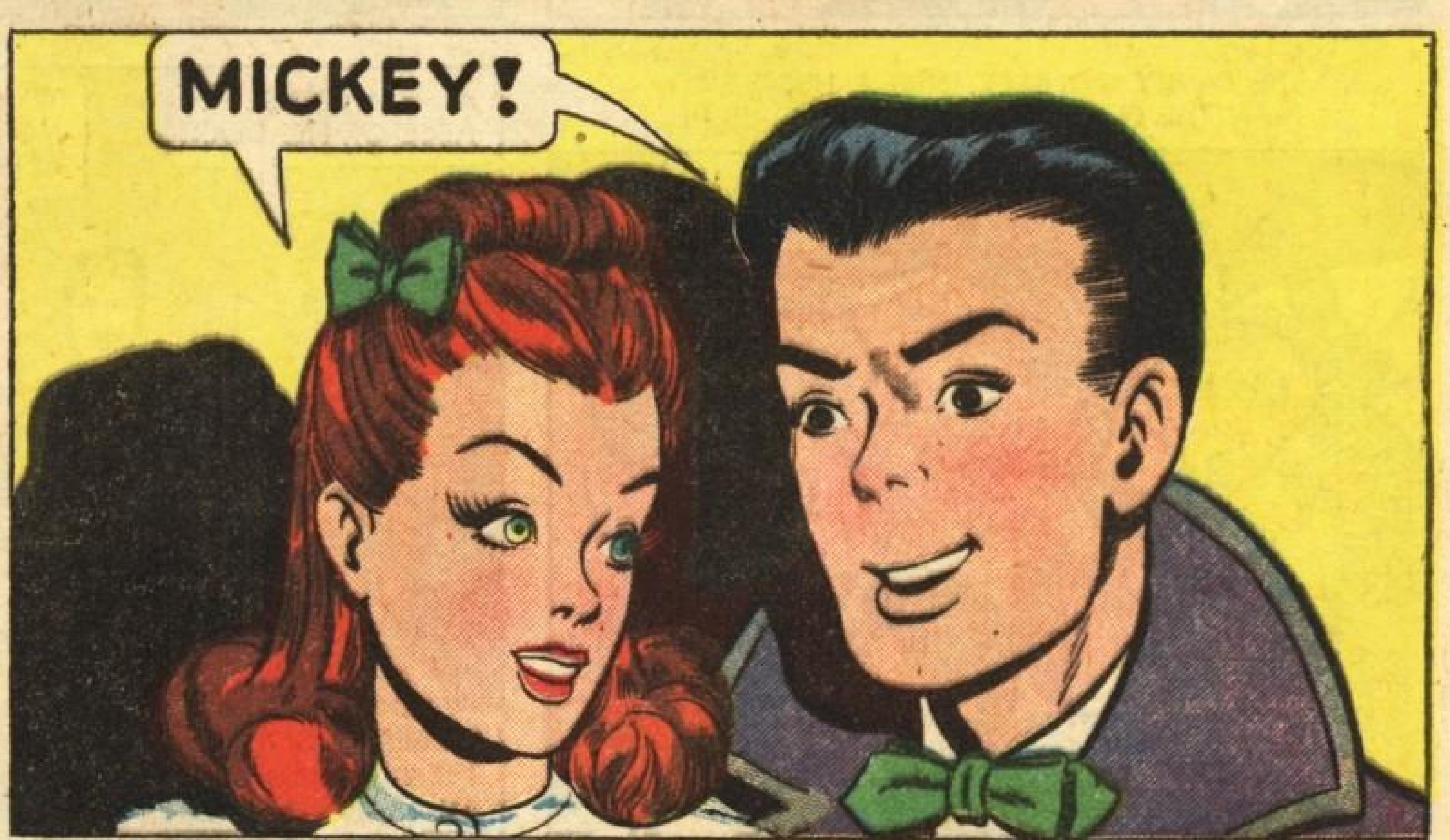

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER, EH? SHE SENT IT BACK!

SO YOU SEE, THINGS GET A LITTLE CHILLY WHEN BUZZ AND PATSY MEET AT SCHOOL!

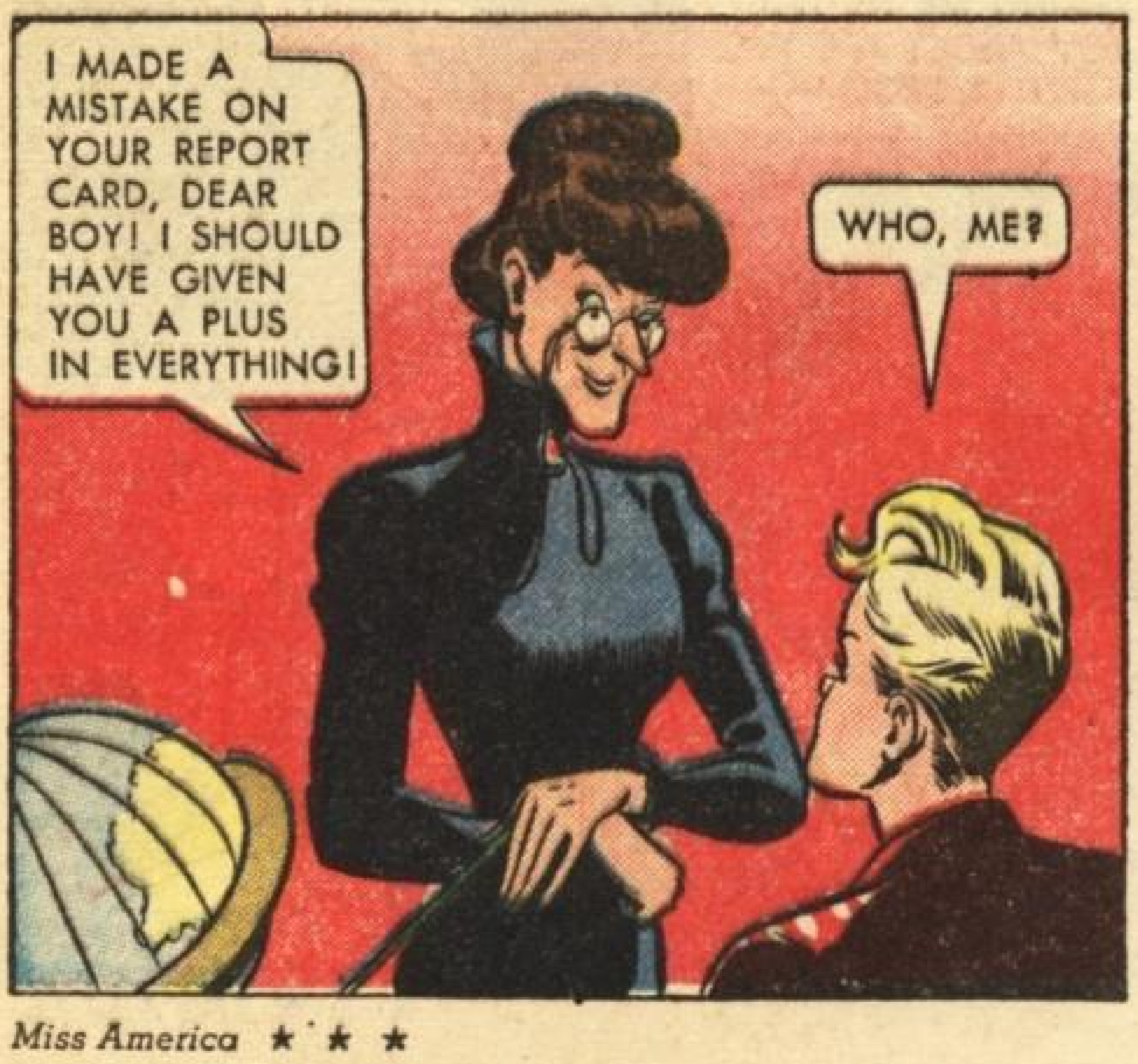

GOOD MORNING, MISS WALKER!
HMPH TO YOU, MR. BAXTER!

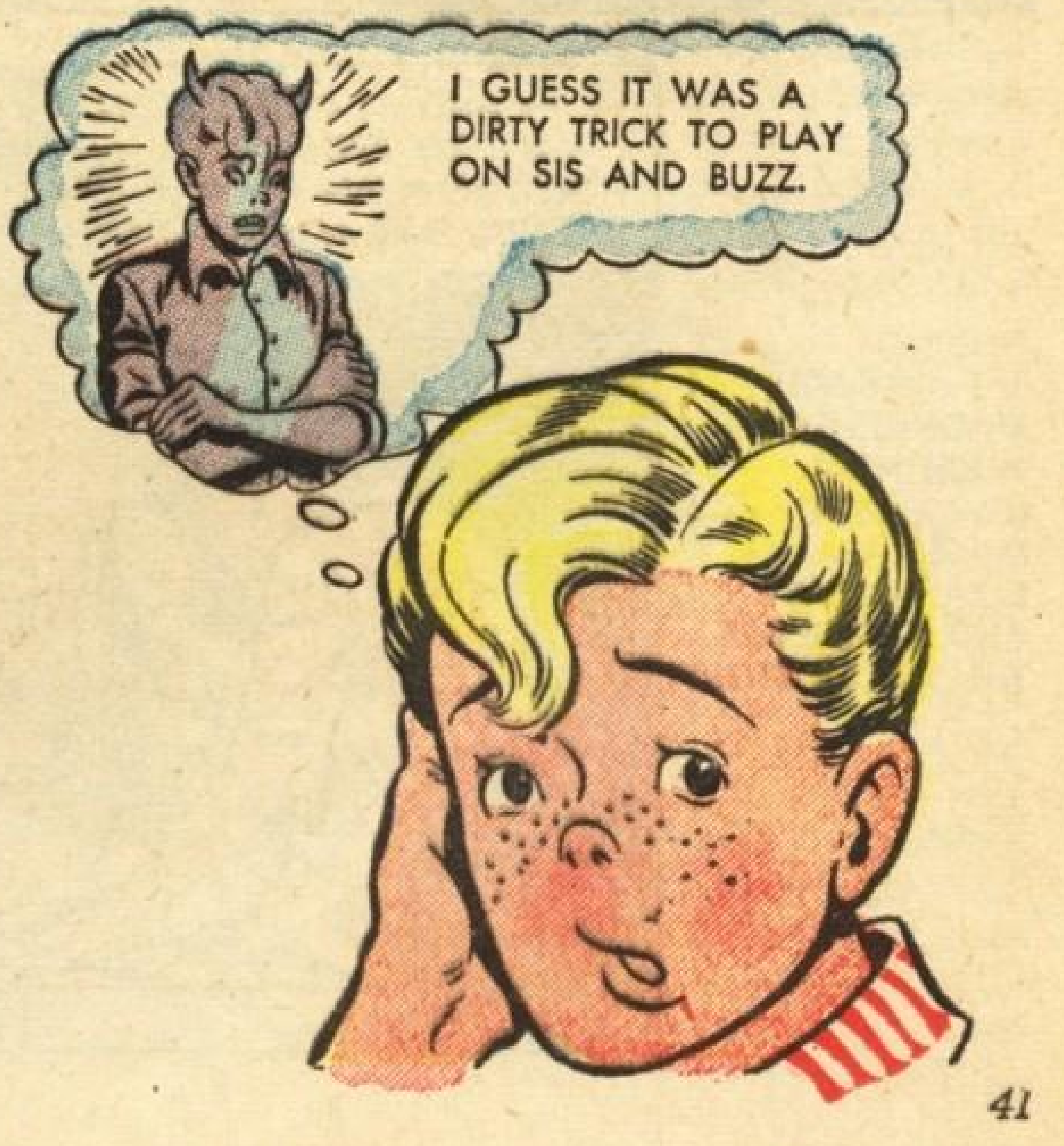

THANKS FOR THE LOVELY VALENTINE
BUT I DIDN'T SEND —
HMPH!

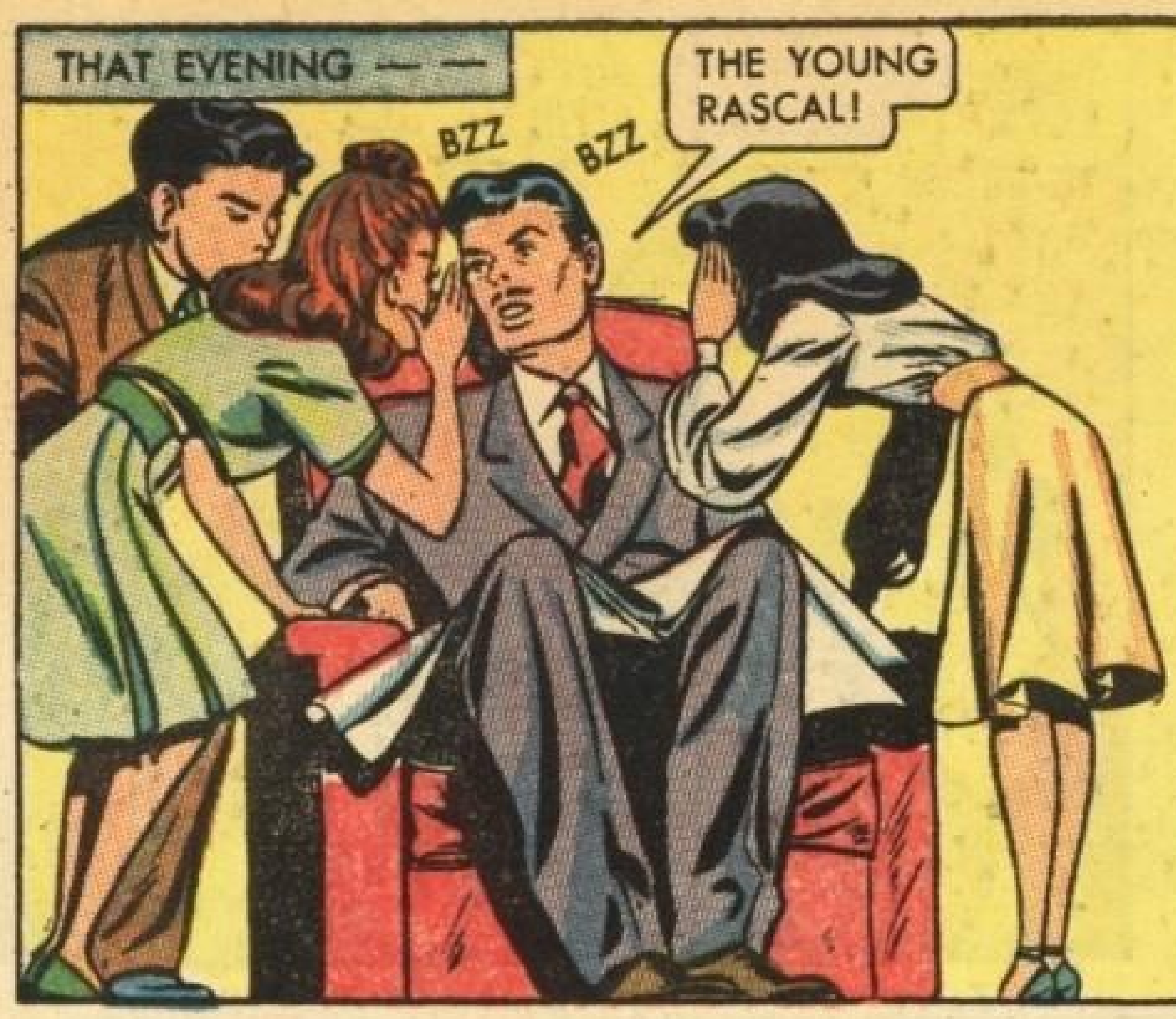
COLDNESS VANISHES AS PATSY AND BUZZ GLARE AT EACH OTHER IN BEWILDERMENT — — SUDDENLY, THEIR FACES LIGHT UP AND — — THEIR MISUNDERSTANDING HAS A REASON!

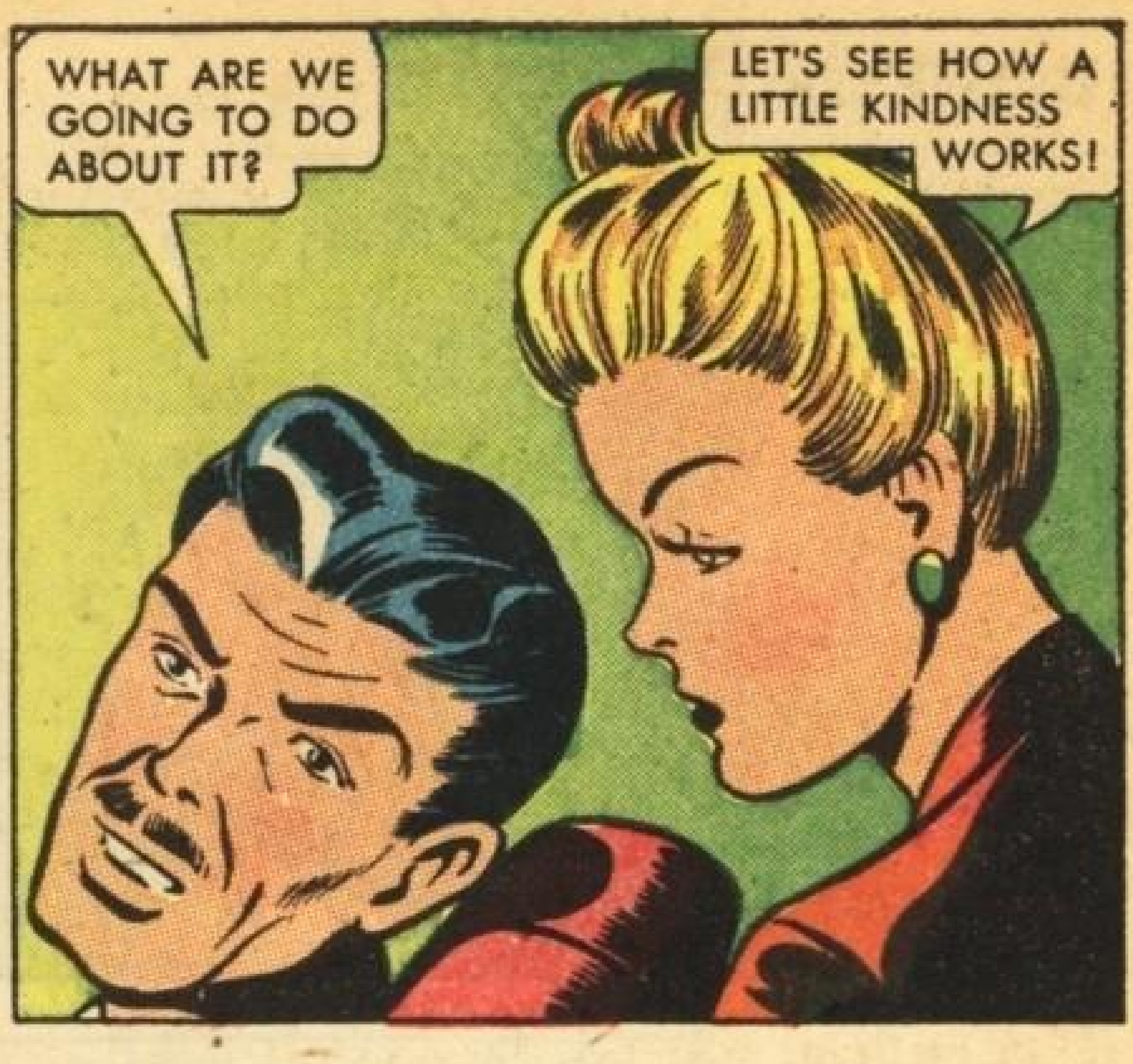


MEANWHILE, AT SCHOOL, OUR MICKEY IS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED!

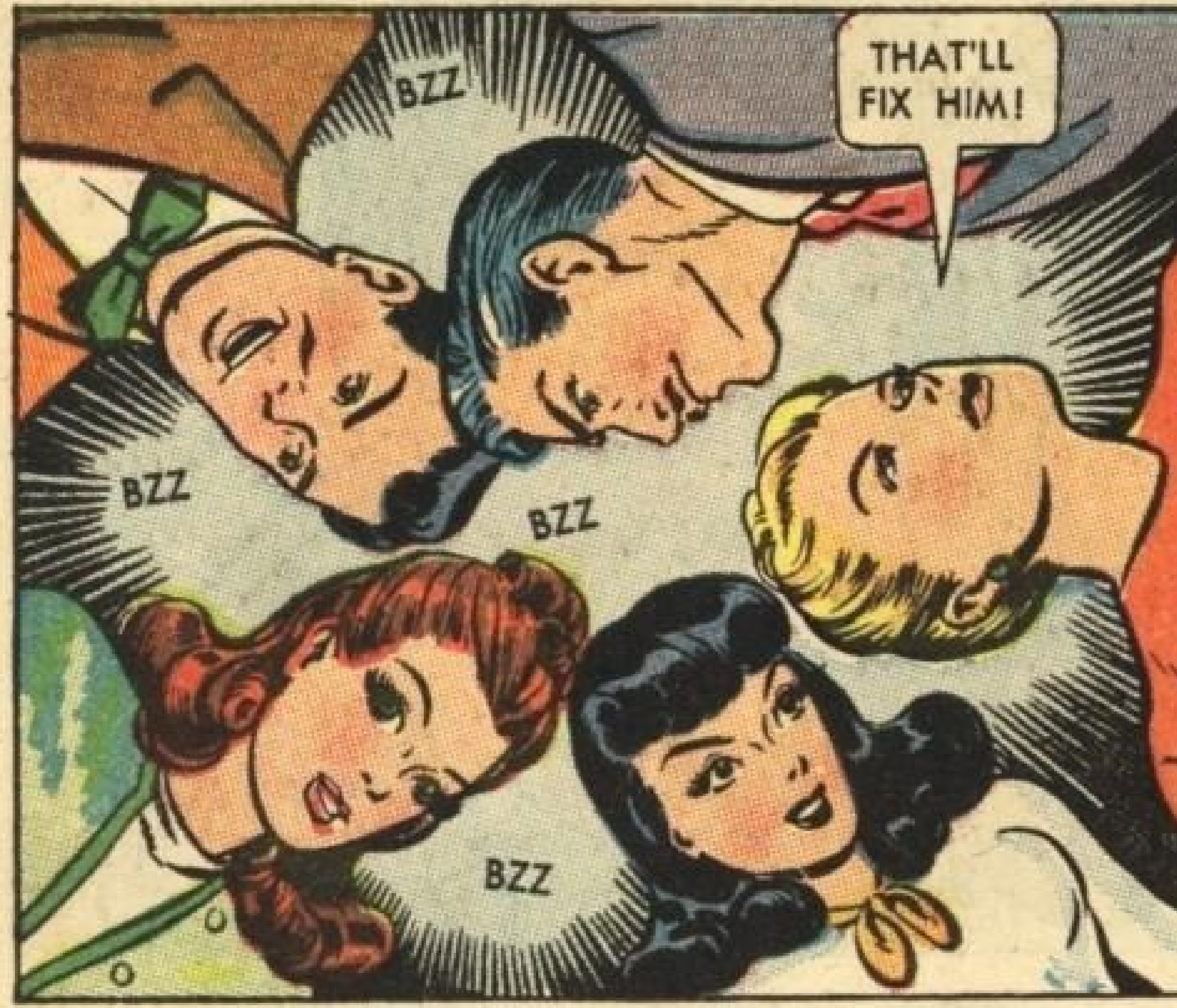

I MADE A MISTAKE ON YOUR REPORT CARD, DEAR BOY! I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU A PLUS IN EVERYTHING!
WHO, ME?

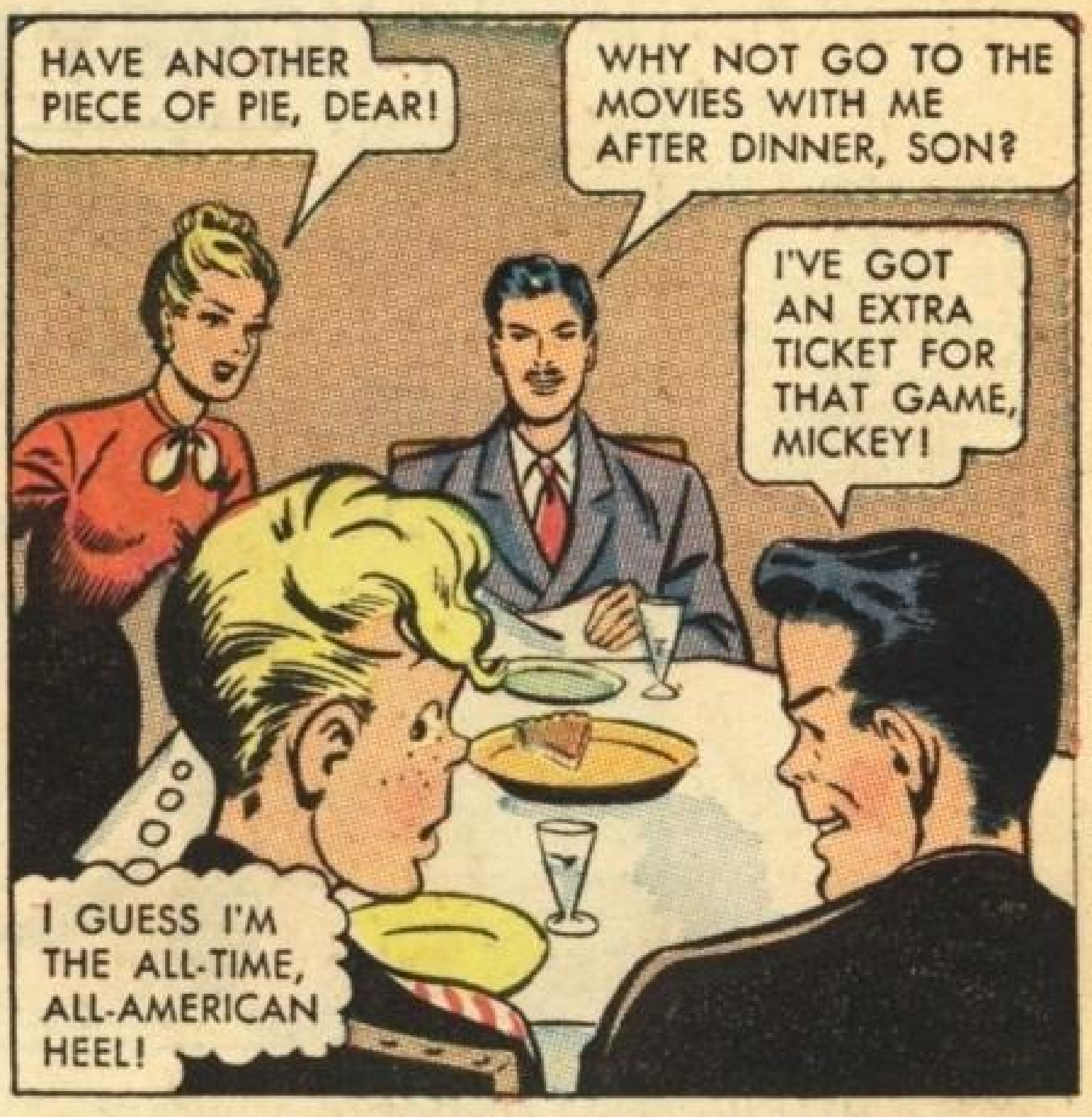

I GUESS IT WAS A DIRTY TRICK TO PLAY ON SIS AND BUZZ.


THAT EVENING — —
THE YOUNG RASCAL!
BZZ
BZZ

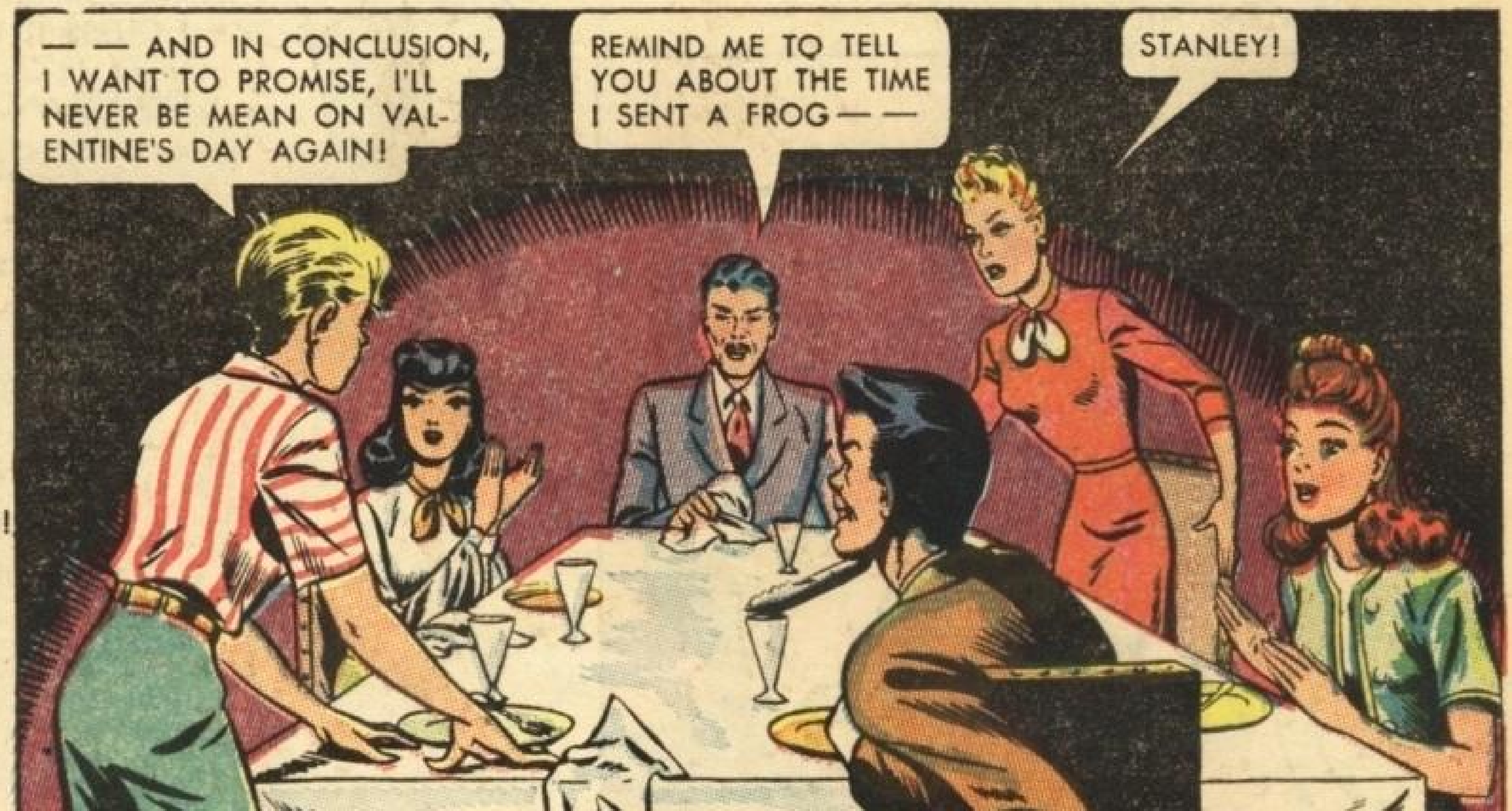

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
LET'S SEE HOW A LITTLE KINDNESS WORKS!

THE FAMILY GO BACK INTO A HUDDLE TO PLAN THE PUNISHMENT FOR THE CULPRIT!


THAT'LL FIX HIM!
BZZ
BZZ
BZZ
BZZ


HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE, DEAR!
WHY NOT GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME AFTER DINNER, SON?
I'VE GOT AN EXTRA TICKET FOR THAT GAME, MICKEY!
I GUESS I'M THE ALL-TIME, ALL-AMERICAN HEEL!

FINDING THE FAMILY'S KINDNESS TOO MUCH FOR HIM, MICKEY MAKES A CLEAN BREAST AND CONFESSES THE WHOLE STORY!


— — AND IN CONCLUSION, I WANT TO PROMISE, I'LL NEVER BE MEAN ON VALENTINE'S DAY AGAIN!
REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I SENT A FROG— —
STANLEY!

SUPERIOR DUPERIOR

From page 33

for Saturdays and Sundays. If you could see your way clear to work instead of play on weekends the job is yours. The pay isn't much but there are certain social advantages which might be worth the sacrifice. Do I make myself clear?"

Connie leaped up and kissed him on his bald spot.

"Don't do that," he exclaimed. "You know I'm sensitive about that spot. How can I forget it if you women keep kissing me there? And that does not include you out, Mrs. Gregory. You are the worst offender. Cut it out or I will mow you down."

Susan eyed her father, gravely.

"I wouldn't worry about the spot, Pop. It makes you look very extinguished."

"Distinguished," Pop said, "and it's what it doesn't make me look."

* * *

Connie sat in the cashier's cage directly across the aisle from the soda fountain. Behind the counter, Don's dark head was bent over the glasses he was polishing.

Why, that big misogamist, (Connie thought) he doesn't even know I'm around. I've been sitting here five hours and he hasn't even looked at me.

Mr. Gregory strolled over and leered.

"How's pickings?" he asked. "Remember I get half of anything you embezzle. I got you this job."

Connie leaned forward and whispered, "Tell Scarface it'll take me a day or two to case the establishment."

"Joint," said Mr. Gregory.

"Joint," repeated Connie, "and tell Scarface, I'll send word by Louie the Lip and tell him he's got to spring me if the bulls get wise."

"Oke, pal," Mr. Gregory said. "And what's cooking with a certain party which I might name, but won't, which works in the refreshment department of this establishment?"

"Joint," said Connie, "and nothing's cooking, see?"

Mr. Gregory looked at his watch.

"Mm," he said. "Midnight. Time to close the joint."

"Establishment," Connie corpected. "You say 'joint' when you say something bad about a place and 'establishment' when you say something nice. Closing is nice, so it is an establishment."

"Donald!" called Mr. Gregory.

The dark head lifted and blue eyes looked across to where Connie stood with her father.

"Yes sir," Donald said.

"It is late," announced Mr. Gregory, "and I have a small favor to ask. I do not like my daughter to be on the streets alone at this hour. Will you take her home while I close up the joint?"

"That was something nice, Pop," cried Connie, "so it's an establishment."

"Yes sir," Donald said.

* * *

When they reached the Gregory home, Connie found a note from her mother.

"Your father," it read, "telephoned that you were coming home with an ex-misogamist. You'll find cookies on the kitchen table and lemonade in the ice box. I hope everything will turn out superior-duperior, Mother."

Much later, when Donald was leaving he said casually, "After we get through work tomorrow at the jo—establishment—can I see you home?"

Connie's heart leaped.

"Super," she breathed.

Mother's voice sounded from upstairs.

"Superior, dear," Mrs. Gregory said, "and also, duperior."

CRUSHES ARE NICE, BUT—

From page 18

thought of it sends you (and all your family) into a screaming fit. It's a mean trick to play on a song that's tops on the Hit Parade.

It's harmless, but hopeless to have a crush on a movie star. It's super-silly to cover your walls with his pictures, write him mash notes, spend your Saturdays watching him through the same scenes again and again while you weep with his sorrows, thrill to his clinches, finally stagger home, dreamy-eyed, with no appetite for the dessert your mother prepared especially for you. Listen, missy, chances are your movie-crush has a sweet and helpful wife, who reads his fan mail for him, and sent to you, the glaze inscribed, "With grateful appreciation from . . ."

"Would you please take me down again? I think I left my stomach on the main floor!"

Now, don't misunderstand me. Have your favorite actor, by all means. (I have mine. Clark Gable of the tried-and-trues. Dean Harens of the cute-and-news.) But don't think you can edge into his personal attention. It can't be done, so save the skipping heartbeats, and calm the uneven breath.

A crush on your teacher may carry a high percentage for you. It certainly will raise your grade percentage if you burn the midnight oil to rate notice from him because of your improved intellect. But if he's over twenty-five, I might as well give you the bad news. In his eyes you are only one of the Bobby-Sock-Brigade, into whose pretty head he's hired, to hammer educational facts. If you must moon and swoon, turn on your radio. Frankie's paid to re-

(*Continued on page* 45)

Those little things...

You asked for it, sweetness—ways and means on the makings of a modish modern miss. Our Betty Drake knows how . . . Let's listen . . .

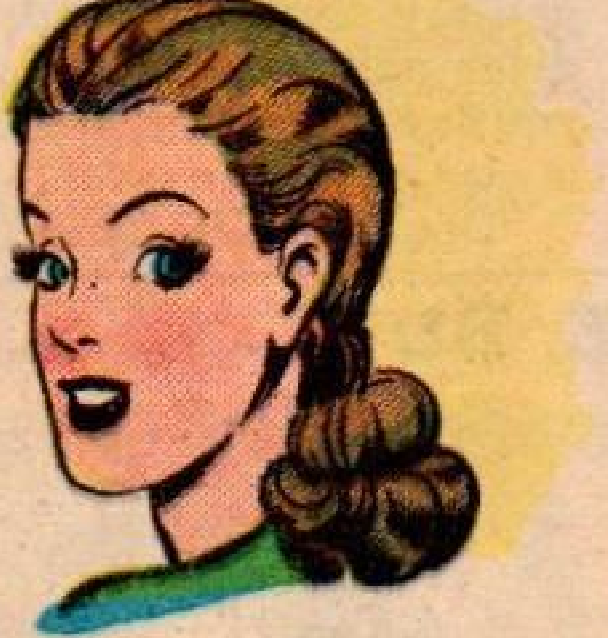
By BETTY DRAKE

Take time to curl those straggly ends . . .

YOU don't need to spend any great chunk of that allowance of yours to look smart. In fact, you can spend three times as much for your clothes as your conscience says you should and then, sadly enough, look utterly awful because you missed putting you and your clothes together in the right way.

Always have a sleek look about you. Keep yourself neat. And that goes for your hair too. If it's long, try parting it in the middle, bring it straight back and catch it at the nape of your neck with a barrette. It's smart as can be.

If your hair is short, be careful not to let it get straggly. Pin curls are easy to make. But always be sure your hair is parted evenly when making them. Start them by rolling the ends of the hair toward the scalp. Don't start with the hair next to the scalp or morning will find you with a fine crop of fuzz.



A barrette will keep your hair neat . . .

Cover bony wrists with cute bracelets . . .

Now, let's skip to your slip. Watch it. That lovely lace trimming that edges the hem, may be simply beautiful, but not if it shows under your dress. And don't pin it up, sew it up.

Sweaters look well, if they fit well . . .

Now, for your shoes. If the heels are run down, your appearance is ruined. Hop over to the shoe repair shop and have new lifts put on. And if they're leather shoes, keep them shined; if they're suede, keep 'em brushed.

Let's take some time out for that wool dress of yours. Does it need (*Continued on page* 45)

Bring out the "Best You!" . . It's easy . . .

CRUSHES ARE NICE, BUT—

from page 43

duce you to an emotional pulp, and besides it's quite chi-chi to be his fan, (unless Crosby's gug-gug-goo-goo is more your type.) If you run with that herd you won't be conspicuous because of the crowd. You might even grow out of it with no one's ever knowing, but you.

A crush on another girl is bound to bring you to grief. Besides there's no future in it. She may move away, get bored with you, fall in love and decide that double-dating is a handicap, leave you moaning in the gloaming to the sound of off-side laughter in which you have no part. Girl-friendS (with that S) is solid stuff. Girl-friend (no S) is stupid or a reasonable facsimile of same.

A crush on a boy? Ah, there, my sweet, is the growing pain that thrills. There is the practice that will mould you into a discriminating young woman who, from experience, will choose with wisdom and discretion the man into whose keeping you will give your heart and hand "for better or for worse." But if you've had enough crushes on enough different types of boys, your marriage will be all-for-the-better, and none-for-the-worse, because you will have learned to spot and deal with the quirks of the male sex.

For the teen-age girl in her adjustment to life, I'm all for crush after crush on boy after boy. It's normal. It's broadening. It's fun.

You'll learn to say "Yes" if it's safe and right. And you'll learn to say "No" if inside your head there's so much as a flicker of a red stoplight.

But remember, honey, lightly does it. A crush on a boy mustn't be of the fly-paper variety, sticky with glue. Make it feather-weight so when the crush is removed, friendship remains.

Then — some sweet day — when you find a gay and gossamer crush has turned into a deep and lasting love, you'll find yourself a happy wife for life.

THOSE LITTLE THINGS

From page 44

a bit of dressing up? There are a lot of things you can do for it. Are there any old watch fobs lying around? They can be made into pins very easily and inexpensively. They make wonderful costume pieces for your dress, or can be worn on your belt if made into clips.

Do you think your arms look too long and bony? You can make those very same arms look graceful as a ballet dancer's by covering up that bumpy wrist bone with wide, wooden bracelets. There are all sorts of wonderful costume jewelry that is being made for you. Not for your mother, who would look smart in it too, but just for you alone.

If you want to be attractive in your sweaters don't wear a size forty, when you should rightfully be wearing a thirty-two. A sweater should be flattering to the figure. Give it a chance.

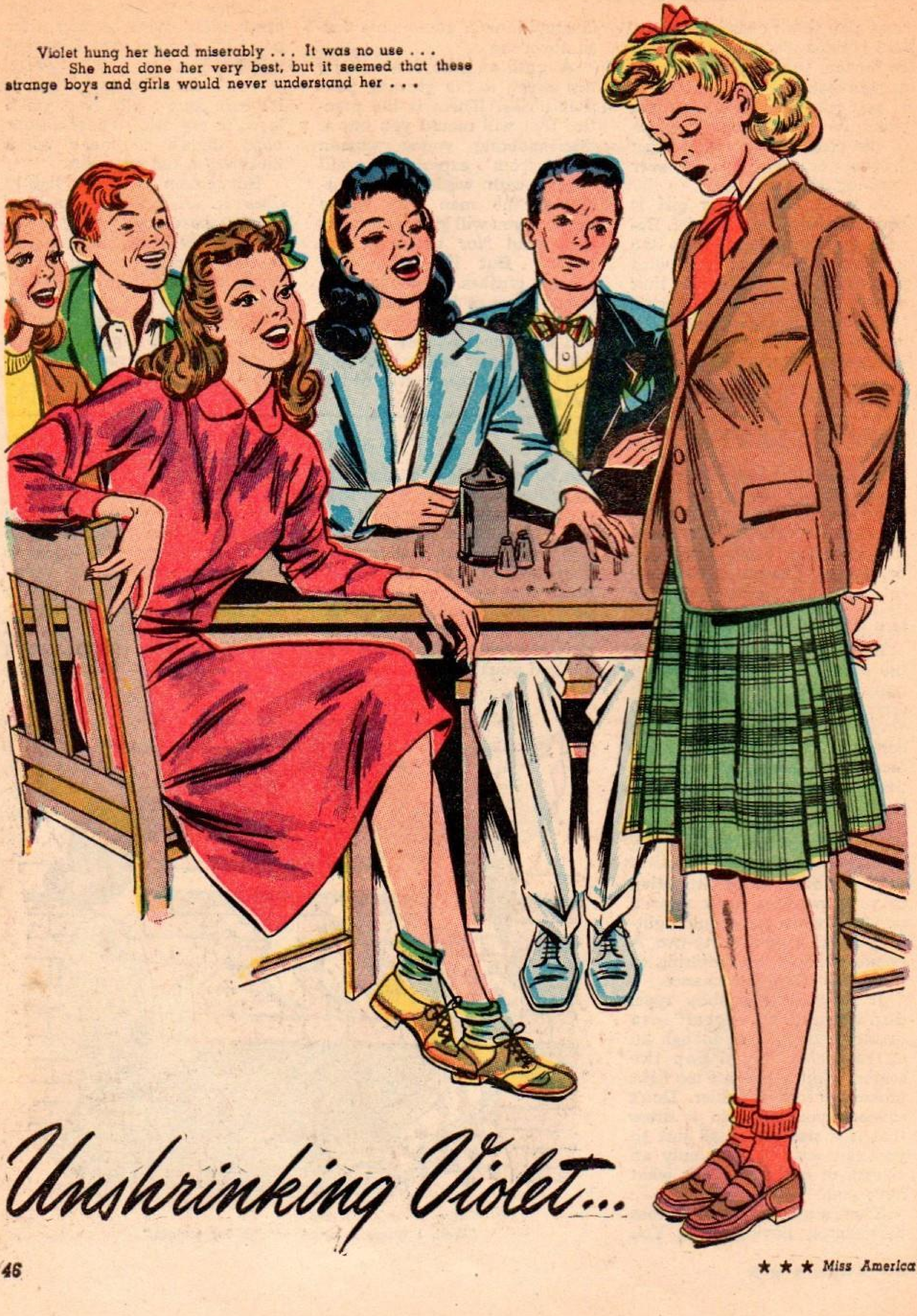
If you're the chubby type, don't squeeze yourself into dresses that look as though an extra move would pop the seams. Clothes that are too tight make you look chubbier. Don't squeeze yourself into a dress that is a size too small just so you can say "Oh, I'm only an eleven, or a thirteen," or what have you.

There's a lot more to clothes than simply having them. You can have the right clothes and right accessories, but if you hold yourself badly, or sprawl when you sit, the effect is lost. When you walk, pretend that none of your clothes can touch your body; that will make you draw your stomach and hips in. At the same time you're pretending that, make a good job of it and pretend you're being suspended by your hair; that will make you hold your head up and chin out. To others, you'll look as though you were floating.

Being neat and fastidious adds up to having confidence in your appearance—having that, gives you confidence in yourself. When you have that, you're a long way toward getting exactly where you want to get, and knowing how to get there. It's those little things that count.

"Well, I guess I heard enough for tonight."

Violet hung her head miserably . . . It was no use . . . She had done her very best, but it seemed that these strange boys and girls would never understand her . . .



Unshrinking Violet...

There's nothing more heartbreaking than being lonely, being misunderstood. . . . You'll get a lump in your throat as you read the story with a sad beginning and a happy ending . . .

By S. I. KISHOR

VIOLET SUNDERLAND opened the door of the basement cafeteria of New York High School and looked about. It was after school hours, and there were hardly any students there, except for the noisy huddle of boys and girls at one of the tables.

These were the leaders of her own class, 4-3, who had called a meeting to talk over the show they were putting on next week in the school auditorium, to sell War Bonds. Each class had a quota to fill. Rollie Axler of 4-3, who always took the lead in school activities, had persuaded his class they'd sell most bonds by putting on a show in which all the talented members of 4-3 would take part.

How Violet wished they would let her do something in the show! Only three months away from London, Violet felt lost and lonely among the American boys and girls. Often, she longed to be back in London among her friends, in spite of the flying bombs from which her parents had protected her by sending her to America. For it seemed there was no way she could win the friendship of her classmates here. They did not seem to understand her at all. But perhaps, if she could do something to help the show—

At the table now, talking and laughing, were Rollie Axler and red-haired Bob Clinton; Elise Harvey, popular tomboy, petite Berenice Lane, and some of the others. And they were talking about *her!*

"Don't let's ask that Britisher to do anything in the show," exclaimed Elise, tossing her mop of black hair. "She'll jinx it up for us with her snooty ways."

"You said it," agreed Berenice. "Of all the stuck-up—"

"Ah, listen!" Rollie Axler interrupted. "Give the kid a break! She's a heck of a long way from home."

"Ah, she's always talking like a school-teacher, making you feel you can't say anything right!" snorted Elise.

"Look," said Rollie, "that's the way they talk in London. My brother's stationed there and he says they don't have any double-talk or anything like that over there."

"So she doesn't have to look at you as if Americans were the dirt under her feet!"

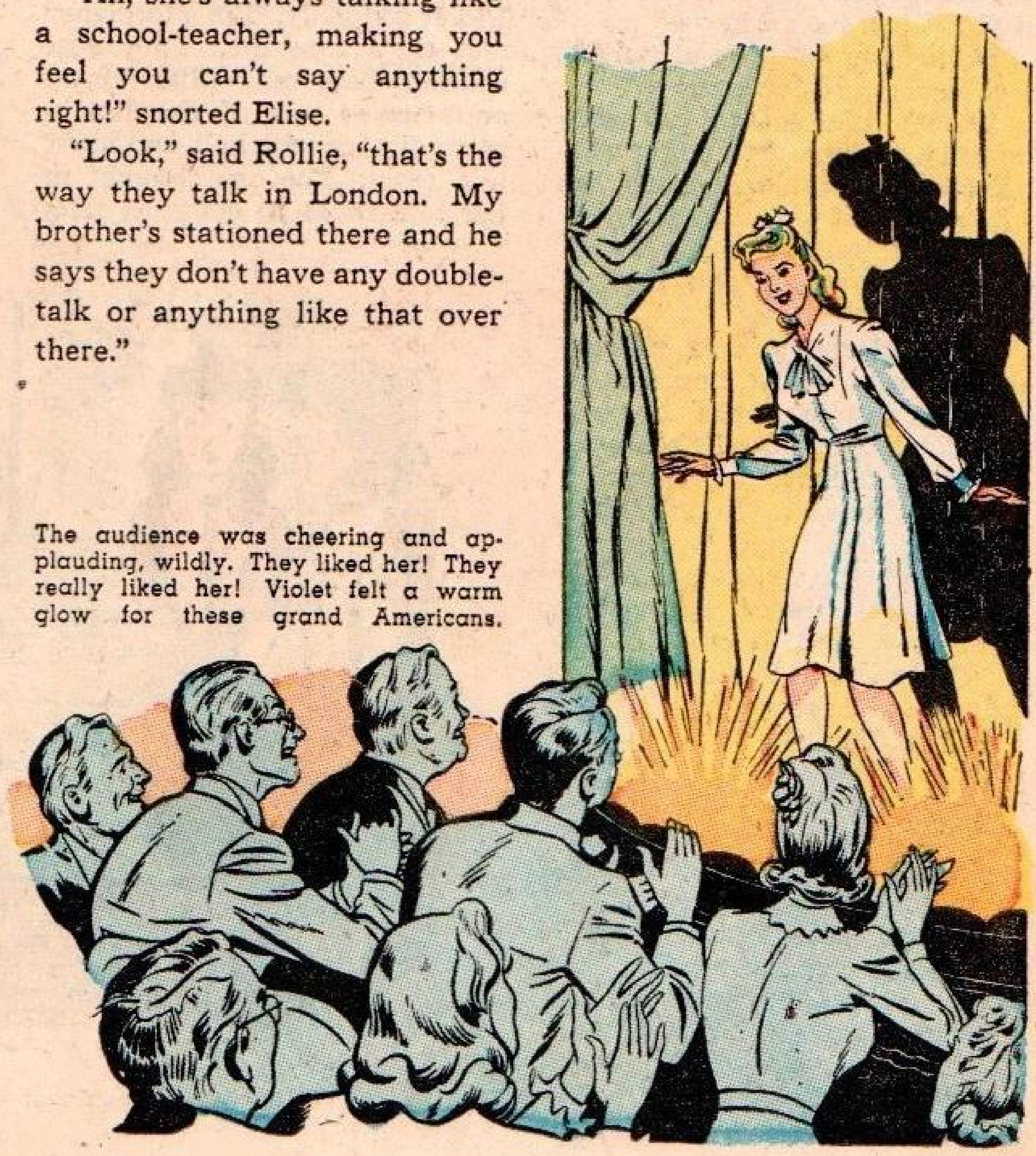
"You're nuts, Elise," said Rollie. "The kid isn't stuckup; she's just—sort of scared of us, I guess."

"Well, I don't want her in the show! If she goes in, I go out!"

Bob giggled. "You're jealous because Violet's a blonde."

"Listen here," began Rollie. But Elise had jumped up.

(*Continued on page* 48)



The audience was cheering and applauding, wildly. They liked her! They really liked her! Violet felt a warm glow for these grand Americans.

UNSHRINKING VIOLET

From page 47

"Come on, Berenice, they're ganging up on us! American girls aren't good enough for these lads when a British blonde's around! All right, you can have her in the show! We quit!"

Rollie reached out and his strong fingers closed on Elise's wrist, pulling her back into the chair next to him.

"You take it easy, babe," he said. "This isn't a personal matter. We're selling War Bonds. We've got to forget personal arguments. All we want is for our class to roll up the most sales. You want that, don't you?"

"Sure," muttered Elise.

"All right, then. Maybe the British kid can do something that'll pull in a few more sales."

"There she is, now," said Bob, looking around and seeing Violet, slim and pale, standing still near the door.

"I beg your pardon—I couldn't help—hearing some of the things you said. But—but—if you'd just let me try—"

Rollie jumped up and pulled a chair forward for her.

"That's the spirit," he said, heartily, and smiled. Rollie was dark and good-looking, and he had a smile as wide as all America. Violet felt her heart warm up. "What would you like to do?"

"I could recite from Shakespeare," said Violet, hopefully.

Elise and Berenice hooted, and Bob laughed. Rollie screwed up his round face.

"Nope," he said, "I don't think anything like that would go over. Can't you sing something?"

"I'd rather dance. Something classical—" said Violet.

"That's out. Berenice is doing that. It's her specialty."

Petite Berenice colored up angrily. "Trying to horn in on me!" she sulked.

"You've got a nice voice, Vi," said Rollie. "You'd better sing. D'you know anything good?"

"I know some popular songs," Violet answered, unhappily. The truth was, she didn't understand American popular songs at all. But if that was what they wanted—she'd try.

"O. K. Let's hear you," said Rollie. "Pipe down, folks! Come on, Vi."

There was a lull at the table as Violet pushed back her chair, folded her hands behind her back and opened her lips.

"Imagine you, imagining that you love me—"

She finished the song in a dead silence. Then the boys and girls roared with laughter. Her pure, silver tones had sung quite correctly, but she had sounded so lifeless, so dull, it was easy to see she didn't understand a word that she was singing.

"Boy, oh boy!" giggled Elise. She mimicked Violet's meaningless words "The papah is you and the mamah is me!" With a wicked twinkle in her black eyes, she sprang up, and swaying her shoulders and rolling her eyes, she sang the song again, with such pep and "oomph" that the others couldn't help joining in and clapping.

"It's no good trying," thought Violet suddenly. "I'm a foreigner and they hate me. They just *want* to hate me!" She turned and rushed out of the lunchroom and into the hall, and burst into tears. The one thought in her mind was to get to a telegraph office and cable her parents to bring her back to London.

But a strong grip on her arm was pulling her back. She turned and saw Rollie Axler's sympathetic face.

"Don't let it get you, Vi," he soothed her.

"I did the best I could, and they only laughed at me!" she sobbed. "Oh, I'm so miserable! I wish—I wish I'd stayed home, even if a bomb hit me!"

"Oh, gee, I know it, kid. I know how you feel." Rollie had sisters and he knew how to act when they cried. He put his arm around Violet and let her cry it out. Then, as her sobs ceased and she began to wipe her eyes, he suddenly exclaimed,

"I've got it, honey! I know what you can do!"

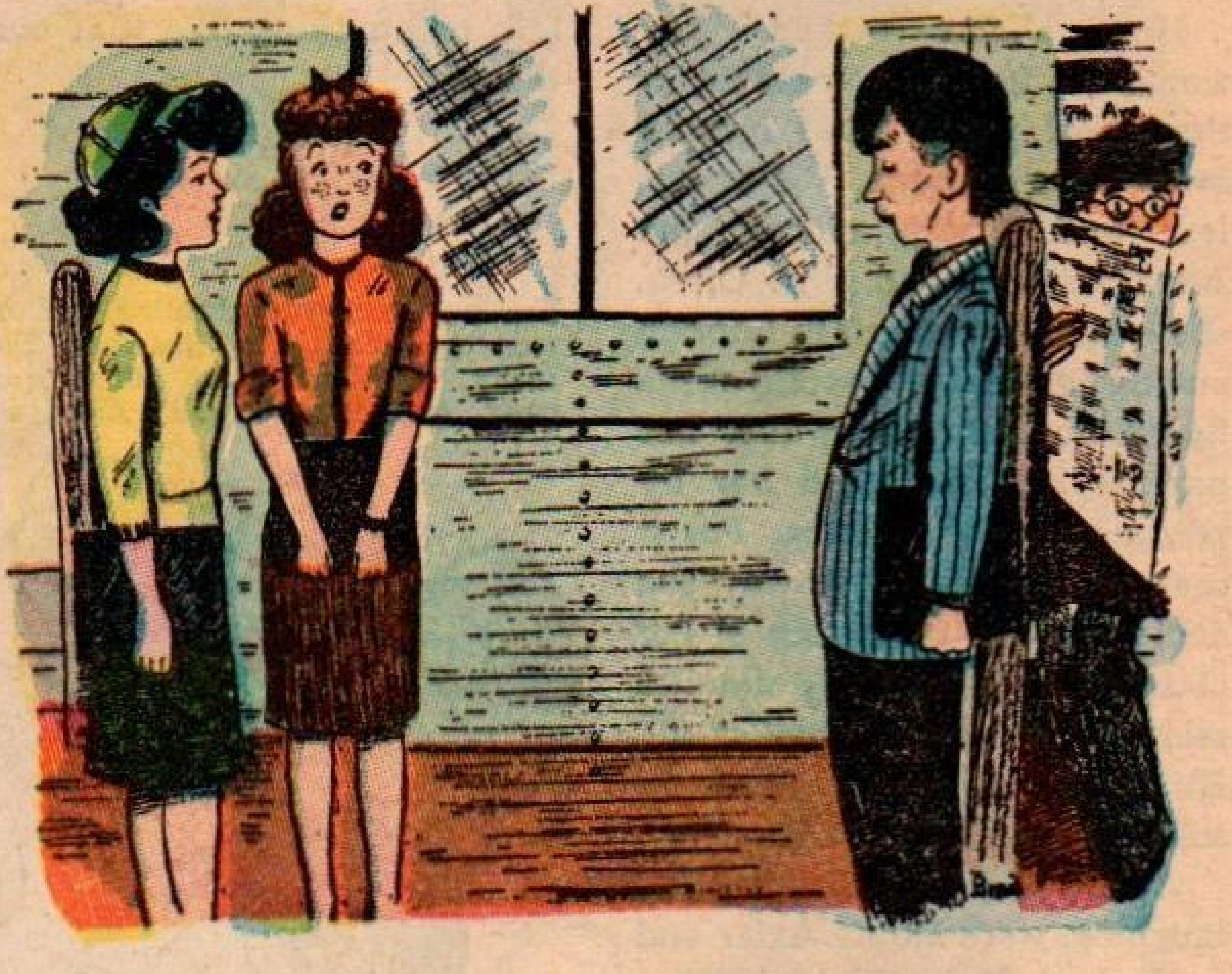
"No, no," she choked. "I've made up my mind. I'm going to cable my mother. I'm—going—home, to London."

"Ah, listen, kid, you can't do that! Your folks know what's right for you. You just try what I tell you—"

"No—they'll never be friends with me. They'll always laugh at me—"

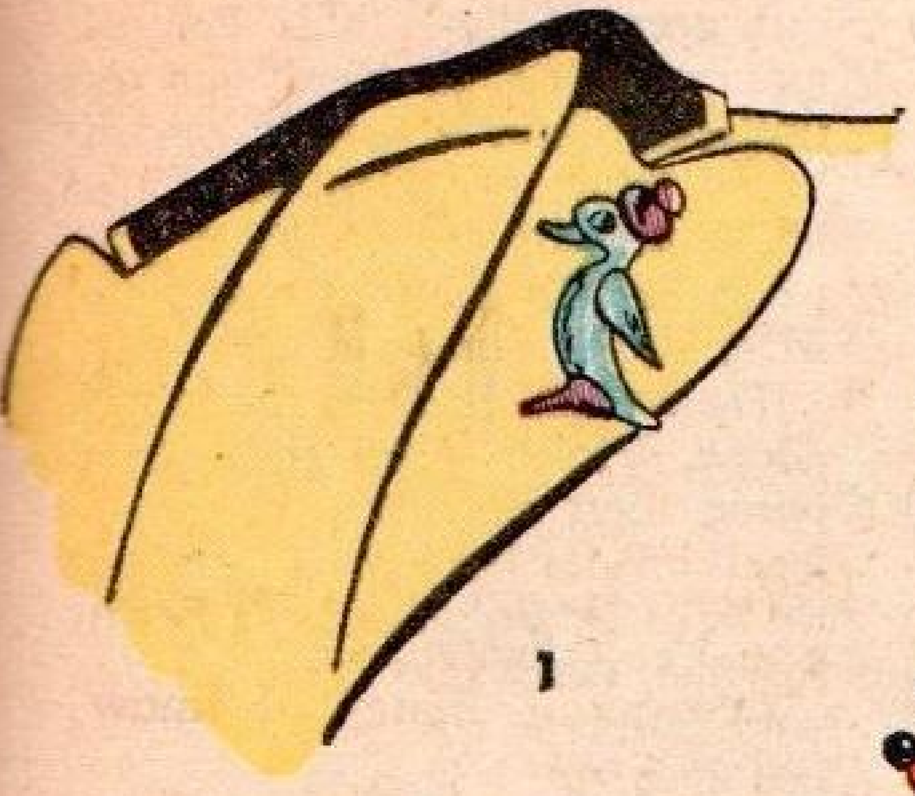
"Say, listen." Rollie's face was serious now. "You mean to tell

(*Continued on page* 50)



"This is one train that will stop with a jerk!"

Ducky Doo-Dads...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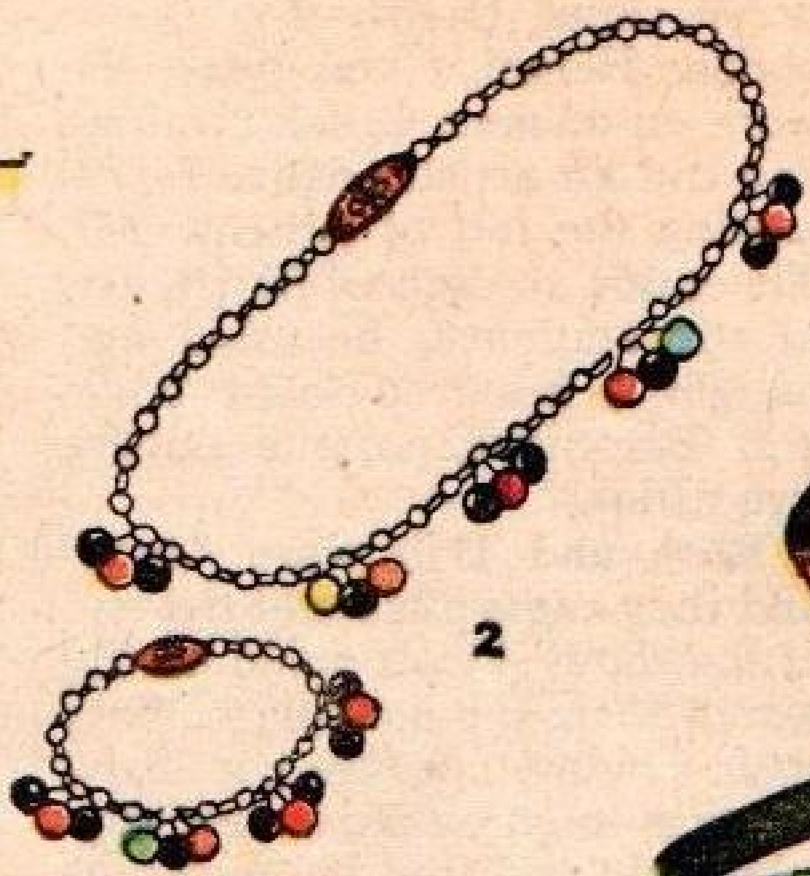
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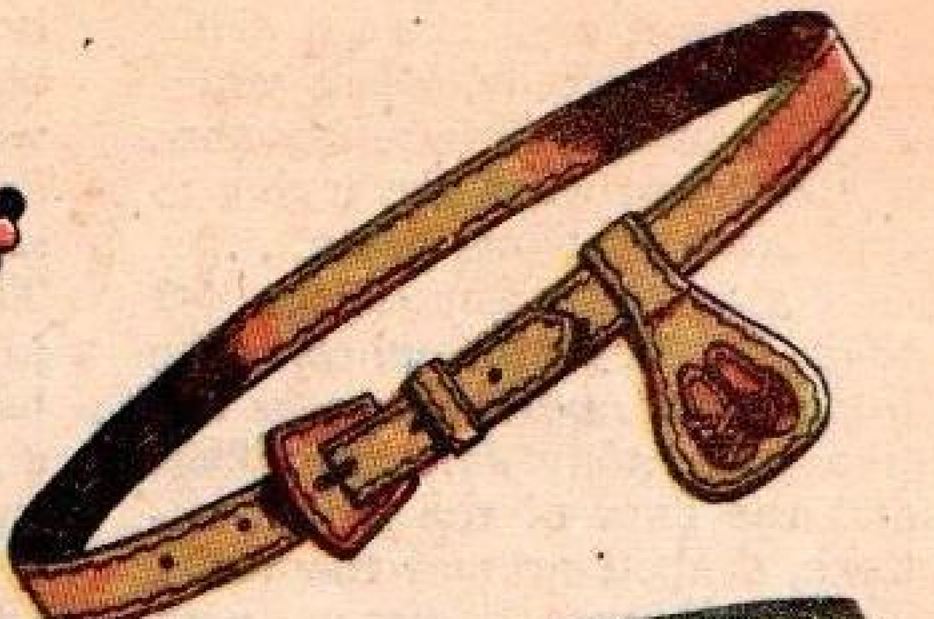

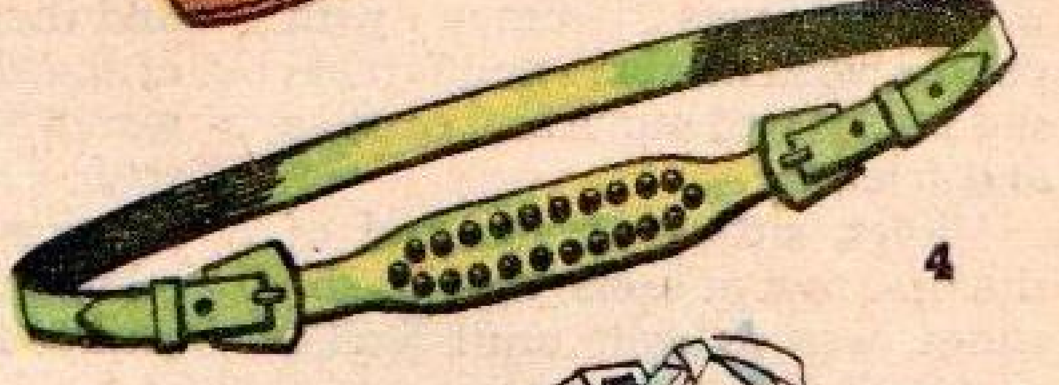
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Winter clothes simply cry out for warm, cheery accessories . . .

1—This cute little penguin pin will make new friends for you—he's so cheerful. He's pyrex and he's pretty. Comes in aqua, lavendar, topaz, pink. Price: $1.00.

2—A darling necklace and bracelet set. Dangling from a gold chain are groups of tri-color beads to harmonize with many an outfit. Price: $1.95. At Saks-34th St., N. Y.

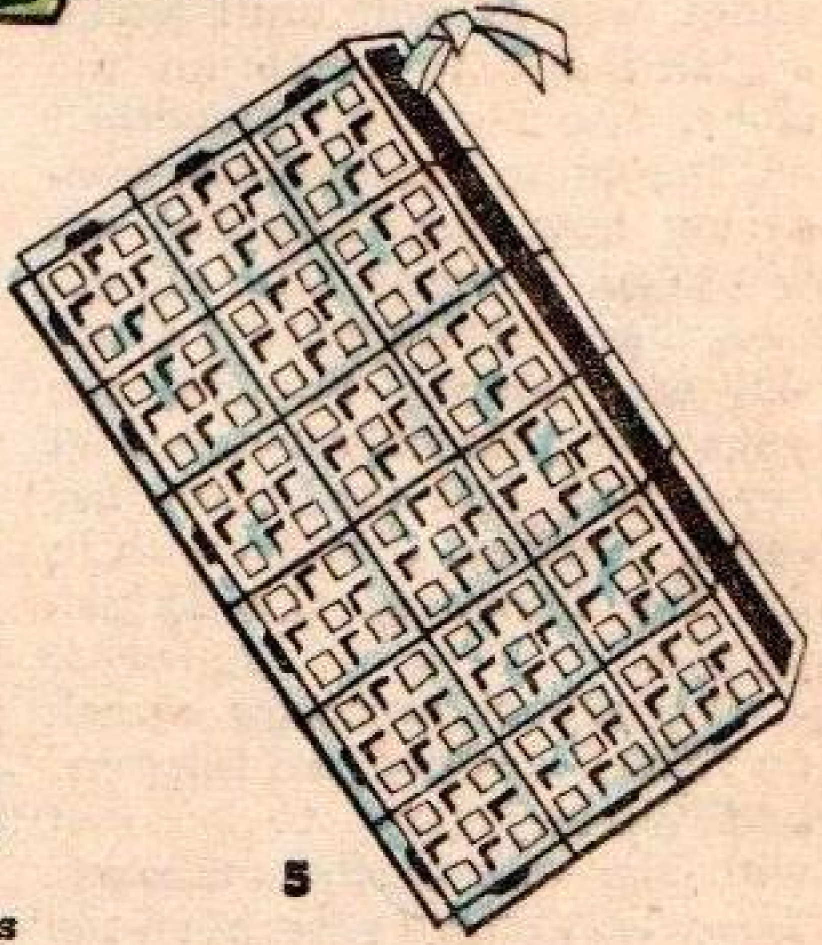
3—Something gay and grand for sports clothes—a saddle-stitched leather belt. Fob holds teensy-weensy huraches. By Criterion. In black, turf, natural. About $3.00.

4—This belt of gold studded leather is especially nice for winter wools. That double buckle is super! All colors. By Criterion. About $3.00. Both belts at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

5—A perfect purse for teensters. It's plastic, easy to keep clean, and has a zip closing. Comes in black, brown, red. By Jorue. About $3.00. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

6—To keep young hands warm as toast in winter, there's nothing cosier than a pair of gauntlet mitts of red leather and white bunny fur. $3.95. Arnold Constable & Co., N. Y.

7—A faille missy bag, by Frilo, is an elegant accessory for dress-up dates. This one's really beautiful, and it's a good sized pouch. About $5.00. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, N. Y.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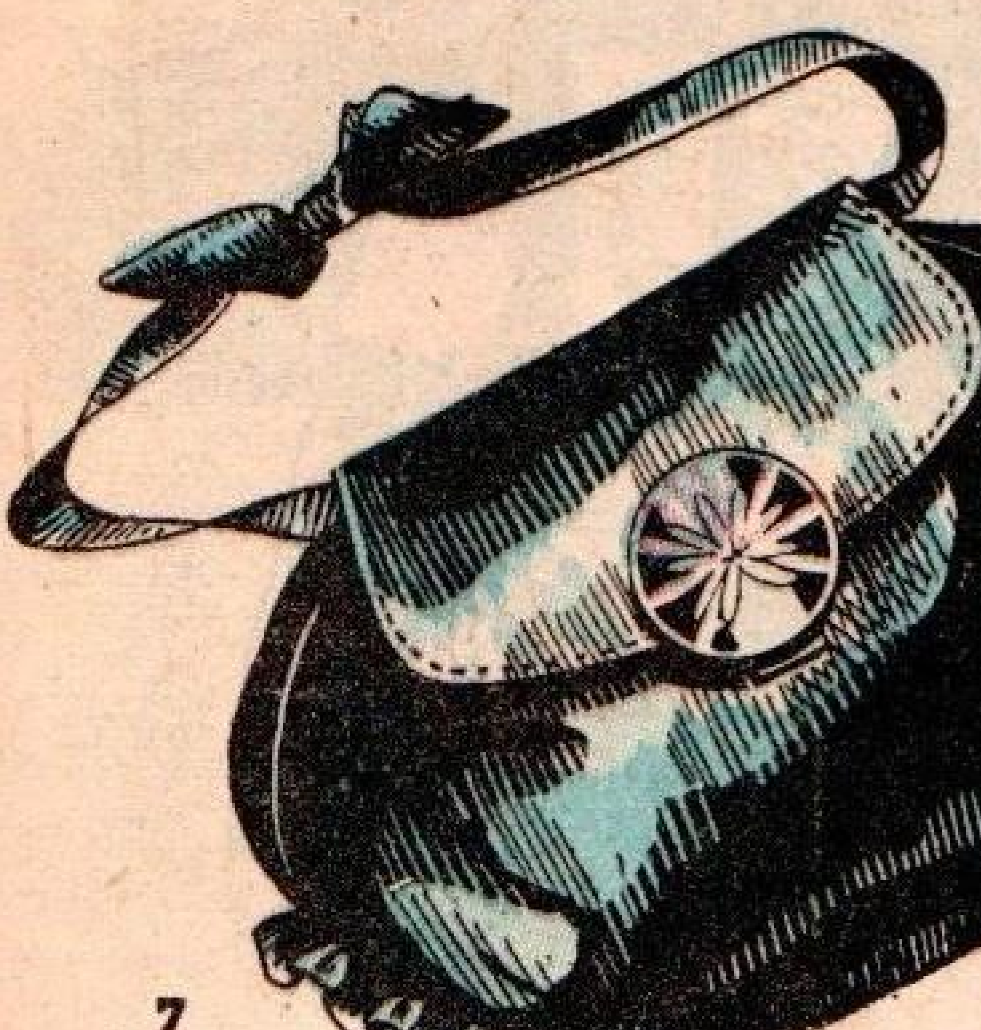
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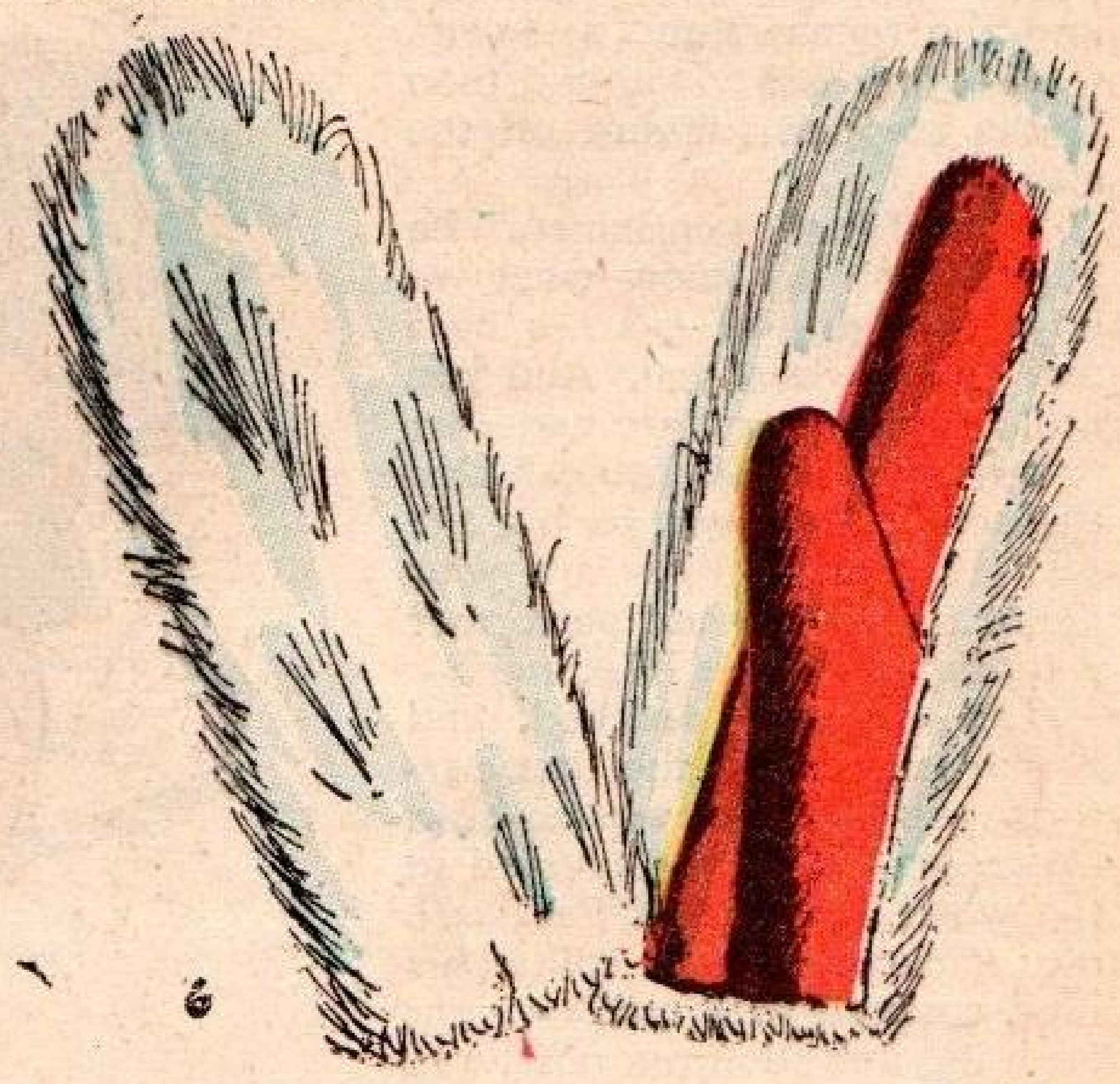
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me a Britisher can't take it? You mean you're going to run out on your end of the game? Run home and tell 'em you're licked?"

"Oh!" Violet looked scared. "Oh, no, no! You're right, Rollie. I'll—stick it out. I must! Only—help me, Rollie, won't you?" Her big blue eyes were dry now.

"Isn't that what I'm trying to do? Now, you just listen. . ."

It was the night of the 4-3 War Bond performance. The high school auditorium was festive with many American flags and the flags of the Allied nations, draped around the walls. The hall was jammed with people, with mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts and cousins and friends.

Violet, sitting at the end of the first row of seats, near to the wings, was to wait until Rollie signaled her to come on the stage. She nervously smoothed out her white muslin dress, wondering how her "surprise" act would go. Suppose, after all, nobody liked it? Suppose it didn't sell any bonds? Suppose the boys and girls only laughed at her again? But she gritted her teeth. She'd go through with it, for the honor of the British people.

The school orchestra struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Violet jumped to her feet with the rest of the audience. The whole crowd sang, even the performers waiting in the wings and the teachers in the boxes.

Everyone sat down, and then Rollie stepped forward on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "you all know what we boys and girls of 4-3 are here for: to entertain you. And you all know what *you* are here for: to buy War Bonds. You can clap the acts if you want to, but the way we want you to show your appreciation of each performer is by buying bonds. Get me?"

The audience laughed, and Rollie introduced the first performer, a boy who was to do a clown act. The boy, dressed in the white costume of Pagliacci, did somersaults and splits; his face, covered with chalk except for a big imitation red nose, was funny enough to make everyone laugh. When he finished, a lady and gentleman each bought a hundred-dollar bond.

Then Rollie announced the next act: a boy who told jokes in the Milton Berle manner; he drew three twenty-five dollar bonds. Berenice was next; she wore an ancient Greek costume and did an artistic dance representing the fall of Athens. Mr. Theotakis, the school florist, was in the audience; he cried and bought a hundred-dollar bond, and Berenice's parents bought two fifties.

Elise and Bob were "stars" and they came almost at the end of the show. Violet could hardly watch their tap-dancing or hear their singing, because she knew she was to go on next. But anyone could feel that the audience enjoyed their act; they drew seven twenty-fives, plus a hundred-dollar bond bought by a stout, red-haired man who resembled Bob, a lot.

And now, watching Rollie, Violet saw him signal to her from the wings. She went icy-cold all over with nervousness. Oh, if she could only run away! She got up—there was the exit—she could run away and hide, send a cable, go back home. . . But Britishers didn't run out. Violet gritted her teeth and forced herself to stop quivering. She was going to take it, come what might.

Rollie smiled at her as she came up on the stage, slim and pretty in her white, muslin dress. Taking her hand, he led her forward, and raised his hand for silence.

"Friends, I now introduce to you a representative of one of our great Allies. This English girl will try to give you an understanding of—well, we all know what America means to us. She will try to show you what Britain feels at this time. Miss Violet Sunderland."

He walked back to the wings. Alone, Violet stood there in a panic. But she must, she must hold on to herself. She must think of England, of War Bonds for the American people who were England's ally. She closed her eyes and began to sing.

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means the same to
you
That England means to me. . ."

Her sweet, pure voice, filled with deep emotion, rang through the hall. As she finished the song, the audience rose to its feet, applauding wildly, and one man shouted loudly, "Three cheers for the British people—they'll never give in!" Oh, how those cheers rang through Violet's heart, warming it to the depths! These Americans—oh,

(*Continued on page* 55)

Say, where's the main deck, Skipper?"

DREAMS DON'T TELL...

By JOHN F. OLIVEN, M.D

Wake up with a smile, chickadee, even if you did have a terrible, terrible night battling all sorts of demons. . . . Dr. Oliven, who knows what goes on while we sleep, does some fascinating explaining . . .

HAVE you ever had a dream in which something unpleasant happened to you? No doubt, you have. And no doubt you have also worried that this nasty dream might be a prediction of nasty things to come.

The funny thing about dreams is that they don't mean what they seem to mean. Take the case of Carol.

Carol had been to a senior prom. That night, when she went to sleep, she dreamed that she was a bride. And who do you think was the groom? Handsome Steve, her escort and favorite dance partner? Guess again. Maybe Dennis, with his brilliant ideas and intelligent forehead? Wrong again. It was that drip Berthold to whom Carol

(*Continued on page* 60)

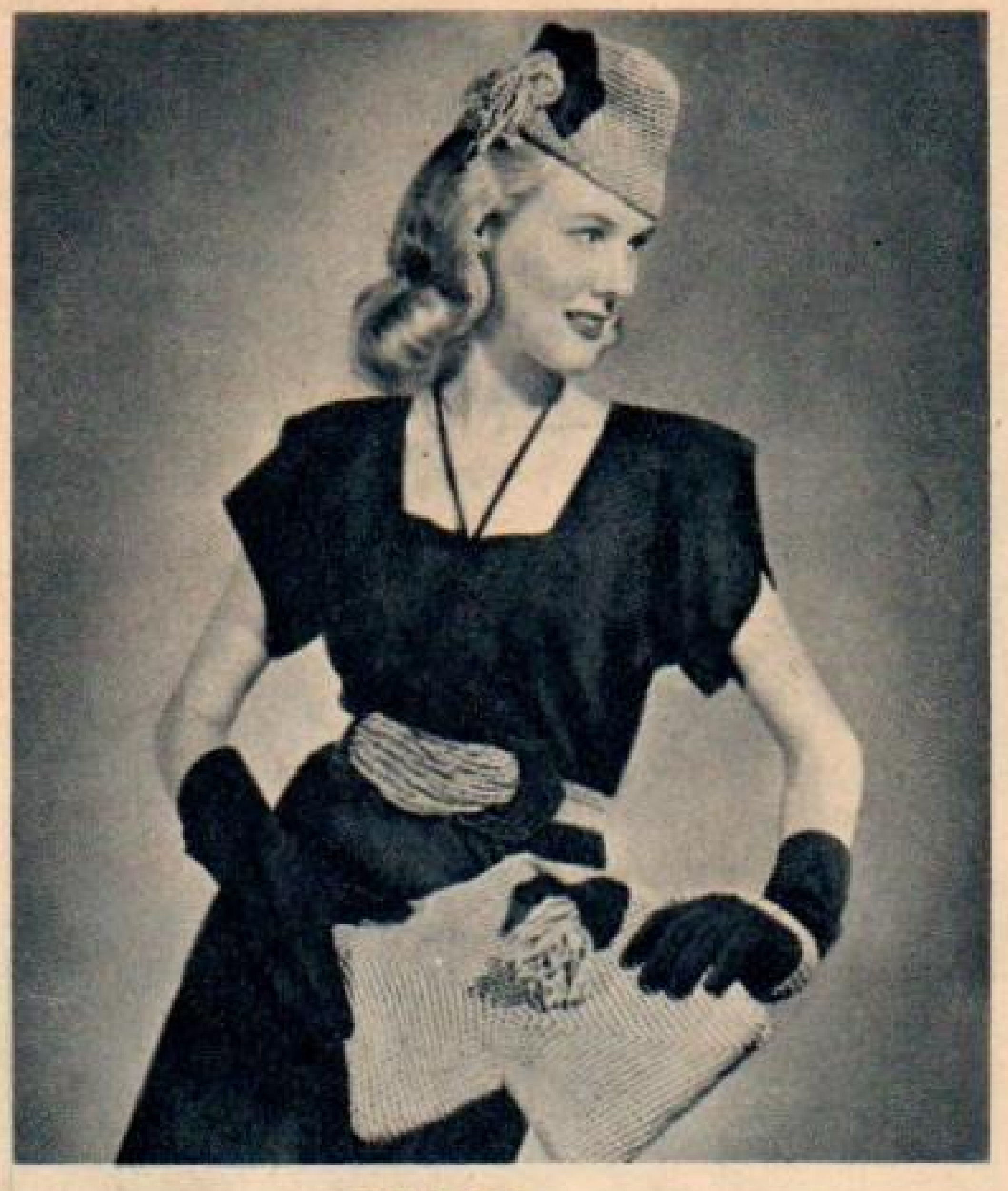
Hook, Yarn—and BINGO!...

INTRODUCING to Miss America the little things that are fun to make and priceless to the heart. Come on, gals, this is just what you want, for it's every girl's war job to be on her toes and pretty as a picture. And, of course, you don't want Sally and Sue to be there first. You've just got to be "in the grove"—"right on the beam". It's lotsa fun if you know all the directions—and we have 'em for you—and all our directions are so easy. Every month we'll have something new for you, the sort of things that will make those Prince Charmings say, "Zowie!"

Look at that "pillbox"! It just absolutely spells style. Make it in that beautiful shade of royal blue and red —wear a white blouse, and you're definitely on top with your patriotic colors.

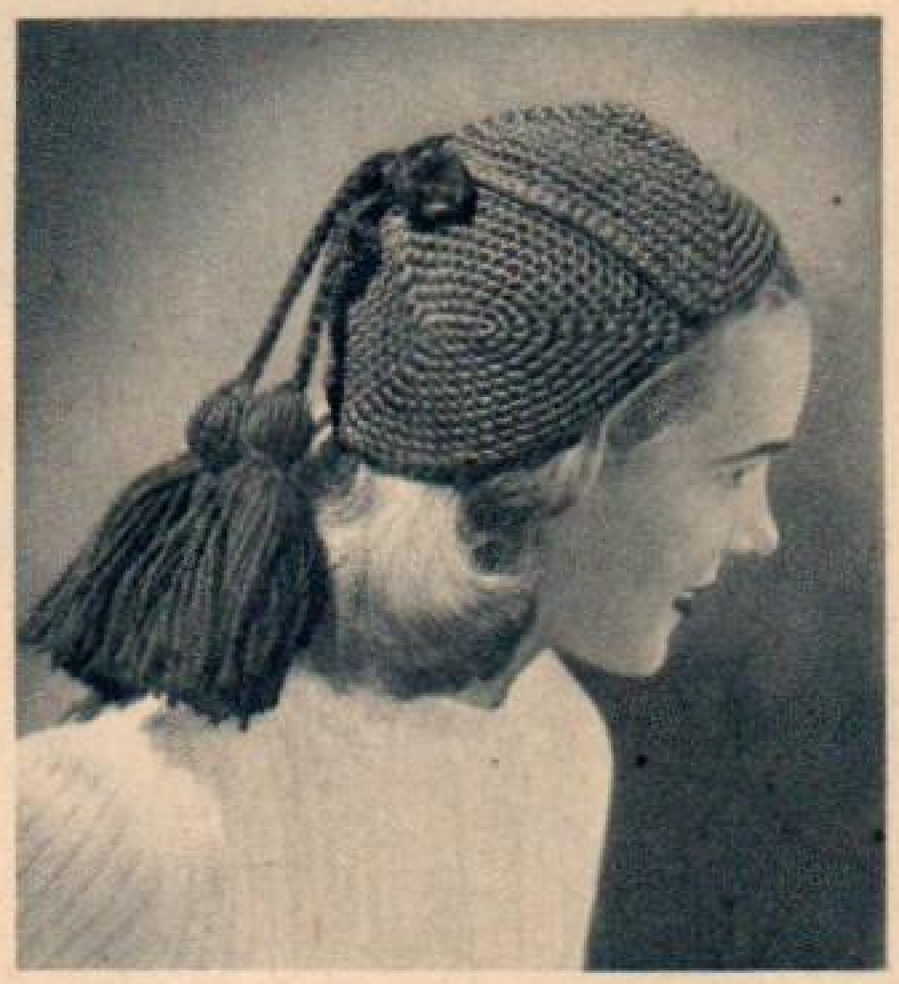
Try crocheting this month—next month it might be knitting, sewing or a combination of all three, but we'll always have something new. Everyone from the Atlantic to the Pacific—debs and movie actresses —are making these pretty and useful items. And it's not an expensive hobby, either. You can have all the accessories, trimmings, sweaters and "wot-nots" for practically next to nothing—and look chic, too!

All the hats pictured here are simple to make and simply super for dates or just to wear out for a coke or a soda.



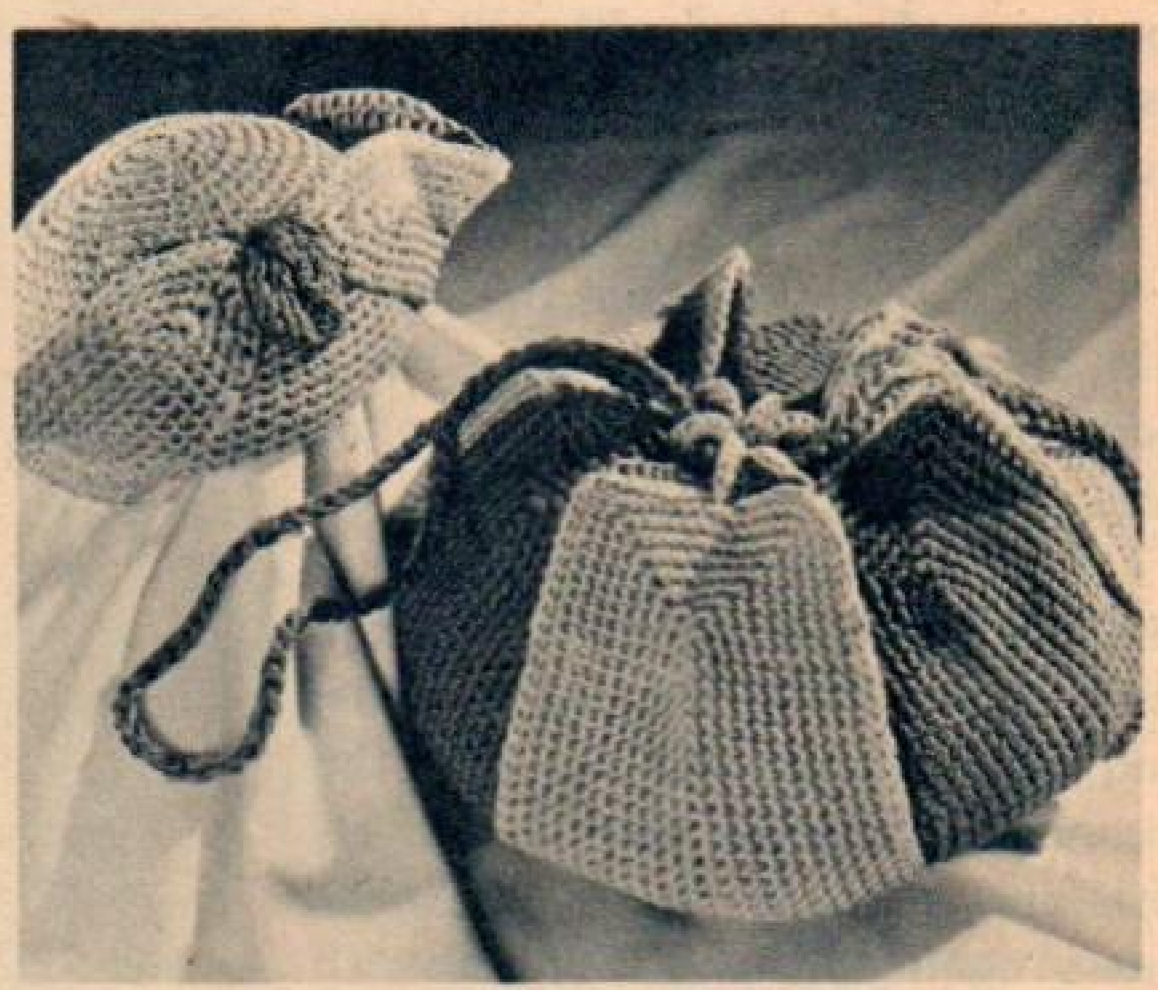
PC2580

Even a novice with the needle can crochet this cute fez with harmonizing belt and bag. Color scheme is in lovely dusty pink and black. Sh-Sh! Bag has a trick closing.



PC2437

Typically teen and keen is this little hat of Knit-Cro-Sheen with contrasting wool tassel. You'll be mighty proud of yourself when the compliments start mounting.



PC2630

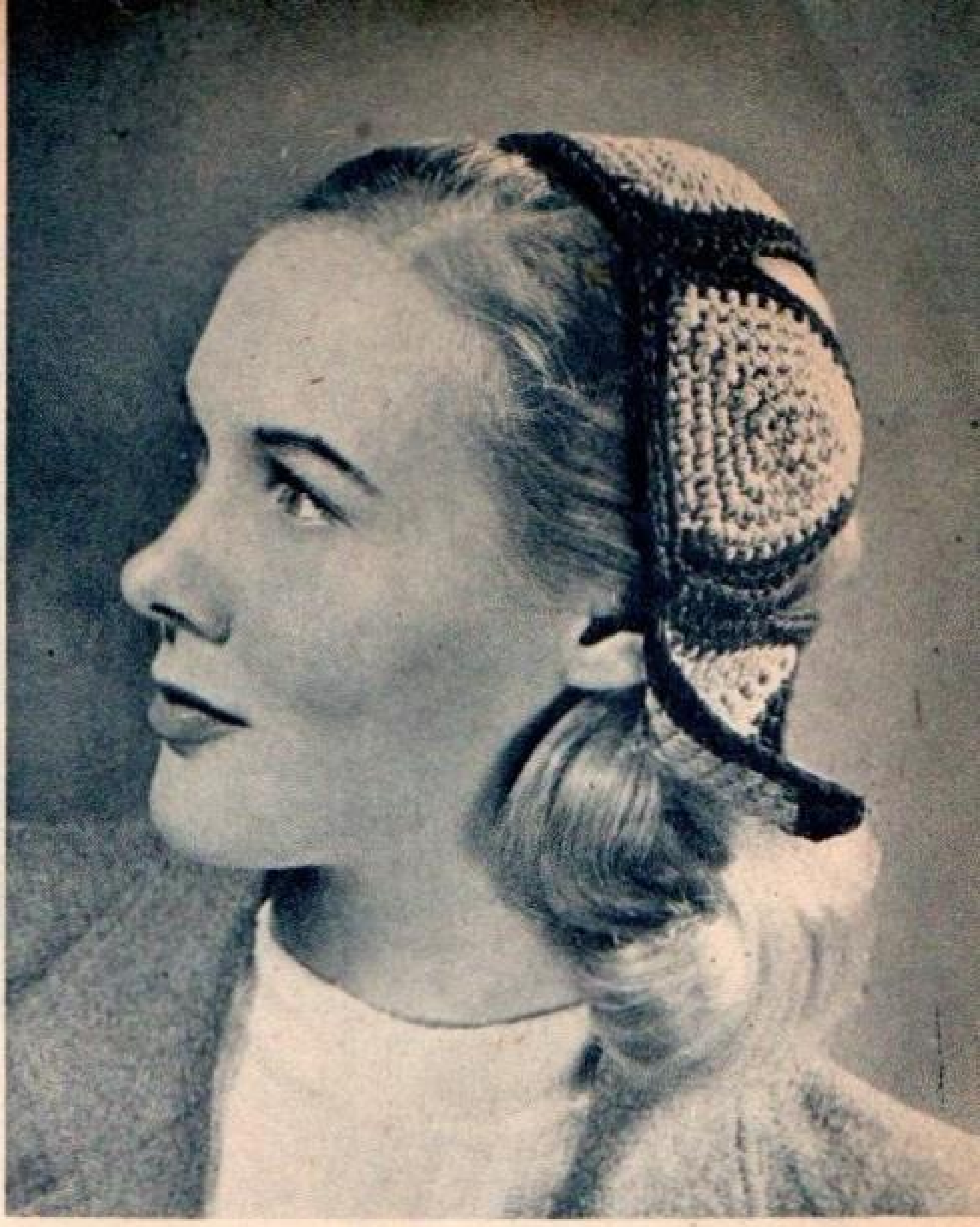
An off-the-face hat can be so flattering. This one with a drawstring bag combines turquoise and wine Knit-Cro-Sheen—a luscious color combination—and they're so easy to make, too.

No knit brows when you crochet these beanies, bags and belts—so easy to make, yourself! Instructions are free for the asking. Every month MISS AMERICA will illustrate new ideas to keep you busy and happy—with needles 'n' yarn 'n' stuff . . .

Later on, we'll have handbags that you can't buy anywhere, and sweaters for daytime as well as for evening! (Confidentially, kids, there's nothing nicer than a frilly crocheted, white sweater for evening. Keep watching these pages. You'll see what we mean!) By the way, gang, these styles are designed especially for you. They're designed for you because we know you want to dress smartly; and these styles have that certain something—a definite oomph—when you make them yourself.

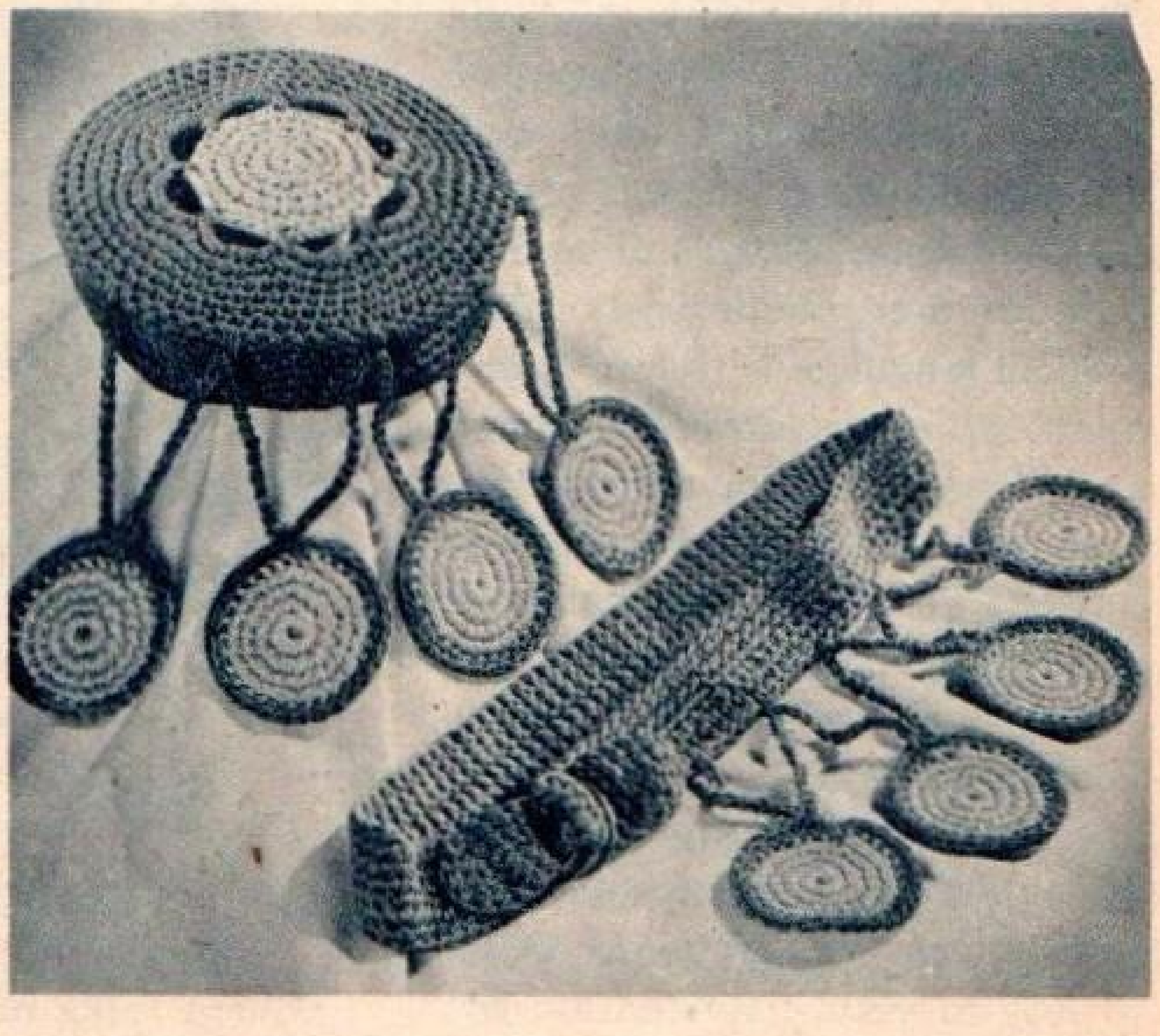
And, incidentally, how about those evenings at home when you entertain the O.A.O.'s (one and only's—to you)—wouldn't you like your linens, etc. to be as trim as you are? Well, just drop us a line and ask us about making your very own tablecloths, doilies, etc. Nice idea for gifts, too! There are 101 things to make, and we'd like to show you how. Merely jot down the pattern number, send a self-addressed stamped envelope, to MISS AMERICA, Dept. S-C, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y. Knit-Cro-Sheen does it! That's the stuff to ask for in the yarn shop, department store or "five and ten" when you start on these adorable "hand-mades"! Young lady, you'll be a popular pal, if you put your fingers to work and create the very latest in what we call—style!

See you next month.



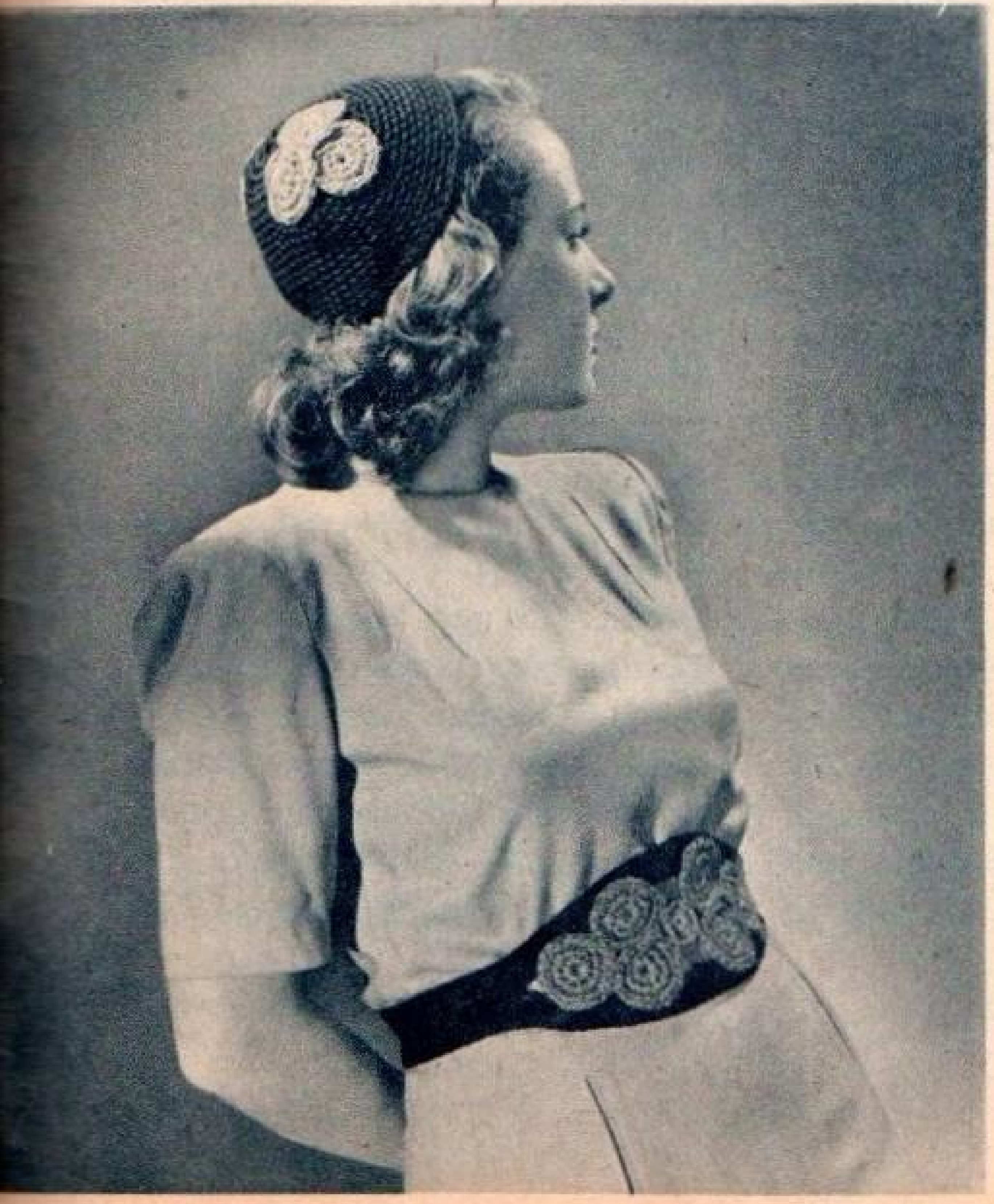
PC2416

This darling Dutch Cap can be made in practically no time at all! You can use two or three color combinations for it. This one's copen and black.



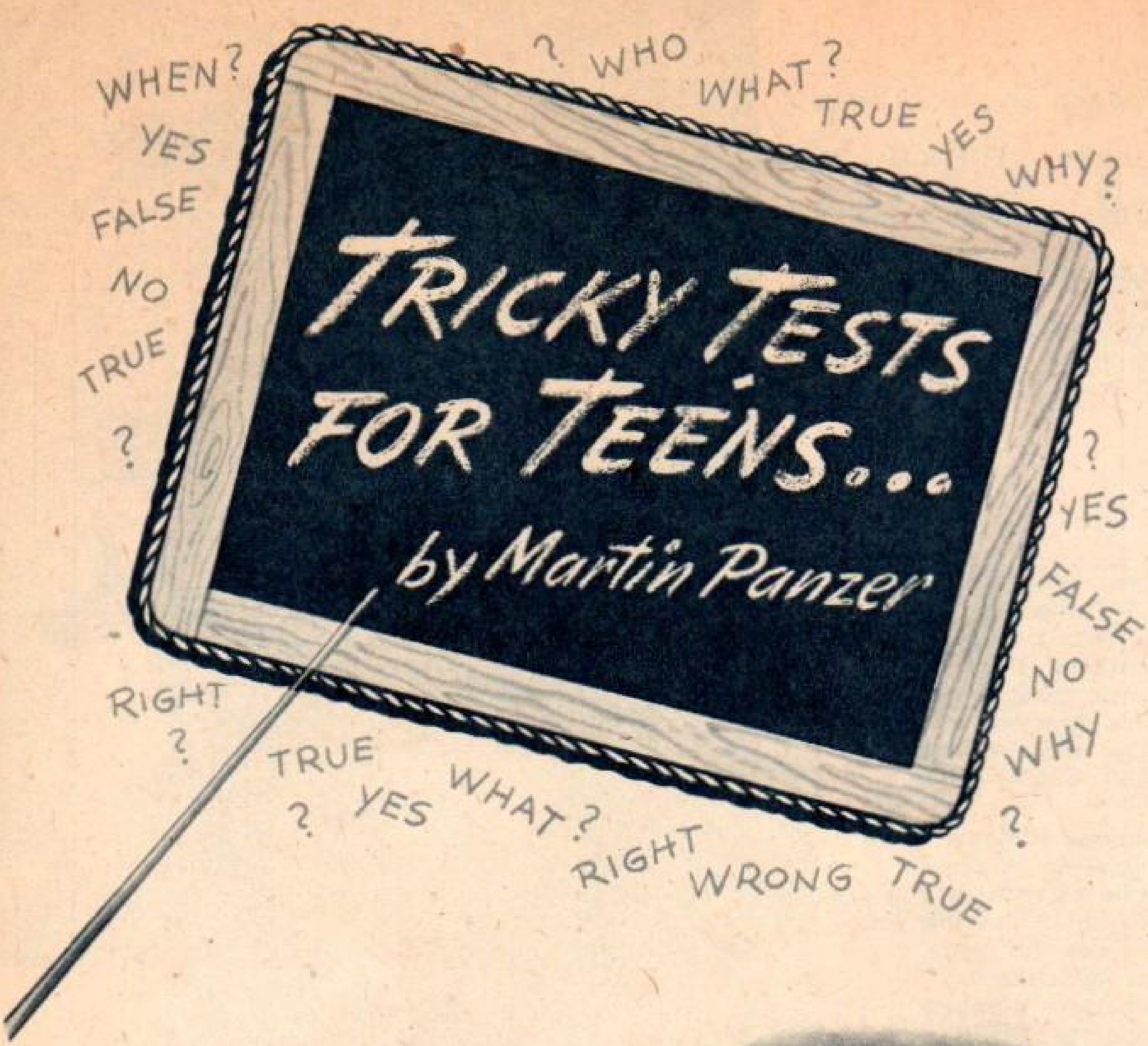
PC2633

It's called a Pillbox (looks more like a birthday cake!) and easy as pie to make! With matching belt, you've got a tidy twosome here! Make one in blue and red!



PC2521

So becoming to teen types is this calot with its matching belt. It's made with the simplest stitch and has large contrasting medallions trimmed in gold thread.



TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS...

by Martin Panzer

Wanna be a keen teen? Then help yourself to these nuggets of knowledge and have yourself a fun-fest . . .

By MARTIN PANZER

ENGLISH

THE trouble with some bobby-socksers is that they use the same words over and over again even though there are thousands of ways of saying "I'm kuhrazy about you." The English language is rich in *synonyms,* which are different words expressing approximately the same meaning. You'll rate higher culturally if you use some of them. For instance, instead of saying every time that Peter is "loaded with bucks," you can say he is rich—or wealthy—or well-to-do—or in comfortable circumstances—or affluent. Give variety to your conversation by using synonyms. You might try a few *antonyms* and *homonyms,* too. Antonyms are words with opposite meanings, such as quick and slow, black and white, strong and weak, etc. Homonyms have the same sound, but different meanings: pear, pare, pair; to, two, too, etc.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

HISTORY

When folks mention the Bill of Rights, do you know exactly what they're talking about? You should. The Bill of Rights consists of the ten original amendments to the Constitution. They went into force December 15, 1791. They cover freedom of religion, speech and press and the right to petition; the right to keep and bear arms; rules for quartering of soldiers in private homes; regulation of search and seizure; provisions concerning prosecution, trial and punishment, and against taking private property for public use without compensation; the right to speedy trial and to trial by jury; provision against excessive bail or fines or cruel punishment; and the rights of states.

GEOGRAPHY

If you live in New York City, you probably know what Betty Smith meant when she said a tree grows in Brooklyn. Some teeners, however, snicker when you say Brooklyn, as though Brooklyn were a funny story. Well, that's a matter of opinion. Actually, though, Brooklyn is one of the five "boroughs" which make up Greater New York City, which is the largest city in the country and which, in times of peace, argues with London about which one is the largest in the world. The other boroughs of New York City are the Bronx (famous for its cheer), Manhattan (noted for it cocktails), Queens (which always beats jacks) and Staten Island (sometimes followed by a question mark—and occasionally called

(*Continued on page* 57)

UNSHRINKING VIOLET

From page 50

they were grand, and she loved them!

She bowed and smiled as the ushers ran about collecting the checks and pledges for bonds. And suddenly a new idea thrilled her! She turned toward the wings.

"Rollie—Rollie," she called, "may I sing again?"

"Sure, go to it!" he nodded, eagerly. "Boy, are the bonds rolling in!"

"Gee whiz!" Elise exclaimed, crossly. "That's not fair! She'll chalk up double sales, while we—"

"Pipe down!" said Rollie, sternly. "If she can sell more bonds let her do it!"

But Violet was already singing, singing to these friendly people, her whole heart in her voice.

"America, America,
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with
brotherhood—"

Violet couldn't help glancing into the wings at this word, with a pleading expression that couldn't be misunderstood.

"From sea to shining sea!"

A roar of applause followed her last line. The ushers could hardly keep up with the shouts for bonds!

Excited, anxious, Violet ran into the wings. Rollie ran up to her and hugged her. "Gee whiz, kid, that was terrific!" he carolled. "Have you put 4-3 across! Boy, oh boy!"

Violet looked at Elise and Berenice. Under the heavy daubs of red paint and mascara put on for the show—could it be? Were they looking at *her* so eagerly? Were they running up to *her?*

"Gee, Vi, why didn't you tell us you felt that way about America?" exclaimed Berenice. "We thought you didn't like us!"

"You're all right, kid!" cried Elise, heartily, throwing her arms round Violet's slim shoulders. "Wanna be pals?"

Happily, Violet answered, "You bet—and how!"

TO A LADY IN THE DARK

Why be in the dark about the do's and don'ts of "difficult days"? Find out for *sure* just what to do and not to do! It's all in the new, free, young-minded booklet, "As One Girl To Another."

This fact-crammed handbook advises you about bathing, dancing, swimming, sports at certain times of the month. Sets you right on social contacts; mental attitude. Improves your poise. And besides answering your intimate questions, it provides a special calendar to help you keep tab on your periods—and plan your "doings" accordingly.

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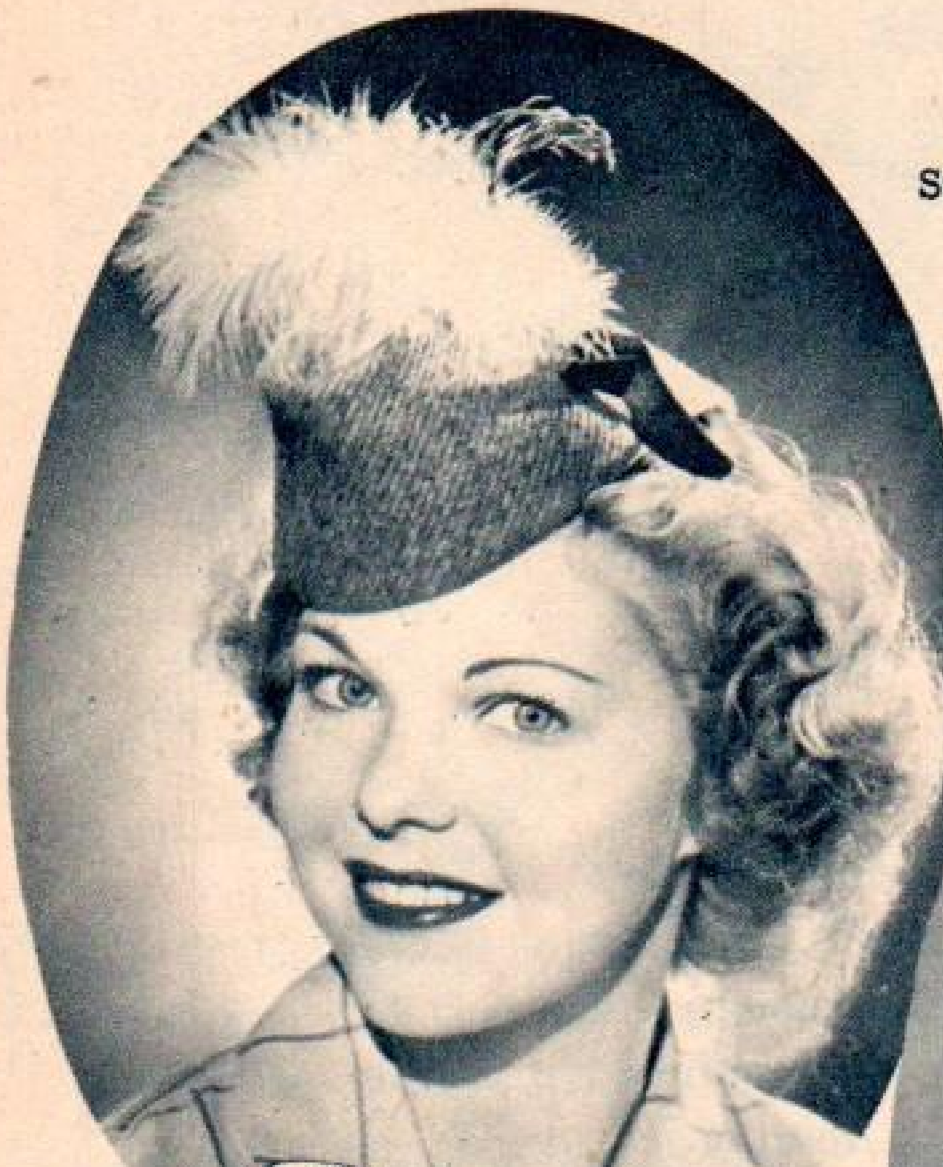
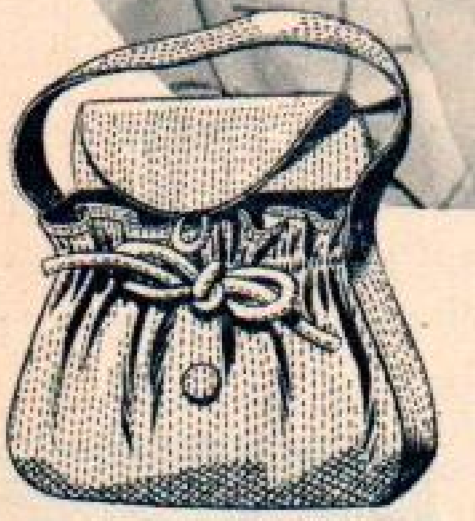
City ______________ *State* ______________

TOPPERS *for teens . . .*

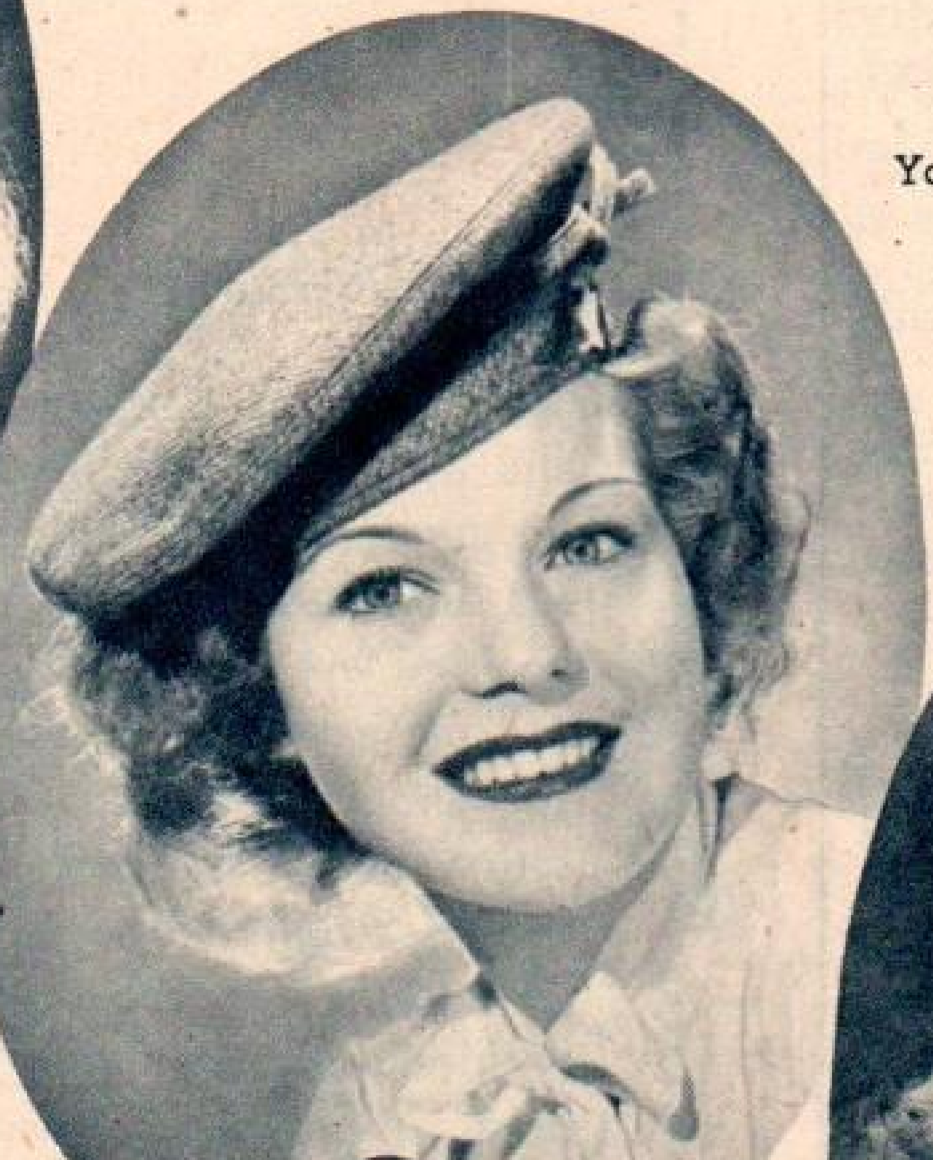
Here's that new, grey bonnet for gay days and dates. . . . Smart teen agers are really going for these adorable, face-framers to highlight youthful charm . . .

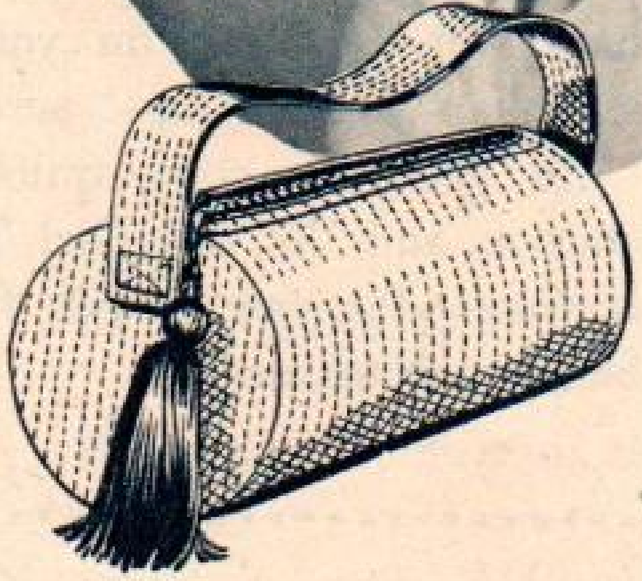




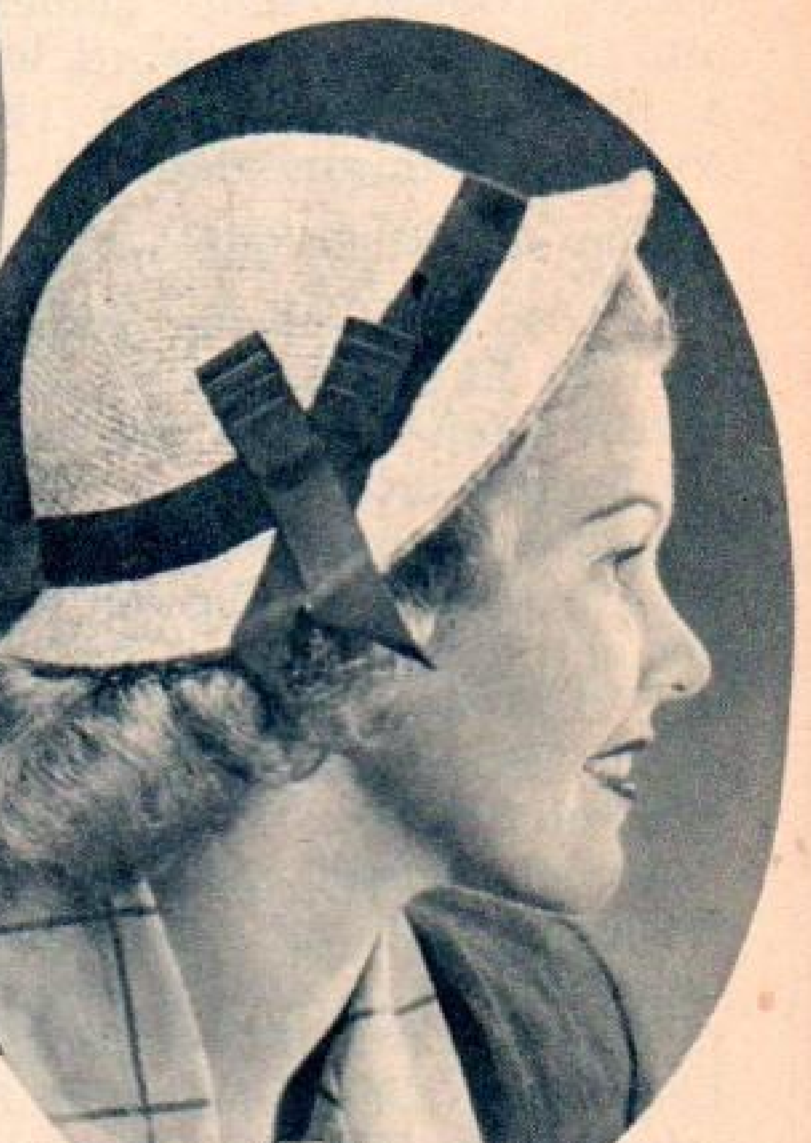
All fuss and feathers, for the cute young thing, is this Draper Scotch stitch-felt. . . . Mighty elegant, and real grown-up . . . comes in all colors at Peck & Peck. About $6.

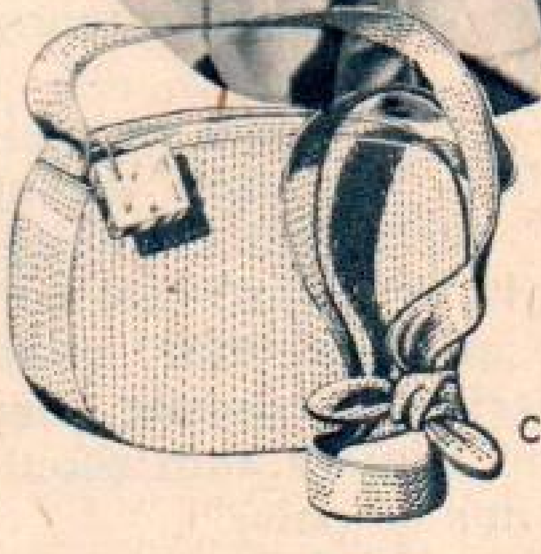
Sweet and sassy, is this pert Dawson Sailor. . . . Adding jaunty charm to every outfit, tilted over one eye. . . Everyone's buying these colored stitched felts at Best's for $4.





You'll love this finely-stitched felt Dawson Cloche, with gay ribbon circling the brim, for added sparkling appeal . . . Match one to any outfit at Best & Co. About $6.





a *For "special" dates, you'll love this unique, adorable pouch bag! Plenty roomy, too. . . .*

b *Roll out the barrel, bag! . . . Smart and compact, with tassel-drawing zipper. . . .*

c *Sling this fashionable, finely-stitched bag over your shoulder, for any occasion. . . .*

You can buy these attractive Glendale bags in any color, at Lord & Taylor's for $5.00

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From Page 54

Richmond.)

ART

Thomas Craven, in his "Men of Art," says of Leonardo da Vinci, that he is "perhaps the most resplendent figure in the history of the human race. In person, distinguished and strong; in bearing, generous and gentle; in intellect, a giant; in art, the most perfect painter who ever held a brush."

Leonardo da Vinci is perhaps best known for his "The Last Supper" This was painted as a memorial in the refectory of Saint Mary of the Graces in Milan, and was completed in 1497. After a life of successes and adulation, the master died in 1519, at the age of sixty-seven.

MUSIC

Robert Schumann, a leader in what has come to be known as the romantic ideal in music, was born in Saxony, in 1810. Although his parents wanted him to become a lawyer, his passion for music was so strong that he took piano lessons during his legal studies. An early accident to his hand prevented him from becoming a great pianist, but it was probably a fortunate accident for the world because, as a result, he devoted himself to his great compositions which were played widely by his wife, Clara Wieck. Schumann also achieved note as a critic and music editor. There was a sad climax to his brilliant career. He died, insane, in an asylum, in 1856.

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark 60%. Good, 80%. Higher, excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

1. How many amendments were there in the original Bill of Rights?
2. What is a synonym; an antonym; a homonym?
3. What is Leonardo da Vinci's best-known painting?
4. When did the Bill of Rights go into effect?
5. Name the five boroughs that comprise New York City?
6. Make a list of ten synonyms, homonyms and antonyms. (Check with your dictionary.)
7. What's the name of the largest city in the United States?
8. When was Leonardo da Vinci born? When did he die?
9. Who was Robert Schumann's wife?
10. What sort of career was first mapped out for Schumann?

Good News,
MISS AMERICA!

ONE way of making positively certain that you will receive your copy of MISS AMERICA, EVERY MONTH is to SUBSCRIBE NOW! We don't mean to brag—much—but MISS AMERICA is now the fastest selling teen-age magazine on the newsstands, which means, of course, that it's first come, first served. Don't miss MISS AMERICA, the magazine so jam-packed with

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TAKE THE STAND

From page 7

mistake. It took all of Kay's persuasion to get the manager's permission to let him try it for a single night.

"All right," the manager finally said, "you can try it. But if your Kwiz lays an egg, you can look for another spot."

"I'm a Southern gentleman, suh, and it's a bargain," Kay said.

Well, he tried out the Kwiz on the Saturday night crowd, and the customers ate it up. His Kwiz idea vindicated, he hung on to it, made it a part of his show, and was going strong with it when the manufacturers of a certain cigarette (with the initials L.S.) put his program on the air coast-to-coast and made him, practically overnight, the phenomenon so permanently in our midst.

Tall, blond, angular James Kern Kyser is as good a proof as any, that initiative and industry still pay off, no matter how crowded a profession happens to be at the top. Born in one of North Carolina's picturesque hamlets, Rocky Mount, he was headed for a career in law when music intervened, shortly after he began his junior year at the University of North Carolina. The immediate cause was the departure from the campus of a fellow Tarheel by the name of Hal Kemp, for the greener pastures of New York, thereby leaving the school without a band. On the spur of the moment, he organized a band, (in which he, himself, played a fair-to-middlin' clarinet) and made it available for campus and town socials. The band caught on like wildfire. By graduation time, they had played for hops in more than forty colleges in the South, West and mid-West. He pocketed his diploma, forgot all about law school, and struck out to make a name for himself in music. Six years later, he was floundering around and being rated as a "good Chicago band" (meaning a band that never gets to New York) when he launched his Kwiz idea at the Black Hawk.

Bespectacled, long-nosed, sharp-chinned, Kay Kyser is anything but a prototype of a movie hero which baffles nobody as much as it does Kay Kyser. When the RKO sachems first broached pictures to him back in 1939, he laughed in their faces.

"With MY mug! Oh, no! Come back in 1984 and we'll resume negotiations."

The RKO sachems, nothing daunted, came back a year later resumed discussions, heard Kyser's terms, (a decent script, a good supporting cast, and a Kyser who hit the screen just as he was, cheaters, receding hair-line and all) capitulated without a struggle, and walked off with his name on a term contract. "Swing Fever" is his first picture for M-G-M.

Up until recently, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, he put an end once and for all to the rumors that he was: A. Engaged; B. Married, to Ginny Simms, who used to sing with the band, by eloping with honey-haired Georgia Carroll, the present vocalist.

Off the lot and the podium, simplicity and ordinary horse sense are the main ingredients in the Kyser make-up. He loves to see movies, has the same heroes you do—Spencer Tracy, Garbo, and the Mickeys—Rooney and Mouse—and dotes on double bills. He likes his food plain but preferably Southern.

A small boy at heart, he exercises against his will, abominates mustaches, gets a kick out of roller coasters, delights in fishing for brook trout.

His musical tastes are a hodgepodge of classicism and jazz. He goes to symphonies and sits there rapt. But let a free moment bob up and he's off to hear a rival band churning the hot stuff.

He is not exactly partial to loud, strident jive. He likes his music singy and swingy.

Something, like the kind you hear, when Kay Kyser's band goes to town.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 17

Jackson gave all of her dates to Bob Landry, "Life" magazine photographer from overseas. Bob once took Deanna's pictures for "Life," and began to write to her. Now, they are a steady item.

* * *

Bette Davis keeps a close check on the menus at the Hollywood Canteen. For the holiday dinners, Bette orders an exact duplicate of that which is offered to diners at the world famous "Waldorf-Astoria" in New York. Dishes native to various sections of the United States are featured on occasions, with Chef Milani preparing shrimp creole when large numbers of Louisiana boys are expected. And chowders and Boston baked beans for Atlantic Coast lads. Big, baked potatoes for Idaho boys, and good, old pot roast for Texas.

SINATRA
SCOOP!

Wait until you get your March copy of MISS AMERICA! It's a dandy. Packed with the kind of stories you've been asking for. There's a story BY FRANK SINATRA written exclusively for you. There's a story written by SHIRLEY TEMPLE called DATE DATA. There's—well, fun, fiction, party suggestions and plenty else. . . .

* * *

Gloria de Haven's only pet is a turtle which she's had for five years. It's named Jack Benny.

* * *

Judy Garland was stumped sure enough, when Director Vincente Minnelli (who is also her favorite date) asked her to sneeze in a scene where she kisses Bob Walker, in their new picture, "The Clock." "I don't know how to fake one," Judy said, after several unsuccessful tries.

"When the cameras start, you'll be okay," Bob assured. And sure enough, Judy let out with a terrific "katchoo." For Bob held some black pepper under her nose.

* * *

It costs the famous Goldwyn Girls in Danny Kaye's new picture, "The Wonder Man" a dollar a pound to put on weight. Several of the girls were having trouble getting into their costumes, which fitted them perfectly at the start of the picture. But Danny was treating them to ice-cream twice a day, when the ice-cream truck came around. So now the girls weigh in every morning, and for every 16 ounces excess, they buy a $1 War Stamp. These go into a pool, to be shared by the girls who at the end of the picture have the best record for figure maintenance. An idea to try out in any girls' group, huh?

Pamela Britton, who plays Frankie Sinatra's girl friend in "Anchors Aweigh," is engaged to Lt. Arthur Stell of Fort Worth. And Frankie will be best man at their wedding. Just think how many brides would like Frankie for Best Man—or "The Man."

* * *

While dismantling a prop mailbox which had been set up for a scene in a Columbia movie, the prop man found four letters all stamped and addressed, which had apparently been deposited in the paper maché prop box some weeks before. One marked "air-mail rush" was from Rita Hayworth to Orson Welles, then in New York. Another from Janet Blair to her husband.

* * *

Marsha Hunt is wearing a snakeskin belt, which she calls Rudolph. One day, Marsha saw a rattlesnake crawling across the lawn to get a drink from the lawn sprinkler. She put on a pair of her husband's army boots and leather gloves, and made a one-girl attack. And with rocks and a long-handled shovel, actually killed the snake. Marsha says she still can't believe her bravery.

* * *

Xavier Cugat, the Rhumba King, is living in Hedy Lamarr's former home. Whenever he rehearses his band in the playroom, a little gremlin says, "Loder, please."

* * *

On the set, a former star now playing character roles, said, "I am the kind of actor who would rather have a small role than a long loaf."

TIME OUT FOR CHARM

From page 11

able to take criticism without being hurt, or losing your temper. It's disagreeing with your best friend or an acquaintance if you really and truly believe you're right, without being personal or petty. Charm is being unpretentious. It's wearing the right kind of clothes at the right time.

But, let's go into a few of these things. There's the matter of your talk.

What do you talk about? We hope it isn't always about you. We know, and you know you are interesting, wonderful and magnif'. But your best girl friend and your terrif' boy friend, ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, think that they're interesting, wonderful and magnif', too. So don't let yourself go! Let them go! In other words—lend an ear: be a good listener.

It may make you squirm when you think about the time you gave Johnny Collier a date which you had no intention of keeping. And then gave Sis twenty-five cents to call him up and break it for you. Don't hurt people intentionally. And don't shift your responsibilities. It just leads on the road to nowhere and nobody wants to go there.

Real honest-to-goodness charm isn't something that can be turned on or off like a water faucet. It's there all the time. Unfortunately, we cover it up with a lot of trappings. Remember that night you were saying good-night, and charmingly, too, to that very right "him" on the front porch? You had, as a matter-of-fact, been saying good-night for almost an hour. Then, your dad called down from the upstairs bedroom window and told "him" to go home and you to come up to bed, immediately. You were humiliated. You were mortified. You could hardly control your tears, until you got upstairs. Then, forgetting the word "charm" ever existed, you accused your dad of ruining your "social career." You accused both your mother and dad of treating you like a baby. (As a matter of fact, you were acting like one.) Even while you were saying all those horrible things you knew you were wrong, but once you had started you had too much false pride to admit dad was right. In fact, you talked yourself into believing all the terrible things you were saying.

"They say he's good at making passes!"

For two days, you went around feeling very, very sorry for little you . . . growing more certain every moment that "he" would never call you again. Then the 'phone did ring. And it was "he." And he asked you for another date. Not only that, but he apologized for keeping you up so late the other night. And went on to say he wanted to see your dad when he came over to see you, so that your dad would get his apology, too.

Now, when you finally hung up, you realized how badly you had made your family feel, and how badly you had made yourself feel. It was your silly false pride that had gotten in the way of your better judgment. Charm and false pride are strangers to each other; from now on you shove false pride out the door and give charm more growing room.

Then, there's that funny girl with the stringy hair who sits in class in the back row and scurries about as though she were afraid of her own shadow. She's miserably uncomfortable and self-conscious. Her clothes are obvious hand-me-downs. Her lips look tight and strained and unhappy. Nobody pays any attention to her, including you. You feel a little guilty about that, but then why should you be the one to be different? Well, why not? You'll be astounded how warm and good you'll feel when you see that surprised, shy smile steal over her face because you took a few minutes off, to be nice. Maybe, it will just be an "Hello." Maybe, you'll stop to ask her a question about a lesson you knew all the time, but you want her to think she's helping you. You don't have to be her best friend. All you have to do is, be considerate. Consideration is as much a part of charm as charm itself.

Some few and lucky people have the instinct of charm. It's just there. But that shouldn't cause all the rest who haven't, to go around, scowling and groaning over the fact. You can develop charm by knowing yourself and being honest with yourself. Tear out as many of your faults as you possibly can. Nobody in the world can tear out all of hers, but you can tear out enough of them to give you that sort of charm *Maggie* was talking about when she said, "It's a sort of bloom on a woman." A very worthwhile sort of bloom.

DREAMS DON'T TELL

From page 51

hadn't even given a second thought.

So when she woke up in the morning she was terribly embarrassed and angry, and even a little scared, because she thought that her heart had secretly been captured by that nonentity, and that there was a chance that something about that dream might come true later.

There was nothing to be afraid of, of course. The explanation simply was that the drip had reminded her of someone she used to know, a remote relative, for instance, or somebody she went to kindergarten with. In her waking life, that person had been blotted out, but with her brain in sweet slumber the old memory had pushed through.

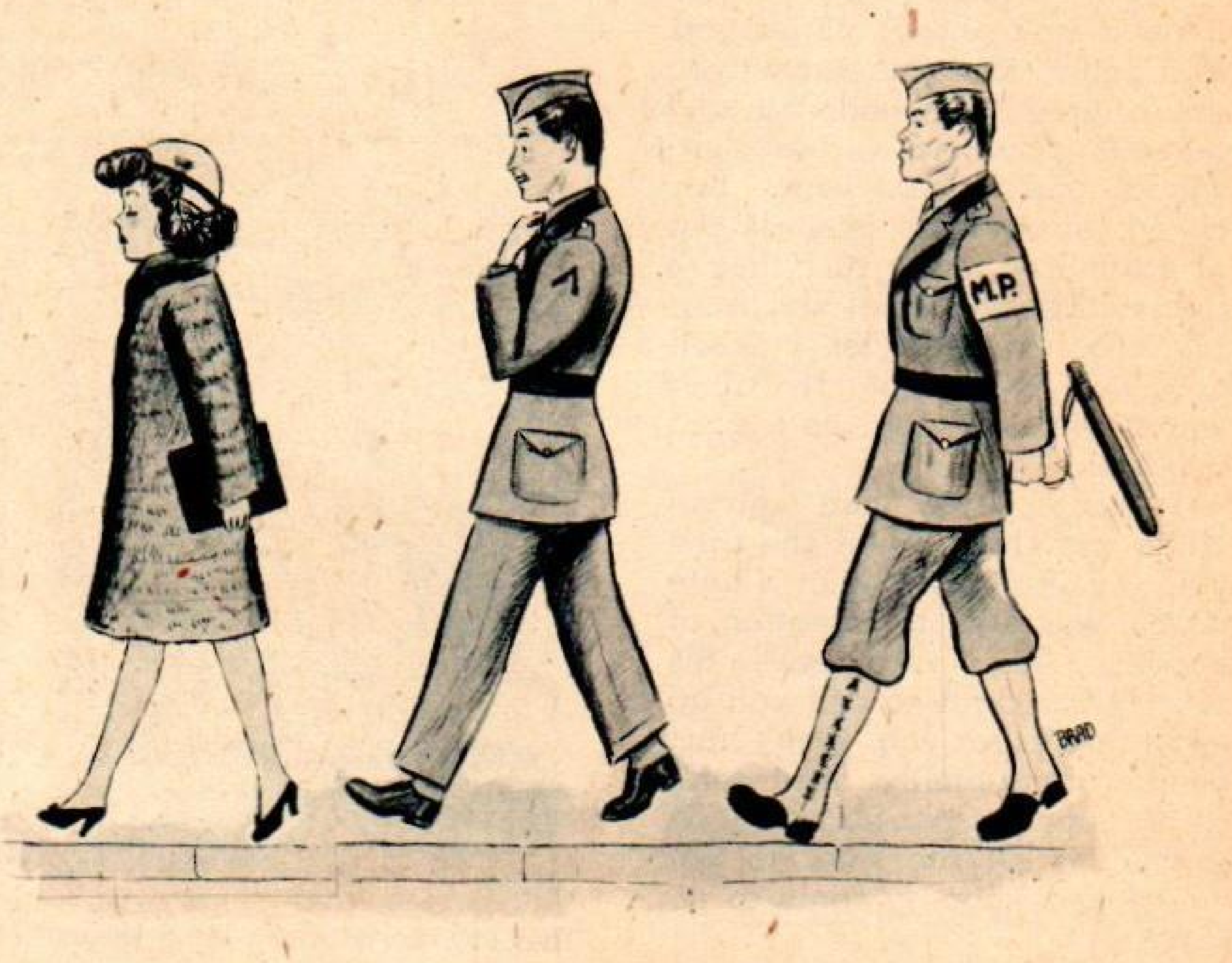
It's things like that which make our dreams so interesting, so mysterious, and often so—scary. In the dream our imagination runs riot. It just runs wild and there is no stopping it. Lots of things we have forgotten or which we don't want to remember come suddenly to life again. Hidden fears, secret hopes and thwarted ambitions are given the go-ahead signal. The "fraidy-cat" becomes a heroine in her dreams; the wallflower is showered with gifts and attention; and that certain sugar-sweet little thing reverts to her true state of vicious cat. Take a look at what happened to Betty.

Betty was a young girl who liked sweets, but the sweets had the darnedest tendency of showing up on the scales. One day, she was trying to sneak out of the kitchen with a piece of cake, when her mother surprised her and said, "Watch out for your figure, or you'll get as fat as Aunt Ellen." Aunt Ellen was so fat that once, many years ago when she was visiting in Betty's house, a chair had cracked right under her.

But Betty had forgotten that incident—or so she thought. Then, the night after the cake incident, she had a dream: she was sitting on a chair when Aunt Ellen came into the room and put a piece of cake on the scale. The cake grew and grew, right to where Betty was sitting and began to choke her. Aunt Ellen was standing there and laughing her head off, and Dad took Aunt Ellen's head and tried to sneak away with it. The cake was becoming heavier, and just as the chair was beginning to crack under the weight, Betty woke up—bathed in perspiration and trembling with fright.

That had been a gruesome dream, and Betty thought it must surely mean something. So she decided to consult a dream-

(*Continued on page 62*)



Janet Bakes a Cake . . .

JANET MARTIN'S OWN CAKE—Exclusive to Miss America

¾ C. shortening
1½ C. sugar
3 eggs
1¾ C. Gold Medal flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 tbsp. cocoa
¾ C. sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. lemon extract
½ C. coarsely cut nuts (toasted)

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually—cream thoroughly. Blend in 3 well-beaten eggs. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, cocoa, and all spices together and add to creamed mixture alternately with sour milk. Blend in flavoring and nuts. Use 2 round 9" pans. Bake 30 min. at 350°.

ICING: 6 tbsp. butter—1 egg yolk—3 C. pulverized sugar—1½ tbsp. cocoa—1 tsp. cinnamon—1½ tbsp. hot coffee.

Sister Tanya, pretty enough to be in pictures, helped Janet prepare these luscious looking dishes as a surprise to Mama. But Janet baked the cake which she proudly displays.

The kitchen is the Martin family's favorite rendezvous, where everybody has work to do and does it with a smile. Tanya, 18, paints while Janet prepares her nameless cake. Mama puts the finishing touches on a dress.

Everybody's happy as they top off the terrific meal with Janet's delish cake. The star has on the dress Mama was sewing above. There's May Mann seated next to Tanya.

book. She looked up "Chair" and "Head" and "Laughing" and "Aunt" and whatnot, and she obtained the following prophecy: she would be stricken with sickness, jailed for burglary, arson and kidnapping, and at the same time, marry a bearded stranger she'd meet on a boat in a faraway land. After she had put all that down on paper, she read it over and then made a vow never to touch a dreambook again.

But the hollowest laugh on the dream prophets comes when they try to make a prediction from a nightmare.

Have you ever dreamed you were squeezing through a narrow space, or being choked, or being locked into a huge icebox with nobody around?

Well, put your mind at ease and turn off the worry. The explanation for most nightmares is really quite simple. When you were being choked you would often find that the bedclothes were too tight around your neck. That time you had the horrible suffocating dream, you probably had gone to bed with a full tummy that was pushing against your diaphragm and keeping you from breathing freely. Or when a villain locked you into that icebox and you were freezing to death you woke up to find that the covers had fallen off your bed.

That's the way our dreams work, like the recipe from a cookbook: Take a cupful of forgotten memories, mix thoroughly with some secret fear or hope, or ambition, add a sprinkling of last day's happenings, then serve the way you happen to be lying in bed, and—presto—a dream is born! And if you still want to make something out of it, the way Carol did, or Betty, you'll have only yourself to blame if you worry needlessly.

OH, BROTHER!

From page 10

asked her brotherless cohort, Beth, in the particular conversation I overheard. "Gee, I should think it'd be thrilling to have older boys around the house."

"Thrilling?" hooted Trudy. "Not when they're so impossible. Tracking in and throwing things about. And all that boring talk about football or fishing or guns or the Air Corps—not a thing *I'm* interested in. No, take it from me, Beth, you're lucky not to have any brothers cluttering up your life."

The pity of it is, she meant it. Trudy didn't realize that brothers can be the luckiest break a girl can have—if she'll let them be. Particularly, older ones.

I'm thinking of another girl, Meda, and her big brothers, Mike and John. Unlike Trudy, Meda idolizes her brothers, takes her problems to them, and hangs on their every word. Furthermore, she makes their friends, her friends. Oh, not too obviously, of course. She never hangs around when they're in a huddle, or attracts their attention to how cute she is. But she's likely to pop up with a bowl of popcorn or a plate of fudge. And, included in a conversation, she listens with interest to the things they say.

"Why not?" she twinkles. "I'll know more about boys when I'm ready for dates. Besides, I might be stymied for a dancing partner some day!"

As a result, Meda's brothers are boosters. They'd fight the world for her, any day. In them, she has loyal champions before her parents, her teachers, and her friends. When college proms come back again, she's likely to rate a bid from one of them—or one of these self-same friends. Because she is clever enough to recognize their advice as *good* advice, advice from the heart, she'll be one jump ahead on the popularity road, and they will be proud of her.

Brothers don't boss just to show off or to spoil your fun. Brothers boss because they earnestly want you to have and be—the best. It's humilitating, maybe, but true, that boys can go places and do things that girls cannot. They're bound to learn more of the world than we possibly can. But boys are scared to death of sentiment. That's why they make their tips on glamor, their advice on how to act, so gruff sometimes.

"My kid sis is a knockout!" a youth recently confided to me. "Wait'll you meet her—such a cute little shape for fourteen, such personality!" His voice couldn't have been more eager had he been bragging about his best girl. Yet when she appeared, he greeted her casually, almost coldly, and in five minutes was reminding her, in a sharp undertone, to straighten her stocking seams. Not once did he betray—to her at least—his real regard. And girls who don't understand this, girls who, like Trudy, take offense instead of taking heed, lose out.

TRY THIS!

Superburgers are absolutely duper! Use one-third beef, one-third medium fat pork, and one-third veal, ground coarsely. Mix thoroughly, adding salt, pepper and a dash of chicken dressing seasoning. Form into hamburger patties. Now cut a thin slice off the top of each hamburger roll and scoop out most of the soft center. Then toast the shells of the rolls to a golden brown. Into each toasted shell place a little chopped onion, a teaspoon of relish, a dash of catsup and a dot of French mustard. Fill the shells with the hamburger patties and grill under a moderate flame until cooked. Do *not* turn the meat in the shells. The meat juices sink into the roll and yum-yum! a superburger fit for a Wimpy!

Brothers can be boosters in many ways. Take clothes, for instance. Terrible as you may consider Bud's taste in ties, it's a fairly safe bet that where *girls'* garb is concerned, he's a pretty good judge. He knows how he and his pals like the sweet sex to look. His, "Go easy on the lipstick, Sis," or "Aw, lay off the long earrings," aren't criticisms, really, but his way of tipping you off that boys don't go for girls who make themselves conspicuous. His blurted, "Hey, whyn't you wear that cute blue number?" when you've already spent an hour pouring yourself into the black and white, may be annoying—but worth changing for. Could-be he's heard somebody mention your big, blue eyes! . . . Brothers move in devious ways, their wonders to perform!

Brothers can be boosters when it comes to friends. They pick up information on your most intimate chums that even you don't know about. They know how girls rate. Since a girl's judged by the company she keeps, they're anxious that that company be tops. That's why they sometimes turn thumbs-down on exciting new friends. Why they sometimes urge you to invite to a party some girl you hadn't particularly thought about. Their, "She seems to be a nice kid," or "Oh, she's a mess," can mean a lot. Furthermore, brothers can be boosters in luring to your porch swing the kind of chums you want. Many a rich and lasting friendship has developed because Sue saw Joan's handsome brother Bill make a touchdown!

Brothers can be boosters in that exciting business, dancing. Blessed's the teen-age girl who has brothers to teach her, brothers bluntly honest enough to warn, "Don't try to lead, you lug! Don't hang like a ton of bricks." Even clumsy kid brothers and their buddies come in handy for practicing. And when the great day comes, a brother who's really for you, will steer partners your way, or even condescend to give you a whirl, himself.

Brothers are precious commodities. Treat 'em right, and they won't let you down. Treat 'em right, and they'll be the biggest boosters you have!

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 3

nine inches of you. Of course; you are tall for fourteen, but you will see that the rest of the crowd will soon grow up to you, especially the boys. Many of the world's greatest beauties have been tall. The famous Ziegfeld Follies showgirls were chosen for their height. And as you grow older you will have a dignity no little dolly can equal. Meanwhile, wear low heels, a flat-top hair-do and full skirts.

* * *

GOLDEN MUSICAL NOTE. Doris Fisher, the girl who wrote the hit parade song smash "You Always Hurt the One You Love," had me up at her sophisticated apartment, the other night. Doris is young, beautiful and looks far too chic to be such a brilliant song-writer. But the thing she really impressed me with that night, was a new "friendship ring." Two golden hands, clasped. You pulled the hands apart and behold! twin rings, with the palm of the lower hand engraved "From me to you." Quaint, cute, and very sort of special. Nice on a boy's hand, too!

* * *

THE RIGHT TO WRITE. Eloise S. So you want to be a writer, my dear! By all means go ahead and try. Everyone laughed at my ambitions, too, when I started writing. But they did not laugh at the first check I received. No one should ever dare to say that the untried artist in any line is doomed to failure. Rodin, the great sculptor,-was refused admission to every Art School in Paris. Michelangelo was once regarded as a crack-pot. Joseph Hergesheimer, the great American writer, had 42 manuscripts rejected before he sold one. Read a lot, not to copy, but to discover the technique which put the other fellow over. Write only about things you really understand. Writers have to know about living before they can write about Life.

* * *

THE WEIGH OF ALL FLESH. Jean L. and twenty other Plump Pigeons. Darlings, cut out those double-scoop sodas, etc.! If your doctor will not help you reduce, you may be sure you ought not to. But eating moderately never hurt anyone. However, for-heaven-sake eat *enough*. A sickly girl is far less attractive than a plump one.

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"Br-r! I think I'll wait till it gets a little warmer."

* * *

EVERY GIRL'S NIGHTMARE. Frances C., my darling, there isn't a girl living who at some time or other has not been afraid she would be an old maid. From your letter I can see you are intelligent and charming, and have a fine background, so you are silly to dream up such a worry. Plenty of our boys will come back from Over There, and the girl who has been doing something worth-while, will be their first choice. Try to get a job or some war work—and become that worth-while one!

* * *

A BOY IS NOT AN OLD SHOE. Now we have three little maids and none is merry: Hazel A., Marilyn G. and Eva-Mae F. Here is a kiss apiece for you, and then, right on top of it, a friendly spanking! Each of you frankly confess that you walked out on your boy friend, went around with others to whom he introduced you—and now you want the original model back and are surprised when he doesn't care to be treated like an old cast-off shoe. Boys don't often come back for more. You'll have to show that you are sorry you made a mistake. Try telling them this. A good, honest talk can work wonders. Eva-Mae, this really does apply to you, because you are about to throw over a tried and true boy for one you only know by sight.

* * *

CLOSE - THE - DOOR - SOFTLY DEPARTMENT. More than one girl has written me on the serious and tragic matter of having mixed up with the boys in school in the wrong sort of way, and consequently been shunned by the well-behaved pupils. In each case, the girl has reformed, and yet found it hard to convince the other girls of the fact that she was behaving herself. It has been even more difficult to make the boys understand that her determination to be good is the real thing. To these girls I say—and how I wish that I could say it with loving arms around them—that the only way to prove you are good is to keep on being good, even in the face of laughter and disbelief. If in your heart you know that you are living right, both the boys and girls will come to realize it also. Don't brood about the past. Shut a mental door upon it and look to the sunshine of tomorrow. Winning this battle will make you a fine, strong girl, a better woman.

* * *

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY. Emily G. You poor baby! In most large families there is one child who is put upon and picked on—if they will permit it! As a rule, it is the child's own fault. Without quarreling with the others, you must take a firm stand and show them that you are just as likable and important as they are. Parents sometimes do seem to discriminate against one child and favor another. But it is equally true that this discrimination usually exists only in the mind of the girl who feels she is being imposed upon. Get your father alone and tell him why you are unhappy. Explain that when he laughs at you it makes you miserable. Very often a father is a girl's best friend, even when she just can't seem to believe it. Give your Daddy a chance to prove the love I'm sure he feels for you.

* * *

STRANGE ACT. You may have a wonderful friend, but the one you will have to depend on most often is right there, when you look in the mirror.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 15

"Would you like me to bring you a box of candy for the sale tomorrow?"

"A box of candy?" Beverly said. "Where would YOU get a box of candy?"

Of course, you know how ignorant and catty Bev can be. But she didn't like the idea of "Four-Eyes" thinking she could get in with our set.

"I have a beautiful box of candy that Van Johnson gave me last night," "Four-Eyes" said.

Well, Betts, the shock was so great that I dropped the hammer I was using to nail paper on the table, and almost broke my big toe. Everyone else was so surprised that they just stood and stared at "Four-Eyes."

Then Bev pipes up, "Well, get a load of that. As though Van Johnson, the movie star, would be courting you with boxes of candy!"

"Oh, it wasn't that way," "Four-Eyes" explained. "It was just that he gave me a box of candy last night."

"The nerve of that little snip," Bev said, highly indignant. "Why, Van Johnson wouldn't give one of us a tumble, let alone 'Four-Eyes'."

"Supposing her story was true," Sally commented. "Just supposing it was?"

"Of course, it is not true," Bev retorted.

"But why would a girl like that make up such a story?" I asked.

"Probably to create a sensation and get us to take her into our set," Bev said.

But you know how I am, Betts. I can't let matters rest until I know who-how-why-when-and-where. I guess I am going to be a detective or a girl reporter when I grow up. Anyway, I began talking the matter over with Sally on the way home from school.

HI FLOOSIE!
ZOOT AND ROOT!

"Gee! It looks like they've changed the language since we left!"

"Maybe one of her relatives might be Van Johnson's maid, or something," I said. "Maybe she really does know Van Johnson. Just think, if "Four-Eyes" does know Van Johnson maybe we could get a chance to meet him. What do you think?"

Well, Sally said it was just possible, but not likely. That night after dinner, I got to thinking, and thinking, and thinking. I just couldn't relax. I looked up all of the Bensons in the telephone book and called a half dozen, and finally located "Four-Eyes," who is Lizbeth Benson.

I said most politely, "Miss Benson, I am afraid that the girls were quite rude to you this afternoon. I want to apologize for them. If you really have a box of chocolates from Van Johnson I know we can sell them with chances and really make a lot of money for our Valentine Dance."

"I really have," she said. "You see, my father is a painter. And he was doing some painting at Van's place. Father worked late last night to finish the job and I took him a box of lunch. Van Johnson came in and of course Father introduced me. I was so thrilled, and Van said, 'How would you like a nice box of candy? I know girls like candy.' Some candy store had sent him several boxes, so he gave one to me."

"Is there any possibility of your getting Van Johnson to autograph it?" I asked, knowing how wonderful it would be if we could raffle off a box of candy, not only from Van Johnson but with his genuine autograph on the cover?

Lizbeth said she would try. And how she did!

Thank goodness, I wore a high pompadour and looked just like Lana Turner, except where my hair is two colors, the blonde is growing brown, which looks distinguished, except Sally's horrid little brother calls me "Salt and Pepper."

Anyway, Lizbeth and her box of candy failed to show up at school all day. "That phony!" Bev said in disgust. We went ahead with our candy sale and were right in the midst of it, when we heard the most terrific commotion.

There were cheers and whistles and screams, and coming up the steps was "Four-Eyes," and Betts, I couldn't believe my eyes. Nor could anyone else. But Van Johnson, in person, was with her!

"Miss Benson tells me you are having a candy sale," he beamed, when we were able to restore some form of order, with all the girls hysterical and beside themselves, looking at Van Johnson.

"I like homemade candy, and since Miss Benson informs me you are swell candy makers, I'd like to buy some chocolate fudge and butterscotch," he said.

Well, we sold him fifty cents worth of candy, and "Four-Eyes," with all of the poise and dignity that we never suspected in her, said, "Since Mr. Johnson was kind enough to distinguish our sale with a personal appearance, I promised him that we would not detain him. He has an urgent appointment with his dentist. So, girls, please permit him to leave without requesting autographs."

After Van had left everyone rushed around "Four-Eyes" to find out how it had happened. And then she confessed. She said she had been so humiliated when we had spurned her box of candy for the sale and did not believe her story, that she went crying home to her father. She said she would never go back to school again. And the next day when her father was going back to Van's place to pick up his ladder and paint brushes, she went right along. And her father told Van the story of our rudeness.

Van said, "We'll fix that. Come on, I'll be passing your school on my way to the dentist's. I'll take you by and stop off and buy some candy."

Well, the whole school hasn't gotten over it.

Since it was "Four-Eyes'" box of candy that raised most of the proceeds for the dance: $22.40, she says she wants to go. I am morally obligated to see that she does. Gee, Betts, if I could only get "Four-Eyes" in shape for that party, maybe I could get her a date. She needs a "before-and-after" charm school in a rush. I'll have to make with magic fast.

Faithfully, your true friend,
Vicky
Victoria Allen Dunford.

NEW GIRL

From page 9

attention to the shy, unobtrusive newcomer, after their snap decision that she wasn't interesting. Jan had been nice to Dulcie, tried to make her feel at home, helped her adjust herself to boarding school existence. But now—she almost wished she hadn't been so darned humane. Dulcie's gratitude was not only embarrassing, but inconvenient. It interfered with Jan's other friendships, especially Paula's. Until Dulcie's coming, they'd been best friends, Jan and Paula. The perfect pair, blond, pretty Paula, dark-haired, vivid Jan. School leaders.

But that was changing, had already changed, Jan realized with sinking heart. Paula liked people who were sharp, knew all the answers. She was impatient with Jan for bothering with Dulcie. Dulcie, Paula quipped, didn't even seem to know the questions.

The bell began to ring. Paula said hastily, "Got to tear along. Botany lab. Coming, Alice?"

The group melted, until only Jan was left to wait for the faithful Dulcie.

"I looked for you in the reception room," said Dulcie, smiling. "Where'd you go?"

"I—I was afraid I'd be late," said Jan. "Look, Dulcie—about Saturday."

Dulcie's eyes lighted with anticipation. "Our canoe trip down Poco River—I can hardly wait!"

"Well, yes, I mean—" faltered Jan. Why did it have to be so hard? With most people all you had to do was say you couldn't make it, and that was that. "Something else has sort of come up," she said.

The shine went out of Dulcie's grey eyes. "Oh," she said. "You—you can't go?"

Jan drew a deep breath, swallowed. "Well, I—" She had to break this deadlock, somehow. She didn't want to go on through school just practically handcuffed to Dulcie. She had to make it clear to her somehow—in a nice way, of course. "You see, Paula's getting up a class in horseback riding Saturdays and—"

"Horseback riding!" Interest leaped in Dulcie's eyes. "Do they have horses around here?"

Jan nodded. "Hilldale Riding Academy. Dollar an hour. They ride in the park on the bridle path." She plunged on breathlessly. It was now or never. "I've always wanted to learn to ride and I think I can just scrape up enough money out of my allowance for fees and riding habit."

There. That ought to do it. Dulcie might be able to eke out the dollar fee now and then, but she certainly didn't own and couldn't afford to buy a luxury item like a riding habit.

In the silence that followed, Jan was aware of the bell, tolling on. She didn't look at Dulcie, but at the pale spring sunlight fingering the sprouting new grass.

"It will be—every Saturday?" asked Dulcie. Her voice was quiet, sort of—strange. Like someone a lot older.

"I guess so," said Jan.

The bell stopped. "Jeepers!" exclaimed Jan. "Come on, we'll be late for class!"

Everybody was very gay and horsey en route to Hilldale Riding Academy. Even Dean Pritchard, who had decided to accompany the group, was more human than usual, laughing and making pleasant little jokes.

It was fun, Jan told herself doggedly, being with the smartest girls in school. Paula was very friendly, too, again. Paula looked very striking in her white breeches and scarlet jacket, complete from shiny black riding boots to crop. She was the only one with a crop, and sort of flourished it. Yes, it was fun being in the middle of things again, not to have someone hanging on to you that you had to sort of look after. But, somehow, Jan's thoughts kept sliding back to Dulcie. She hoped to heaven Dulcie would be careful, that she wouldn't get into trouble for going riding alone, without permission. Darn it all, even in absentia, Dulcie kept interfering with her carefree enjoyment.

The instructor at Hilldale Academy was very apologetic. "Construction work is going on in the park. We won't be able to ride there today. I'm afraid we'll have to ride out of town."

Paula frowned. "Oh dear!" she said, and wrinkled her nose.

The instructor took a deep breath and presented some more bad news. "Unfortunately, my assistant has just resigned to take another position, so we're short. It's so terribly hard to get people now."

Dean Pritchard looked disturbed. "But there are quite a number of us who are beginners. I understood there would be two instructors. I'm not sure—"

"Oh, that won't matter!" cried Paula. "I can ride, you know. I'll watch the beginners."

Mounting, and waving her riding crop brightly, Paula instructed the others. "Hug with your knees, Jan—and post in rhythm with the horse."

"Good heavens, look there!" Paula's light voice floated back to the plagued, bobbing Jan. Isn't that—isn't that—?"

"It is," said someone. "Dulcie Turner! My goodness!"

Paula went off into peals of laughter. "Heavens, I thought someone had tossed a scarecrow on that horse by mistake. Jeepers!"

Clutching the reins, Jan stared. Sure enough. Dulcie was galloping toward them down a side road. And what a sight! Certainly a contrast to smartly-clad Paula and the other Rosemont girls. Faded blue jeans, bandana around her throat, old brown and white sport shoes. Hair flying in the wind.

Dulcie hadn't seen them yet. Obviously, she was having too much fun riding. How that horse was going! Jan shuddered. How could Dulcie ever stick on?

As she watched, Dulcie became aware of them on the main road. Jan couldn't see the expression of her face, but she could imagine it. Especially when she saw Dean Pritchard was one of the group. It was so important for Dulcie not to make the wrong impression on the dean, since Miss Pritchard had the final say about awarding scholarships from year to year.

So far, Dean Pritchard hadn't said anything, but her face was stern. Jan felt a wave of contrition. This was all her fault for not going with Dulcie on the canoe trip as they'd planned. Begging off like—like a selfish brat. Maybe—maybe she'd ruined Dulcie's whole life!

Paula laughed, waved her riding crop impulsively. The crop slipped from her gloved hand, fell between the horse's legs.

The horse reared, bolted.

"Whoa!" cried Paula.

The horse didn't "whoa."

"Whoa! Whoa, there!" Paula's voice became sharp with fright. "Oh, please—someone help me stop him! He's—he's running—away!"

The instructor spurred her horse forward, but plainly hers was no match for Paula's in speed. Jan caught a swift glimpse of Dean Pritchard's white face, felt her own spine ice.

"L-look! L-look at Dulcie!" cried Alice Sanders.

Dulcie had turned her horse about and was pursuing the runaway down the main road.

"Oh, please," said Jan, through frozen lips.

Dulcie was overtaking Paula, but would she be in time? Paula's frenzied horse had plunged blindly off the road and was tearing toward a high board fence. Even Jan knew what would happen if he wasn't stopped before he reached it. He'd either crash or leap. In either case, Paula was sure to be hurt badly, smashed against the obstacle or thrown when he jumped.

"She'll never make it. Dulcie'll never make it!" said someone.

"Yes, she will!" cried Jan. "She will—she's got to!" She wanted to shout, cry out to Dulcie her faith in her ability, but it wouldn't do any good. She closed her eyes. Paula was so perilously close to that fence.

It seemed an eternity before Dean Pritchard said brokenly, "She made it. Brave girl, she made it! Oh, thank heaven!"

Jan could open her eyes then, blink away the scared tears. Dulcie had made it. Stopped Paula's horse two feet from looming disaster.

"Thank heaven!" she echoed.

Brave girl. Dulcie was that, and more. Jan felt humble, purified, thankful all at once. Dulcie had shown what she was made of. Stuff of heroines.

Dulcie was quieting Paula's horse when the others came abreast. Paula's face was contorted with terrified weeping. Slumped on her horse, she was a pathetic sight.

Everyone crowded about Dulcie; smothered her with praise and questions about riding.

"Shucks," said Dulcie. "There's nothing to it. You get on a horse and if he tries to buck you off, don't get excited. You just—just stick it out and take the bumps until the going gets easier."

Dulcie looked over at Jan. An understanding smile passed between them. Why, thought Jan, that was what Dulcie had been doing. She'd stuck it out and taken the bumps. Now the going was easier.

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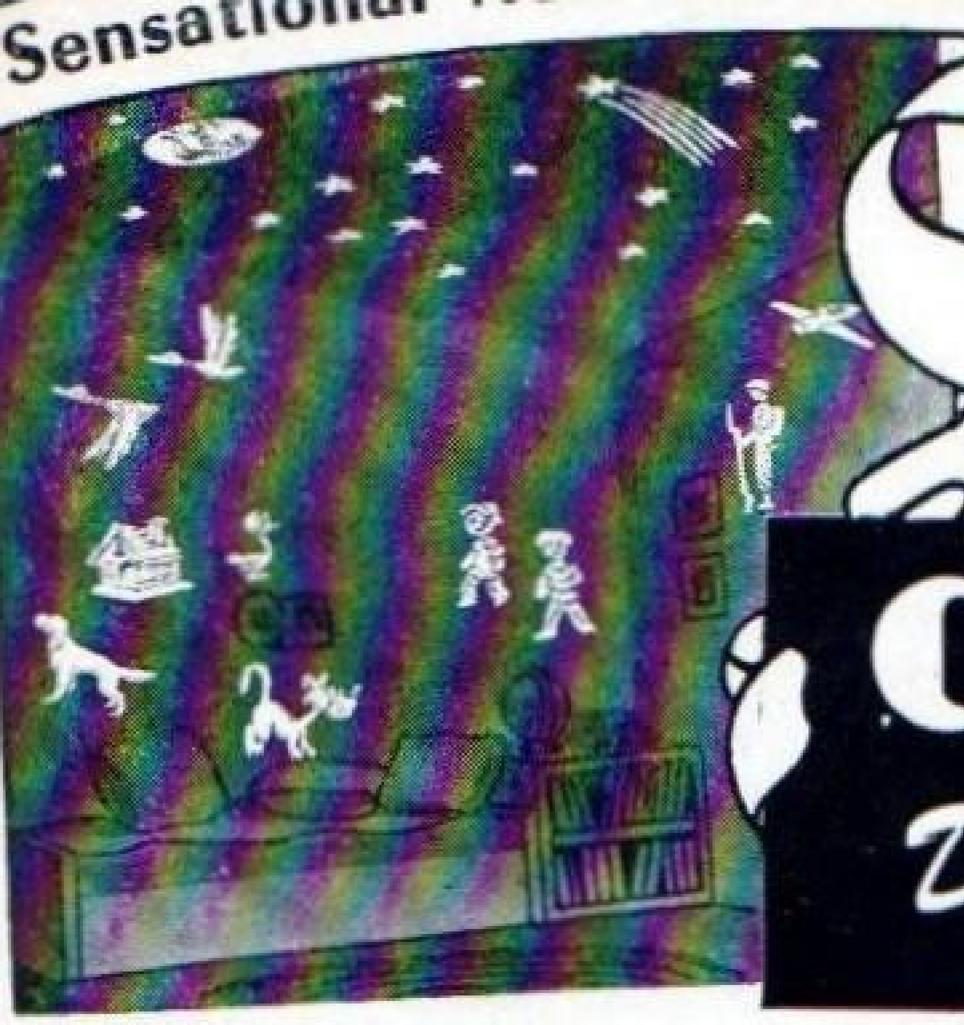

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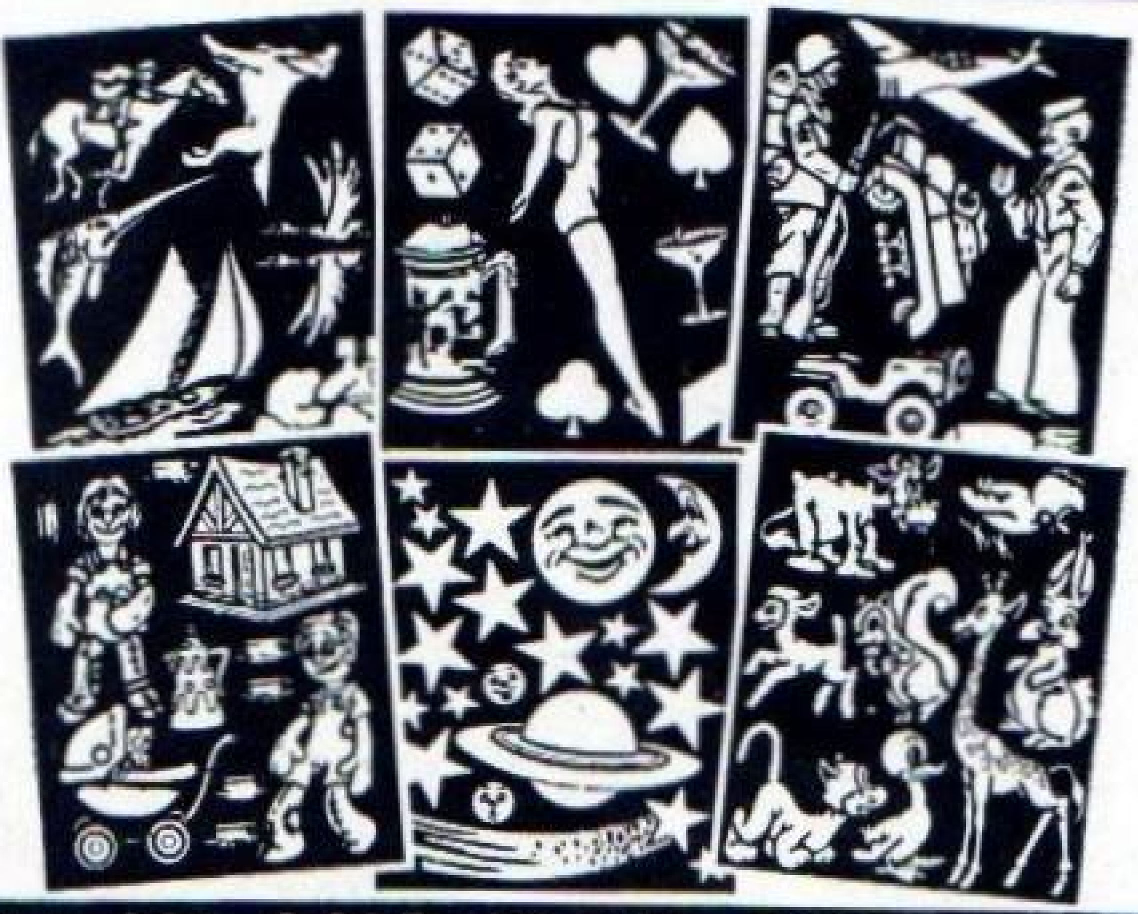

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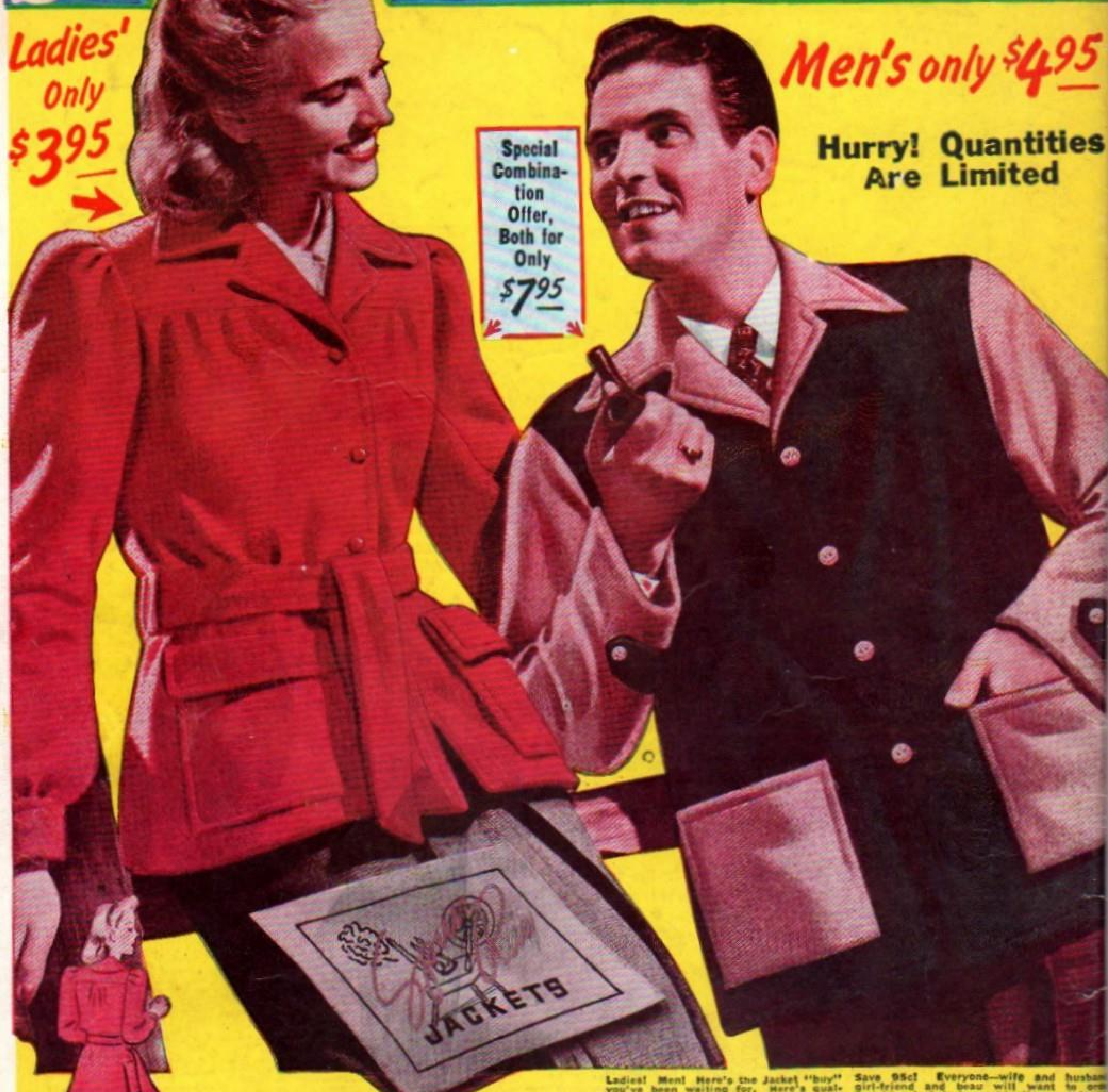

LADIES'

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Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort — of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon. No extra charge for over-size.

Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95.

Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husban
girl-friend and beau will want to or
matching jackets in combination on this s
cial bargain offer. You **SEND NO MONE**
We'll ship **C.O.D.** plus a few cents p
age. If you don't agree this is the gre
est Jacket Bargain you've ever seen f
the price, return it within 10 days a
your money will be cheerfully refund

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1900A
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO 10, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jackets indicated below, C.O.D.
must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 da
for refund.

Name________________ **Please**

Address________________ **write**

City________ State________ **plainly**

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95		Camel Tan		Stop Red
Check color wanted				

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only $7.9

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95	Camel Tan with these colors		Luggage Brown	Forest Green
Check color wanted				

CHECK SIZE WANTED

Lady's 12☐, 14☐, 16☐, 18☐, 20☐. Man's, 34☐, 36☐, 38☐, 40☐, 42☐, 44☐
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $.................. C. O. D